

APRIL, 1907

050

FIFTEEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE TRUTH

ABOUT THE

PANAMA CANAL

ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

THE LATEST MAP OF THE CANAL ZONE

"AN ARTICLE OF GALLOPING GRAPHIC INTEREST"

SEAPLW

THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., BOSTON, U. S. A.

The Cake in the Hand
is worth two
in the store

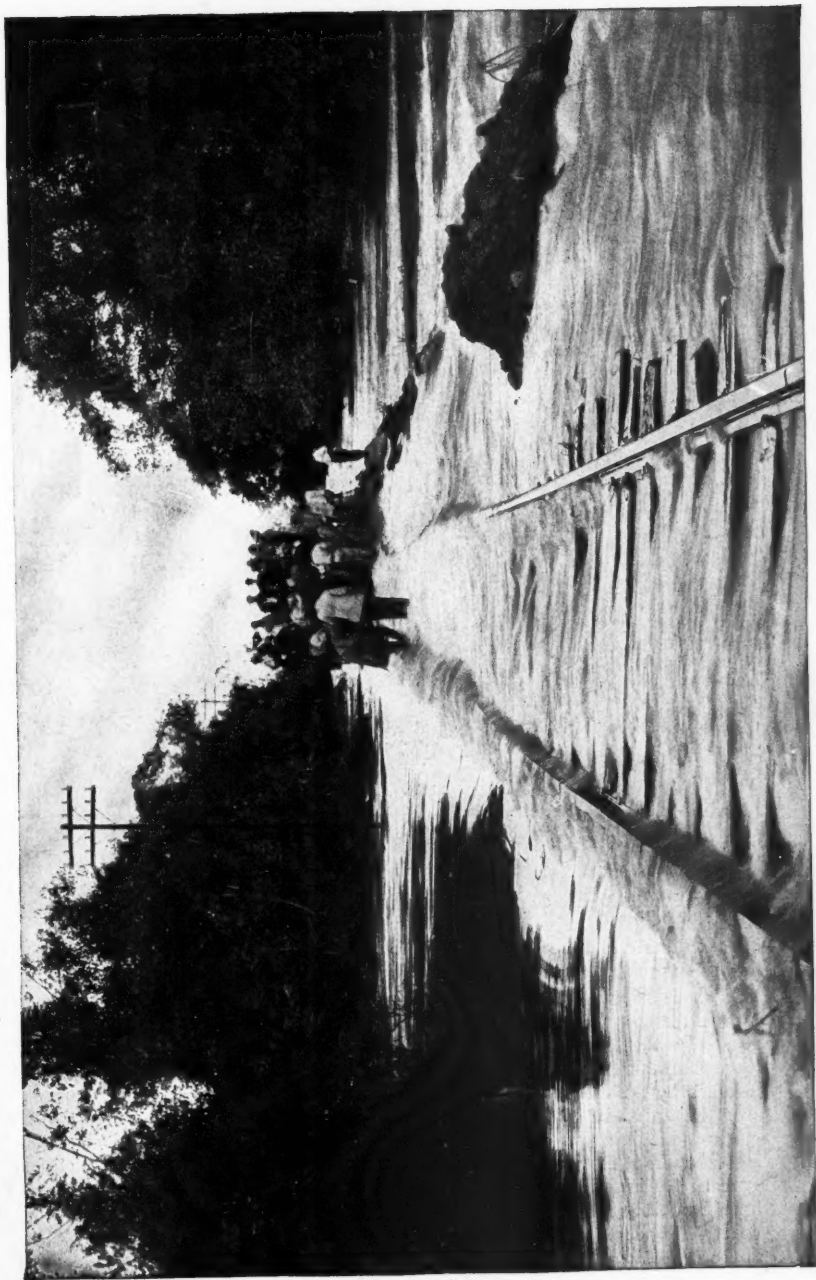


If it isn't **PEARS'**
leave it in the store

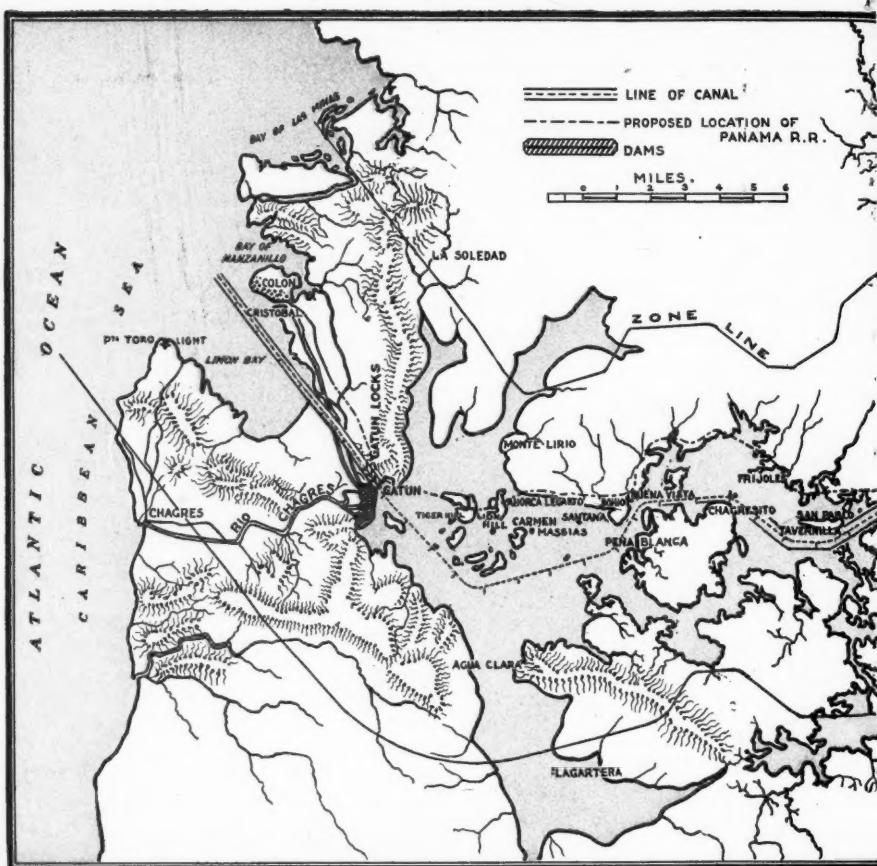
OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

"All rights secured."





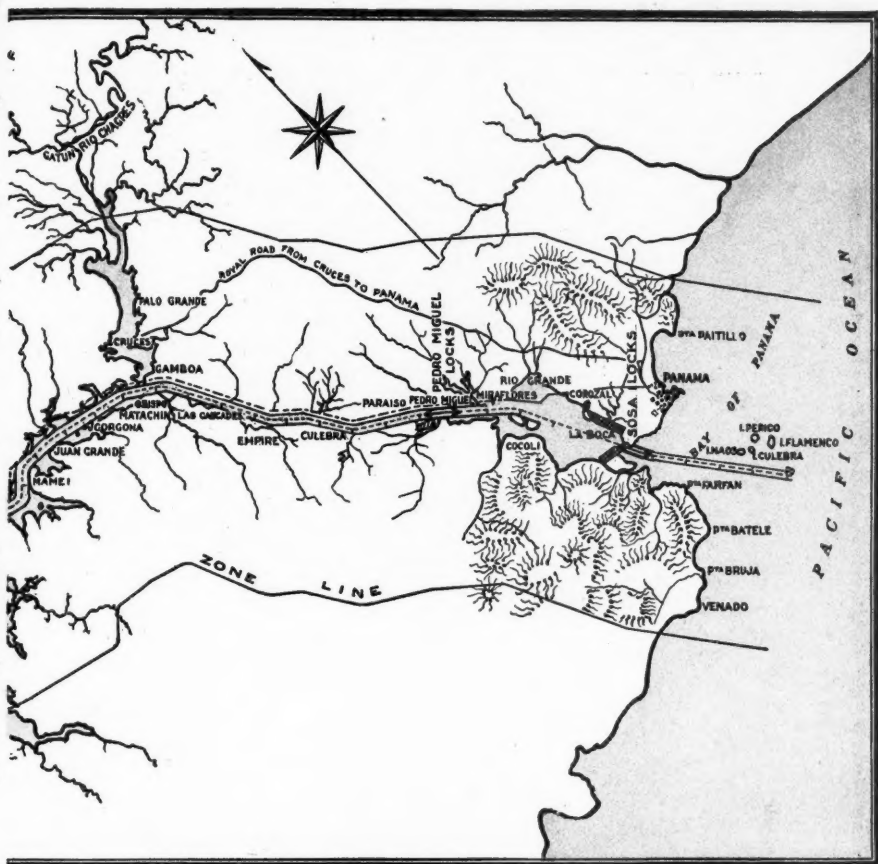
THE FIRST TRAIN ON THE PANAMA RAILWAY AFTER THE FLOOD LAST DECEMBER



LATEST MAP OF THE ROUTE OF THE PANAMA

The reader will at first be puzzled by the Canal maps, which show the Pacific Ocean on the right hand and the Atlantic on the left; just as the writer was astounded to see the sun rise over the Pacific, and the glories of sunset on the Caribbean Sea. The compass points, as laid down on the map, will reconcile those apparently impossible inconsistencies.

The embouchures, or mouths of the Canal, are about fifty miles apart, measuring from the ends of the deep-water jetties on the Atlantic; where the tide rises and falls only 18 inches at most, to the deep-water entrance on the Pacific, where the tide rises 20 feet; the land distance is about 41 miles. The blue tint indicates the waters of the great reservoir, to be held in check by the Gatun Dam, with a surface area of about 1,000,000,000 square feet, and an extreme level of 90 feet above mean tidewater. This enormous reservoir will submerge much of the lower valley of the Chagres river, including many small villages and farms, and take care of the rainy season floods, which with a sudden rainfall would flood the Chagres 35 feet in 24 hours, but would raise the water at the dam only about three inches. On the other hand, this reservoir will store up for the dry season some 3,000,000,000 cubic feet of water; equivalent to three feet in depth of the Gatun Dam, which amount would be lacking in the dry season through leakage, seepage, evaporation, etc., on a basis of 25,000,000 tons of business per annum. In this lake there will be an extreme depth of 87 feet, and the largest ships can anchor or pass each other in complete security.



CANAL—TO BE COMPLETED IN SIX YEARS.

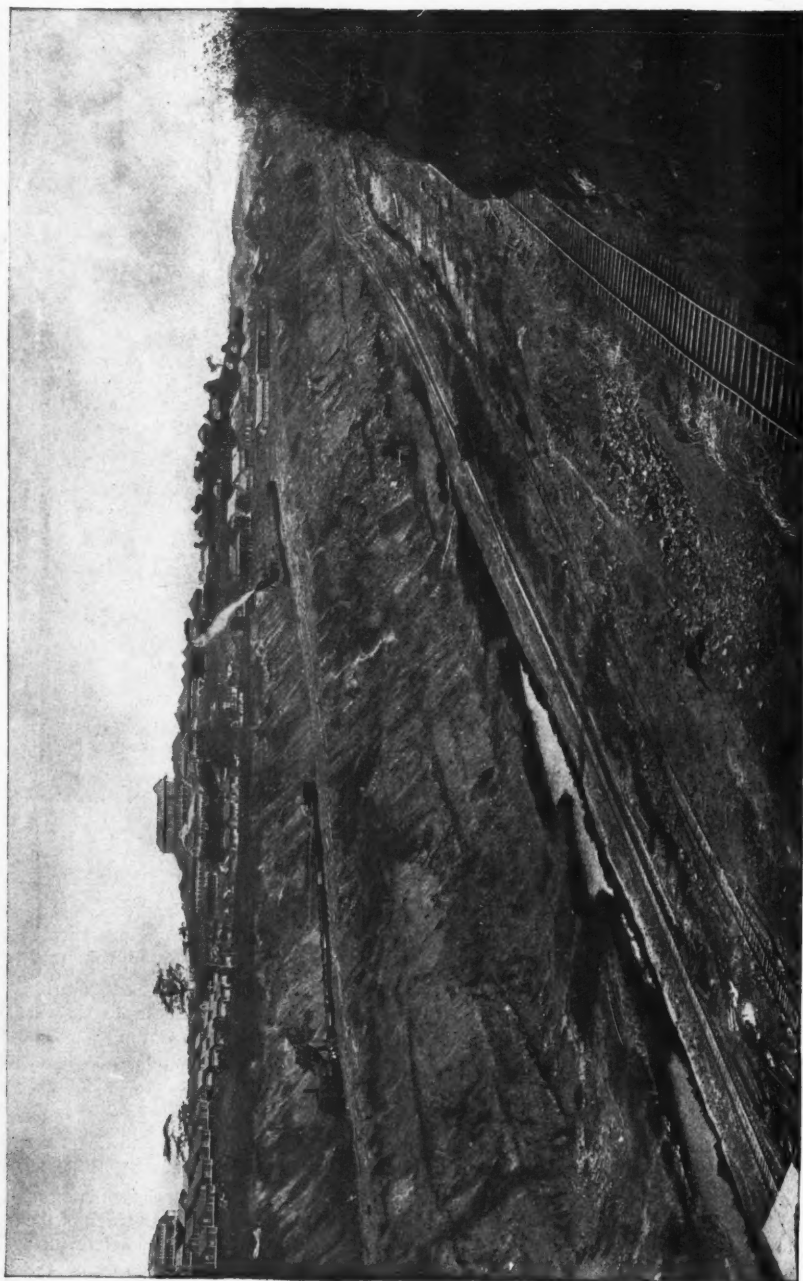
The new line of the Panama Railroad to be used when the old grade is submerged is also shown. The dotted lines show the course of the Canal "prism" of earth and rock, which must be carved out of the famous Culebra Cut to form the Great Ditch; the term "prism" being used to show the shape of the body of earth removed; and these lines are continued into the roadsteads in either ocean.

The old French entrance to the Canal from Cristobal up, some nine miles in length, will not be used at all, as the new Canal survey leads direct to Limon Bay from Gatun.

The ancient bed of the Chagres below the dam will be used as a spill-way for the Gatun Dam, which will be a veritable range of concrete, masonry and earth, one and one-half miles long, connecting two ranges of mountains.

The boundaries of the Ten Mile Zone are shown, but the cities of Panama and Colon are not under United States Zone rule, but are a part of the Republic of Panama.

The old Royal Road between Panama and the village of Cruces, and other points of interest, should be noticed. Tourists are daily being impressed with the beauty and sanitation of the new towns and villages now being established along the Canal route, and feel certain that as popular winter resorts they will attract a large tourist and resident population during the next and succeeding winters.



A VIEW OF THE CULEBRA CUT



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVI

APRIL, 1907

NUMBER ONE



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

WITH the waving of flags, and lusty singing in the House of Representatives, and the more stately and sedate demonstrations in the Senate, the Fifty-Ninth Congress passed into history. The big gilt clock of the House of Representatives was put back twenty minutes, and during the last session the Speaker sat with gavel nigh, signing documents as they came to him in swift succession. One of the last things was a message from the President.

Then Congressman "Jim" Tawney and "Jim" Watson took a position near the center aisle, and in rich baritone voice, the representative of the Hoosier State started "America," but the first time they got the key too high, which was soon amended by Congressman Jim's starting in another key. Many other congressmen kept time, and Watson took turns with Tawney in waving the flag staff baton.

During the short recess, Congressman Fulkerson gave one of his popular whistling solos. The singular thing about it is that he whistles in two tones—does not know how he manages this, but certainly "Home, Sweet Home" sounded sweet in whistled "thirds." John Sharp Williams requested "Dixie," which was whistled amid wild shouts from the audience. "Old Kentucky Home" was whistled, and everybody joined in, singing the good old song from the galleries and all over the House—even some sonorous voices from the press gallery blending with the melody. It seemed to me that I never heard a song more effectively rendered, for "Old Kentucky

Home" seems to have the touching pathos of "Home, Sweet Home," and the stirring majesty of the national anthem.

As the clock directly opposite the Speaker's desk pointed at three minutes to twelve, "Uncle Joe" gave a farewell address, and dropped his gavel as the hands of the clock touched high meridian. The good feeling and good fellowship of this last session of Congress are one of the object lessons of the triumph of democratic institutions. The tribute paid to General Grosvenor, who retired from Congress at the close of this session, after twenty years of service, and the affectionate good-byes said to Secretary Shaw and other officials retiring, indicated the welding force of citizenship as expressed in mutual esteem and good comradeship between the representatives of great contending parties.

After the echoes of the songs had died away, there were hearty handshakings and wishes of good-bye and good-luck, before the touching strains of "God Be with You 'till We Meet Again," brought tears to the eyes of many. At the closing session of Congress, the diplomatic gallery is always full, and an attaché remarked that of all scenes to be witnessed in the routine of official life in Washington, none surpassed in interest the closing hours of the last session of Congress, as expressing the lofty ideal of American fellowship. The fresh, buoyant, good-natured friendliness simply swept before it all acrimony and distemper of political strife.

DURING the closing hours of the Fifty-Ninth Congress, the one absorbing subject was the Panama Canal. Delegations of congressmen and senators immediately after the adjournment embarked to make a tour



REPRESENTATIVE OLMSTEAD, OF PENNSYLVANIA

of the Canal Zone, and will emulate Balboa of old in discovering the Pacific from the heights of the Isthmus.

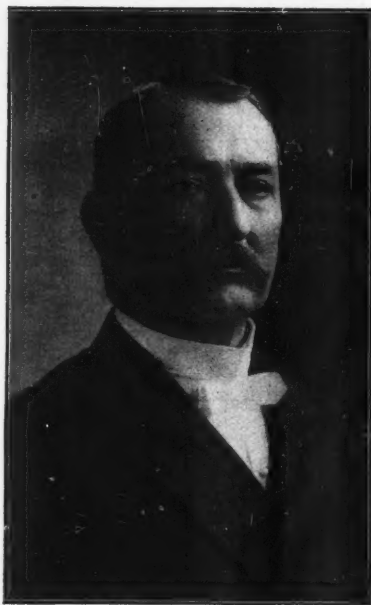
Numerous conferences were held in the afternoon, in the Executive Office, before the contract matter was finally decided, and the President has been working overtime during the last days of the session.

Having just returned from the Isthmus, all matters pertaining thereto now have a keen interest for me, and Panamanian affairs are looked upon from a new standpoint.

To those interested in the Isthmus, the reorganization of the Canal Commission, and the decision to place the work in charge of army officers and engineers was not a surprise; it was forced because of the uncertainties of civil appointments. After going carefully over the contract situation, it was felt that the efficient organization already operating on the Isthmus should not be disturbed.

Whatever may have been the reason for the resignation of "Big Smoke" Stevens, the chief engineer who has put his heart and soul into the "digging," his action has occasioned sincere regret among the Canal workers. It was indeed unfortunate that he could not be induced to continue the work, which of itself has already reflected much glory on the name of John F. Stevens.

It is evident to anyone who has visited the Isthmus, that the chief of the peculiar problems that arise from time to time in dealing with work in tropical countries, is the great problem of feeding and housing the men, and keeping them in fit condition to do good work. When the history of the Canal is written, a large meed of praise must be awarded to the man who personally supervised and organized the effective force now working on the great Canal.



REPRESENTATIVE ADAMSON, OF GEORGIA

There is no doubt that the resignation of Engineer Stevens was keenly regretted by President Roosevelt, and every inducement was offered him to continue the work, but the silent and forceful man, who has perfected the personnel of the greatest construc-



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS RUTH TANNER
MADAM M. PEREZ TRIANA, WIFE OF BELGIUM SECRETARY

MRS. C. W. FAIRBANKS, WIFE OF VICE PRESIDENT
MISS LAURA C. WELLS

A GROUP OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY LADIES

tive organization ever known in the world; but who could not endure the captious criticism that emanated from Washington and the states; was still firm in his determination. The selection of Engineer Stevens and the work of Chairman Shonts in organizing the project, have now revealed results that accrue



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH OF MICHIGAN

to the credit of the chairman. In Mr. Stevens' work, it is certain that he never did less than his best, and nothing is more annoying to a man out in the thick of the conflict than to have his actions judged and criticised by men sitting at ease in comfortable office chairs at home, while the subject of their remarks is encountering dangers and difficulties that require a heroism quite as exacting and as perilous as any military campaign. It is considered fortunate that so many members of Congress are going to see what is being done in the Canal Zone, because they will realize, even in a few days' visit, something of what has been accomplished and is yet to be overcome. With the undertaking in charge of army officers, who are established for life in the government service, with a protection for their families and old age afforded by the generous pension laws of Uncle Sam, the work will go steadily forward, pushed by the

same zeal and valor that would win success on the battle field.

* * *

Indeed, when volunteers were called for, in '61 for ninety days, it was a clarion call to the front, though the enthusiastic first recruits may have had notions of an adventure-some junket trip calculated to slake their thirst for thrilling experience. Since then, the call has come for an enlistment of men for "three years, or during the war," so to speak,—that is, "during the dig," or period while the Canal is being constructed, and this call also met with a liberal response.

The visit of the President to the Canal, and his idea of giving the workmen of the Canal a bronze medal—that will carry with it all the distinction of Civil or Spanish war military record—shows the change that has taken place in rewarding industrial patriotism in these days. To the thoughtful citizen of today, the shrill whistle of industry carries with it the same promise of glory as did the bugle of war to the soldiers of former times.

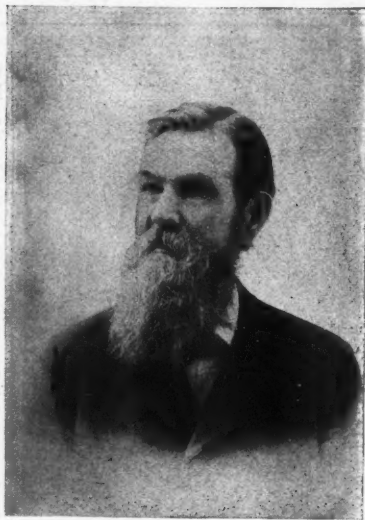


Photo by Schneider, Green Bay, Wisconsin

HON. E. C. DECKER, THE OLDEST POSTMASTER IN WISCONSIN

Concerning the three army officers appointed to take charge of the work, we hear good reports. Lieutenant Colonel Goethals is a New Yorker by birth, and has made a splendid record in looking after large govern-



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS INDIA BELL FLEMING
MISS FREDERIKA MORGAN

MISS CONSTANCE HATFIELD
MISS FRANCES GOLDSBOROUGH

A GROUP OF WASHINGTON SOCIETY LADIES

ment rivers and harbors projects, and especially in the construction of locks on Tennessee rivers. For four years he has been a member of the general army staff, and also served in the Spanish-American war as lieutenant colonel of volunteers.

Major Gaillard was also a member of the general staff, and has recently been in Cuba. He is a native of South Carolina, and was colonel of the Third United States Engineers during the Spanish-American war.

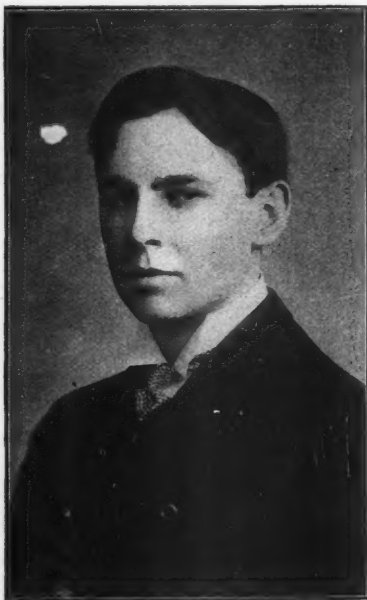
Major Sibert has been for six years past in Pittsburg, where he was in charge of a large

Congress for over thirty years, and his term in the Senate expired on the fourth day of March. His active career is fully covered in the congressional record.

* * *

YES, boys, I think of you every time I look upon the pages who act as messengers in the United States Senate. So now I am going to tell you about them.

Sixteen lads constitute the volume of boy service, and I feel that with A. D. Sumner—commonly known as "Dell,"—and C. A.



A. D. SUMNER, ASSISTANT ON THE SENATE FLOOR



C. A. LOEFFLER, ASSISTANT ON THE SENATE FLOOR

lock and dam work in that vicinity. He was born in Alabama, and has seen service in the Philippines.

The President feels that these army officers are impervious to the antagonistic criticism that has been heaped upon the Canal proposition since its very first inception. These soldiers will carry on the industrial campaign with the same vigor that has characterized their army records and other work for the government.

Senator Blackburn, the fourth new member of the Canal Commission, has been in

Loeffler, who were themselves pages, having entered the service of the Senate seventeen years ago, and are now in charge of the boys, the force in the United States Senate is well managed.

The moment Senate pages are spoken of, many a well-known name is recalled—there is Arthur Pugh Gorman, who rose from that position to be a United States senator. Then there is A. H. Stewart, assistant doorkeeper of the Senate, and Senator William Alden Smith, who was a page in the Michigan legislature. George Hiram Mann, a noted law-



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

DAVID MULVEY
A. J. HALPINE, JR.

JOHN CLARKSON
CULEBSY JONES

SWARTZ
MELVILLE CENTER

M'CARTHY
H. W. STABLER

THE PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

ROY BOE
TEDDY HYLEY

T. O. MAINWARING
WM. E. AMNEN

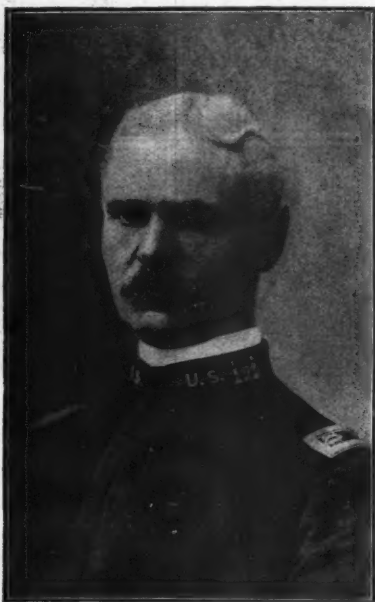
FRANK LOEFFLER
WM. H. PARDOE

FRED H. WRAY
M'LAIN B. SMITH

THE PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

yer of the New York bar, also General John L. Willson, chief of engineers of the United States army.

The boys are eligible for this office at the age of twelve, and after four years' service are either removed or promoted to other avail-



COLONEL GOETHALS, CHIEF ENGINEER ON THE CANAL

able places when they reach "sweet sixteen." The selection of their successors, and of all pages is made by Sergeant-at-Arms Ransdell. They are bright boys, and "light" boys—on their feet—and I am often surprised at the swift, quiet way in which they noiselessly flit from desk to desk in the Senate. One of the chief essentials is promptness, and as they sit on the rostrum, awaiting their turn, they are all alert to anticipate every move of the dignified senators. They are truly a part of the Senate *ensemble*, and the stately chamber would not be quite itself without these bright young faces scattered, like flowers, among the more severe features of the legislators. The moment a senator claps his hands or snaps his fingers—it may be softly, it may be loudly—up pops a page, and brings the documents desired, or carries the paper to its destined place.

There were those present, when Senator Beveridge was delivering his famous speech on child labor, who declared that there was a certain irony in the fact that waiting upon him, right at his elbow, should be boys of from twelve to sixteen years, performing the messenger service of the Senate. However, it does not seem that the lads are in any way overtaken. Their pay is seventy-five dollars per month, per session, and I think it can be emphatically stated that they learn more that will help fit them for their life work than they would at any school; this is proved, I think, by the fact that there are generals in the army, admirals in the navy and prominent men throughout the United States who performed efficient and useful service in the United States Senate as pages.

Many of the boys live with their parents,



A CANAL ZONE SCHOOL TEACHER

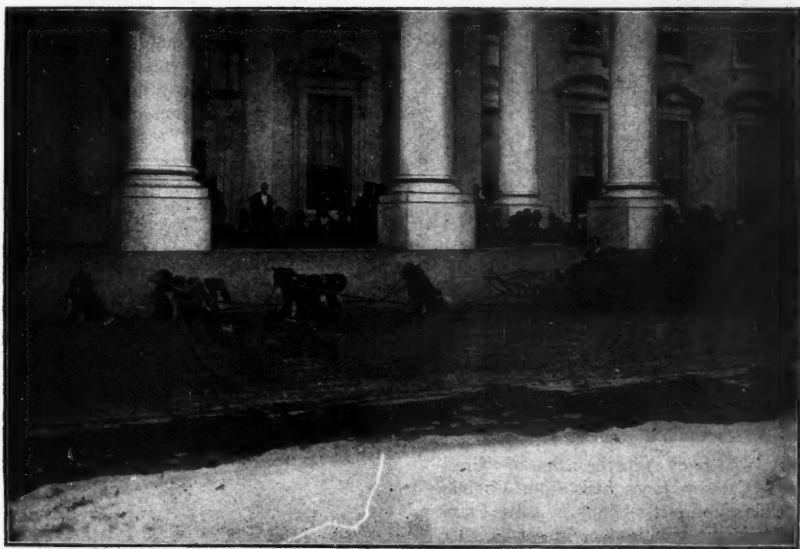
in or around Washington, but some of them come from far-off homes, and doubtless occasionally suffer the pangs of *maladie du pays*, like any other boy away from home at an early age. If you have no acquaintance with *maladie du pays*, boys, look it up, and you will find it means about the same as homesickness.

The position of page is considered very desirable, as the lads have plenty of time to attend their night school, the Senate sessions beginning at nine and ending at five, and then they have the long vacation, when the Senate is not sitting, for study and recreation. One thing I especially noticed, and that was that these boys are invariably polite, more so than any others I have known, and that is going to be an immense help to them in after life.

Half of the boys work on the Republican and half on the Democratic side of the chamber, but on either side, they always "watch

meant business: "You are out of order, sir," and the distinguished senator from Wisconsin had no choice but to resume his seat.

There is a bond of sympathy between the senators and the pages, and the lads seem to understand the dignified legislators better than their colleagues do. They watch serenely the heated debates, and neither Senator Foraker nor Senator Tillman cause any alarm to the boys, who seem instinctively to recognize the warm heart beneath the brusque exterior. For popular senators there are Spooner, Kitteredge, Dolliver, Kean, Beveridge and



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ELI SMITH AND HIS DOG TEAM, DIRECT FROM NOME, ALASKA, AT THE WHITE HOUSE
QUENTIN ROOSEVELT IN THE SLEDGE WAGON

the snap," of senatorial fingers, to be ready to jump when wanted. They are keen critics and apt imitators, and many a senator possessed of some peculiarity might see himself clearly mirrored by these young actors. For instance, they had an imitation of the Swayne trial, and in came Senator Spooner and took a seat in a dark corner, that he might watch the proceedings of the embryo senators in their mock trial. Supposing that his years entitled him to some privileges over the youthful debaters, he rose to speak, but then the real dignity of the lad in the chair became apparent, and the gavel came down with a whack that

Culberson, the prime favorites, but nearly all the senators have a warm spot for the boyish helpers who aid so much in the dispatch of business in the session. I notice that Senator Rayner follows the custom of the late Senator Leland Stanford, who was fond of boys, and had them visit him at his house at Christmas.

What a variety of boy life the lads present! I consider myself fortunate in having secured their pictures from Messrs. Harris & Ewing. You want to know their names, but I think still more you want to know what they are called among themselves. There is "Billy"

Annin and Roy Boe, known as "Boozy." There is "Mel" Center, whose full name is Melville, Johnny Clarkson, who is called "Shutz," and Jimmy Halpine, known respectively as "Dumps" or "Sunny Jim," as the case may be. Then there is little Teddy



Photo by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

MISS KATHERINE JENNINGS OF WASHINGTON

Higley, who rejoices in the name of "President." Catesby Jones hails from Virginia, hence his soubriquet, "Ginny." Little Frank Loeffler is the grandson of Major Loeffler, doorkeeper to the President, who is an official well-known in Washington. Tom Mainwaring has the distinction of having his initials "T. O. M." spell his front name, which I understand is regarded by some old-fashioned people as a token that the owner of the name will have a brilliant career. Next come Ward McCarthy and "Dave" Mulvey, and W. H. Pardoe, who is known as "Reddy." Then come William Swartz and McLean Smith, who is called "Mickey," and lastly I find on my list Howard Stabler and little Fred ("Deacon") Wray, of Iowa, who is the youngest of the group.

The boys have a happy time, and I had a session with them, and told them I was going to have their pictures, so that the rest of

our boys could know them, and "for the nonce,"—see how I still use that word—I was convinced that there are some public characters who retain all the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth, and I put down as material for a bright page in the "Affairs at Washington," the time I spent visiting with the sturdy sixteen senatorial pages, who come into close personal contact with the distinguished statesmen of the national legislature.

* * *

WHILE visiting Mr. Hitchcock, I was interested to learn that an old friend of mine, Mr. Edward Decker, of Casco, Wisconsin, is the postmaster who has served the longest time of any in the state of Wisconsin, and is also the oldest in years; he will celebrate his eightieth birthday in May, 1907, and still has the distinction of supervising



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

MISS MARION LENTZE, A PROMINENT YOUNG SOCIETY
LADY OF WASHINGTON

one of the best post offices of its kind in the country.

Mr. Decker is one of the early pioneers of Wisconsin, having blazed the way fifty-two years ago when he went to the place which is now his home. In order to reach it, it was

necessary to cut a road twelve miles through the forest. Soon after Mr. Decker settled in Casco, the first mail route and post office were established, and the office was named by him in honor of his native place in Maine. Since that time, either he or some personal friend of his has been postmaster of Casco, which is considered, for its size, one of the best managed offices in the state, for Mr. Decker has always made it a point to give both the department and the patrons of the office the best possible service.

* * *

WITH a lusty shout of "mush on" to his "huskies," Eli Smith arrived at the White House in February, direct from Nome, Alaska. The words, "*Mush on*," have an appropriateness in Alaskan vernacular, meaning a "get up" for the dogs, bounding over

wheels, leaving a message for the President from that far, northern post. The crowds soon thronged about the strange equipage at the door of the White House, while little Quentin Roosevelt took his seat on the sledge.

The Alaskan tourist reported an interest-



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.
MISS CARMEL EGAN, DAUGHTER OF MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, THE POET

the mushy mud of summer or mushy snow of winter time. It is derived from the French "*Merchez*," which signifies hustle on, or "gid-up," as the Yankee would shout at the old "hoss;" or "gee-buck" to the oxen. Mr. Smith had made the entire trip on sledge and



Photo copyright 1907 by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.
SEÑOR DON ENRIQUE C. CREEL, MEXICAN AMBASSADOR

ing journey, and genially remarked that he "might grease his wheels and go to Panama."

* * *

THE new ambassador from Mexico is Enrique C. Creel, formerly governor of the state of Chihuahua. It was my good fortune to meet him last spring, and I remember the pleasant chat we had at that time.

His interest in the American people and his perfect English will enable him to keep in close touch with and comprehensively survey Mexican interests in this country. He is one who has all the verile pushing spirit of the southwest.

* * *

THE first meeting of the newly-organized cabinet partook of the nature of a social gathering. There was a hearty greeting all around to the new postmaster general, who will hereafter have charge of the "lunch basket" containing the postoffice appointments. The veteran of President Roosevelt's Cabi-

net at this time is Secretary James Wilson. Secretary Strauss arrived promptly to take up his new work. Secretary Taft and Secretary Root walked to the Cabinet meeting, but the rest of the members came in carriages.

The changes in the Cabinet may mean also a change to some extent in the personnel of

a revision of some pages in the work now regarded as a text-book in civil government in American schools.

The leading nations of the world are always interested in the subject of the budget, and money seems to be the predominating phase of the economic question; for a tempest in a teapot was occasioned in England because Ambassador Bryce's salary was raised from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. It is certainly discreditable to our own nation that it has been so niggardly in its allowance for maintaining the dignity demanded by such office. The signs of the times point to having the diplomatic and consular service in the United States placed on a par with that of other nations of its own class throughout the world.

* * *

APROPOS of the future business of the Panama Canal, it is of importance to remember that after over four hundred years of

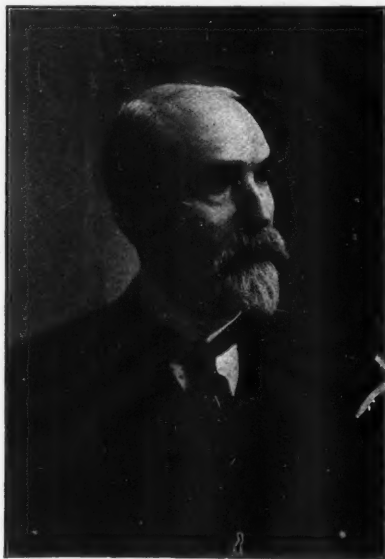


ON THE TURRET TOWER OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP

the heads of the various departments, although the civil service rule keeps the governmental machinery so intact that no matter what occurs, there is little danger of an official cog slipping in the governmental grind. Secretary Cortelyou is the same indefatigable worker in the Treasury Department that he was as postmaster general. Mrs. Cortelyou and her little daughters witnessed the ceremony when he took the oath of office, and received the hearty congratulations of friends.

* * *

THE new ambassador from Great Britain, James Bryce, does not seem to have much difficulty in adjusting himself to American methods of living. His close and analytical study in two volumes of the American Commonwealth will now be supplemented by still farther experience, and may occasion



COLONEL JOHN HICKS, U. S. AMBASSADOR TO CHILE

projects, concessions and failures—from the modest river and canal route proposed by Cortez to the great ship-railroad scheme of Eads—the government of Mexico, at an expenditure of over \$69,000,000 (Mexican) has completed the seaports of Coatzacoalcos on

the Gulf of Mexico, and Salina Cruz on the Pacific Coast, and the railroad connecting these parts. The road has recently been relaid with eighty-pound rails, new iron bridges have been built and the road re-ballasted, in readiness to transport from sea to sea millions of pounds of freight already contracted for, and in fact already moving. The recent merger of nearly all the great American lines, plying to the coast of Mexico, and the sub-

his honor. If he had done nothing else but recognize the possibilities of women for governmental affairs, he would be a notable man; for to him is due the general employment of women in business affairs, which has brought a silent revolution not dreamed of a few years ago. Up to his time, the gentler sex were looked upon as the "clinging vine;" and it was thought that they had no place in offices, except possibly to ask for spending



Photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

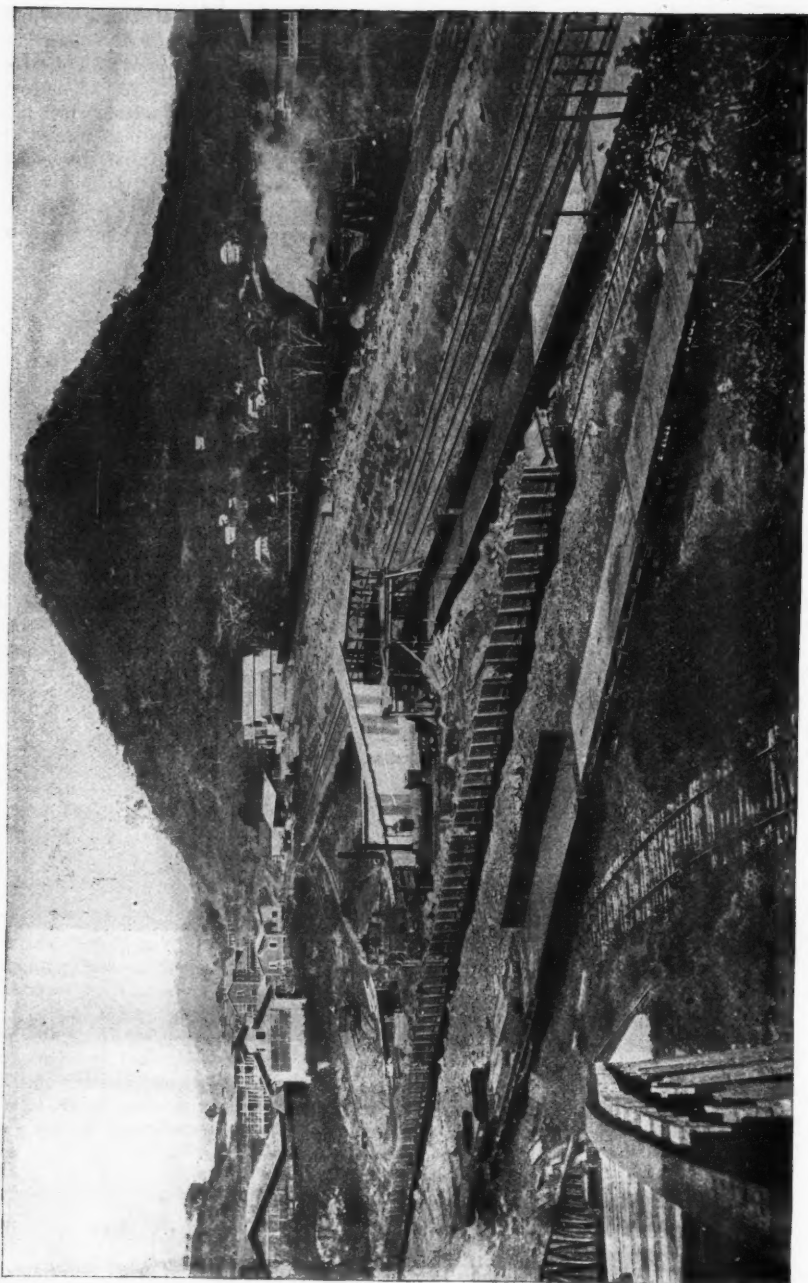
MRS. W. H. WEED AND CHILDREN. MRS. WEED IS THE DAUGHTER OF REPRESENTATIVE HILL AND WIFE OF THE FAMOUS GEOLOGIST

sidization and establishment of a Canadian line to Mexico, are significant omens of great changes in transportation conditions, and our export and foreign trade, as connected with Mexico, the Pacific Coast, and beyond "the Western Ocean."

* * *

IT is not commonly known that General Spinner in the Treasury Department was the first public official to recognize woman-kind as eligible for Treasury clerkships; and it is now proposed to erect a monument to

money — conditions now hardly possible of realization by the self-reliant womanhood of America; but which they certainly should remember with kindly reverence for the memory of General Spinner. General Spinner was notable for other things; among them his peculiar backhand signature, at a time when writing of this kind was rare. His backhand writing was adopted on script-type as being of a legible character, and one of the most popular scripts of its day was "the Spinner type," which is now old fashioned.



AN ACTIVE SCENE AT PEDRO MIGUEL



By Joe Mitchell Chapple

ON a wild, blustering night in January, in the teeth of an eastern blizzard, I started on a mission—to see Panama. The trip was undertaken on a sudden impulse, in answer to a challenge given by a prominent public official who declared that no magazine editor "had the spunk to personally visit Panama." This accounts for the sudden decision and prompt execution—the only way to go is to go.

When I awoke Sunday morning and looked upon the Statue of Liberty fading away on the horizon, I rubbed my eyes and wondered if I had been shanghaied or kidnapped and taken to sea! Then I remembered that I was voluntarily aboard the good ship Prinz Eitel Friedrich, plowing her way in smooth and stately fashion on past Sandy Hook, having left her moorings in the early morning.

* * *

Just before we landed at Colon, there was a beautiful rainbow on the surface of the water, with not a sign of prismatic hues in the blue tropical sky, which we construed as a promise of pleasant weather on the Isthmus, and a portent of the message of peace which this great project brings to the world.

The rigor of American administration on the Isthmus was first observed when the black-whiskered Dr. Pierce came on board and insisted none should pass unless they had felt the vaccine point, and not only inspected the bill of health from the boat, but took a sharp glance at every passenger, and in some cases felt the pulse, to be sure that not even a symptom of disease crept ashore. A quarantine had been established against Costa Rica, and the people coming from infected countries are kept isolated one week in the quarantine before they are released.

The good ship Eitel Friedrich, under the

master hand of Captain Meisner, headed into the Hamburg American Atlas pier No. 1, as gracefully as a lady taking her seat in church. All the boats lying at the pier have to be kept constantly ready for a "norther," which compels them to pull out to sea—as there is no breakwater for protection against storms.

* * *

Ashore on the Isthmus at Colon! Remember that Colon is in the Republic of Panama, and not in the Canal Zone, and that it was formerly a sink hole of pestilence, but has now been sewered and sanitized by the United States government, to be reimbursed by the Panama government. Walking up Front street, with its splendid pavement of vitrified brick, one can see the picture of what has been accomplished, and contrast it with the opposite picture—to be seen in some of the back streets—showing what the town of Colon was but a short time ago. This contrast tells the story better than any official reports—or even critics can do. The "I. C. C." hospital is built out over the tide waters, and the patients can hear the constant "hush" of the waves upon the beach. The shops are now moved out to Gorgona, thirty miles from Colon, to be near Culebra. The Americans have concentrated the center of work there—the chief function of the railroad now being to "move dirt," "push dirt," "dig dirt." although the general freight traffic of the Isthmus continues on a heavy scale, and is constantly increasing.

* * *

In front of the Washington Hotel, facing the ocean, on railroad land, stands the statue of General Aspinwall, the American who built the Panama railroad; on one side of this statue is the magic name of "Stephens,"

also associated with Isthmian work. The town was called Aspinwall, but when the Colombian trouble arose, the city was formally renamed. Though the name of the city was changed, the statue of the railroad man was still retained, and still looks out across the waters of the harbor toward the place whence Aspinwall carried the iron rails of modern civilization to Panama.

Now the reservoir of Colon, about which there was some controversy, is located at the back of Mount Hope, and of course I wanted

and the orchestra was struggling with the intricacies of Yankee Doodle, behind the walls of an improvised theater made of discarded galvanized iron roofing.

* * *

The island of Colon is connected with Cristobal by built-up "made" land, so that Colon is no longer an island. We drove about with "George Washington Jones," for the cab men of Colon have a way of possessing names which appeal to an American. The



A GANG AT WORK ON SEWER CONSTRUCTION AT COLON

to see it. It is a mile and a half long, and a mile wide, with a capacity of 508,000,000 gallons. The reservoir for Empire looks like a beautiful little lake in the interior of New York. The water at Panama is good, and I drank it fearlessly and freely, not forgetting a little quinine tablet in the morning, bottles of which, by the way, are always kept upon the breakfast table.

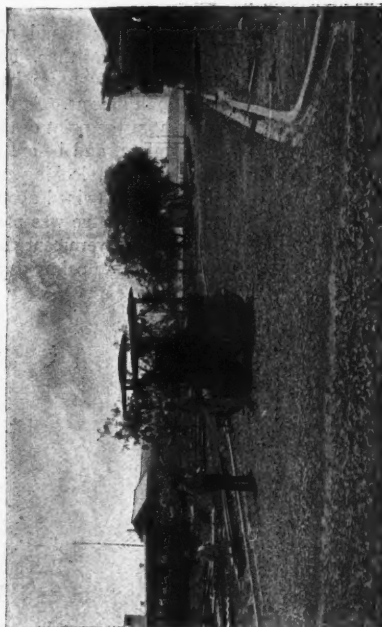
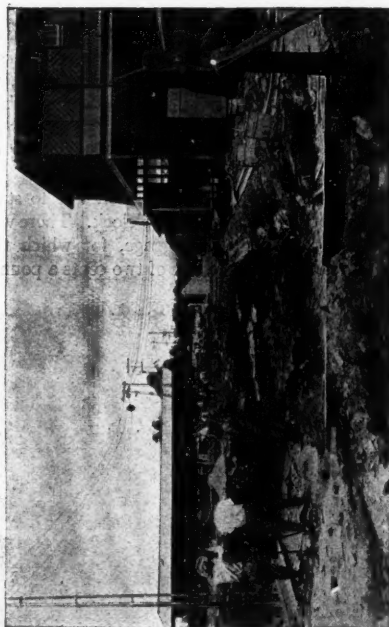
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It was Sunday afternoon, and within the precincts of Colon a bull fight was going on,

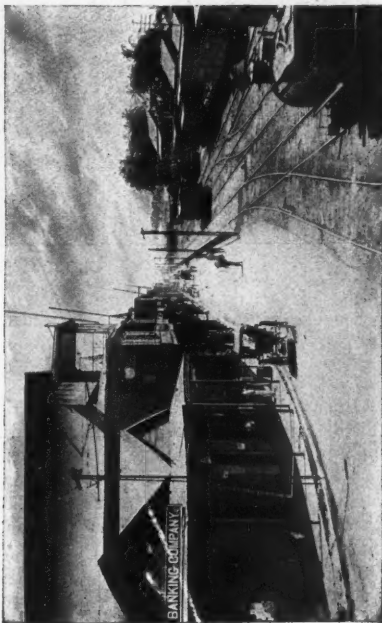
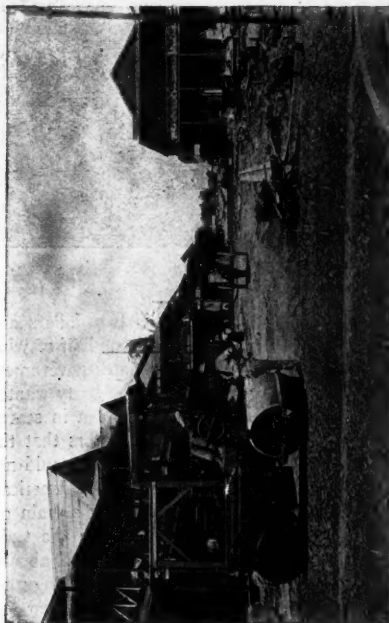
man of appealing name drove us along the beach and to Cristobal—the entrance to the American zone.

How refreshing it was to drive up Beach road beside the line of stately coconut trees, close to the water's edge; on one side was a line of dwellings with screened verandas, like bird cages. All these bungalows have been raised and placed in sanitary condition, and the splendid roadway was the initial tribute to American skill as builders of an Appian Way across the Isthmus.

Brass screens are used instead of the or-



A TYPICAL STREET BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION
BOTTLE ALLEY, SHOWING PAVEMENT NEARING COMPLETION



FOURTH STREET AND BOTTLE ALLEY UNDER RECONSTRUCTION
FRONT STREET, SHOWING COMPLETE PAVEMENT

dinary wire, because the latter would not stand the damp for any length of time. For the moment, it seemed as though we had entered some Southern health resort. At the very end of the peninsula, at the point of the road, was De Lesseps palace, and before it stood the statue of Columbus, looking off toward the East, with his arm twined about a red Indian maiden. This statue was presented to the Colombian government by Queen Eugenie of France in the palmy days

January. Then I began to grow enthusiastic on the dirt question, and do as everyone there did—keep an eye on the bulletin board, to see how much dirt was moving day by day. The whole proposition impresses one now as a railroad proposition—being the moving of dirt rather than digging a canal.

The morning passenger train was to start across the Isthmus at nine o'clock. There was a large amount of baggage, for which the traveler pays at the rate of two cents a pound,



GROUP OF SPANISH LABORERS

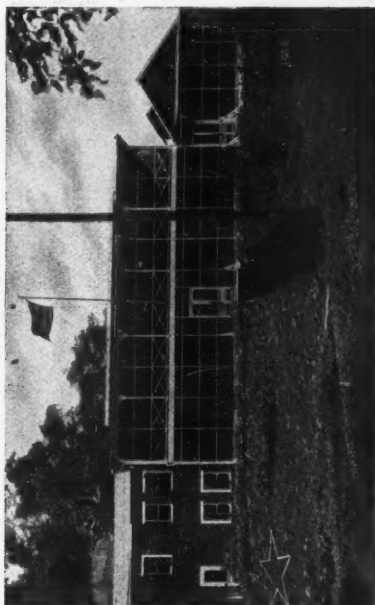
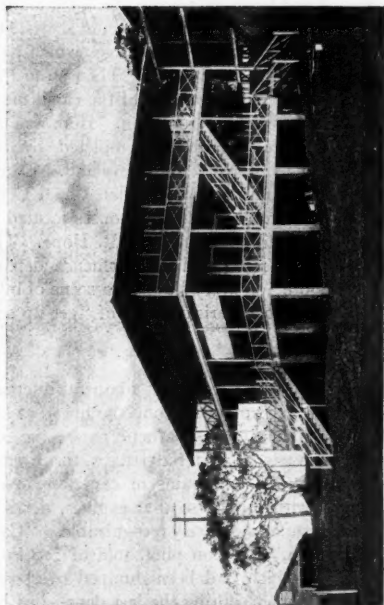
when she assisted her relative, Ferdinand DeLesseps, to secure his concession.

* * *

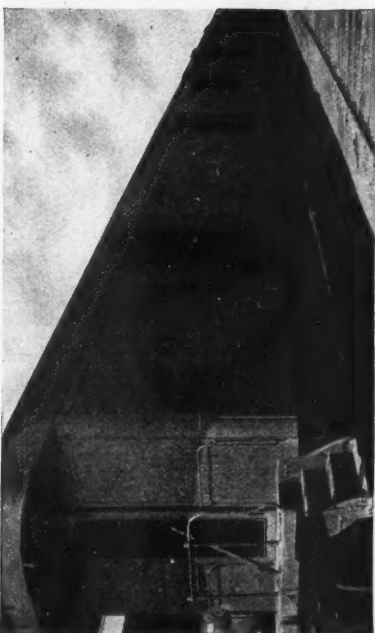
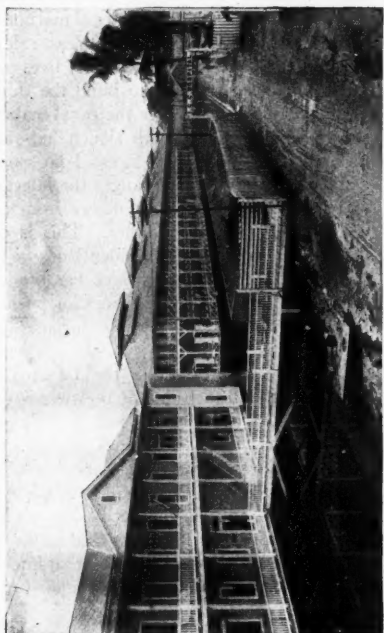
In an old gray stone building, I found Mr. Bierd, superintendent of the railroad, and a busy man he was. I met Engineer Stevens in the railroad station at Cristobal, smoking a cigar; something in his appearance recalled the vivid war pictures of General Grant. Later, I found that everywhere I went there was the same enthusiastic interest for "Big Smoke" Stevens, as he is called. Conversation was brief. He called attention to the fact that over 500,000 yards had been moved in

while the passenger fare is two dollars and forty cents to Panama—just one-half of what it was before the United States government assumed control. Some of the party wanted souvenir postal cards, and set out in search of them, being told by old porters that the train would be held because they could not get the baggage on for some time; American managers have a way of starting a train on time—baggage or no baggage—so the train left the station, and I found myself aboard with a surplusage of bags and the luggage, with the rest of the party left behind—so alluring were the attractions of Colon.

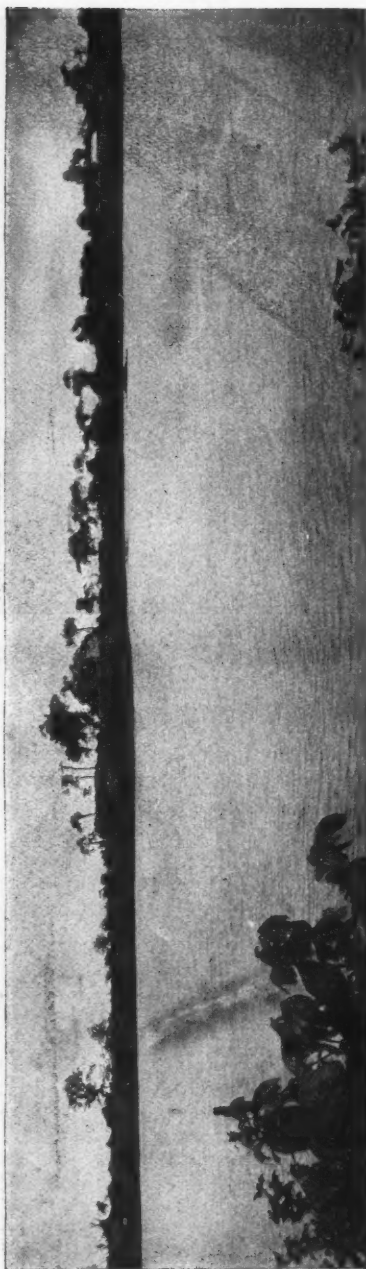
Well, we were off across the Isthmus. On



RECEIVING HOSPITAL AT EMPIRE
RECEIVING HOSPITAL AT CULEBRA



CANAL COMMISSION GENERAL HOSPITAL, BUILT OVER TIDE WATER
HOSPITAL CAR WHICH MAKES DAILY TRIPS ACROSS THE ISTHMUS



COLON RESERVOIR BACK OF MOUNT HOPE. CAPACITY 508,000,000 GALLONS. DIMENSIONS ONE AND ONE-HALF MILES LONG BY ONE-HALF WIDE

past Pier Eleven, where the President landed, we could see the old French mud scows, still in use, that indicate the changes which have taken place in a few years. Then on to Pier Fourteen, where a portion of the canal made by the French was to be seen. Here was the traveling crane, recently completed by the Wellman Company of Cleveland. Everything sent out by the Isthmian Canal Commission is received in storehouses located in the great railroad yards at Mt. Hope. The warehouse resembled an immense department store; on every side was a scene of busy activity—the American spirit of “get up and go.”

* * *

Stations are located at frequent intervals of three or four miles along the line; but out in the jungle it was pathetic to see the immense waste of material left by the French company. Whole trains of cars were overgrown with jungle, so that engines, derricks and hoists were scarcely recognizable. “Captain John,” a Colon pilot, told of 200 locomotives which had been dumped overboard by the French, during the last days—just before the crash. Everywhere along the route was the grewsome sight of masses of machinery of all kinds cast aside, now worthless, calling to mind the waste of thousands of lives sacrificed in the first efforts to build the canal.

On board the train were the canal-makers, sturdy young fellows, with slouch hats and bronzed arms, necks and faces; I no sooner entered that train than I caught the infection of enthusiasm which exists today from one end of the Zone to the other. This is one great result of the visit of President Roosevelt—the splendid organization which has brought everything down to the bed-rock of pushing forward with one unswerving purpose—dig and keep digging.

We went directly across the Isthmus by rail, stopping at each one of the twenty odd stations. On the train I met a little girl named Alice Rose, ten years of age, the daughter of an excavation superintendent, who had come from Ohio. She had the commissary book and her market basket, for she had been shopping. She possessed all the enthusiasm of an American girl and that interest in what is going on which is peculiar to the Isthmus.

“I have a fine time—I like it,” she said: “Are you not homesick?”

"Never, because there is always something to do." Then she began to tell me where she had been, and showed me a can of tomatoes just purchased at the government commissary store for *eight cents*, a price indicating that the government is certainly not robbing the thousands dependent on the commissariat department. It is certainly remarkable that such low prices can be secured at a post 2,000 miles from the base of supplies. Steamships bring the products to Panama and with the railroad, now owned by the government, maintain a perfect cold storage service on the regular weekly steamers. We met the daily meat train going out to distribute fresh meat along the line to every zone domicile.

Comparatively few foodstuffs are produced on the Isthmus, but here, as in other South American countries, is the tree lizard, which is considered quite a delicacy by the natives, the meat being white and tasting somewhat like chicken or rabbit.

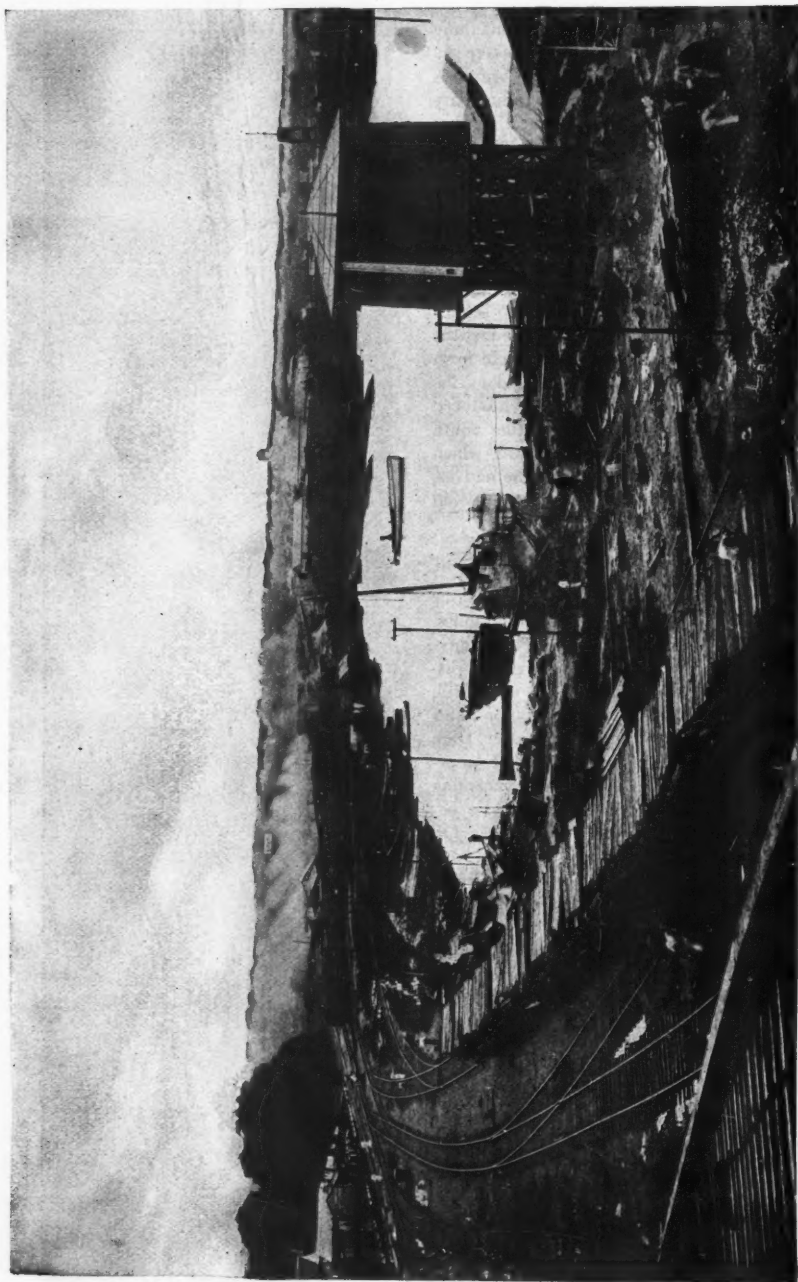
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It took us about two hours to cross the Isthmus, the distance being forty-nine miles, with many a "suburban" stop. The twenty-two stations on the Panama have each a distinction of their own. There is Monkey Hill, renamed Mt. Hope, the first station after Colon. Then Mindi and the Gatun Dam where the old tents in which the first laborers lived are now used for the incoming workers, until they can be otherwise bestowed and quarters provided them. On the side of the hill was a cluster of trim, comfortable and sanitary houses which represent the great finished work on the Isthmus, that is the vital backbone of the effort.

Lion Hill, with picturesque surroundings, and Ahorca Lagarto, with its memories of French days. Then Bohio, where the great dam was originally contemplated; and it was here that Geologist Arango of the I. C. C. alighted from the train with hammer and bag to look for specimens. Frijoles, suggests old canal days. At Tabernilla are the famous dumps. Here we saw where a great flood, which poured down from the Chagres River, playing havoc with the dumps in December. At that time the chief engineer set out to keep an appointment for a certain date in America, but was prevented from doing so by the floods which, in a tropical country, are among the obstacles to be overcome.



RESERVOIR AT EMPIRE. THIS IS NOT THE RESERVOIR WHICH ONE WRITER SAID HE COULD WALK ACROSS DRY SHOD



VIEW OF THE RAILROAD YARDS AT CRISTOBAL

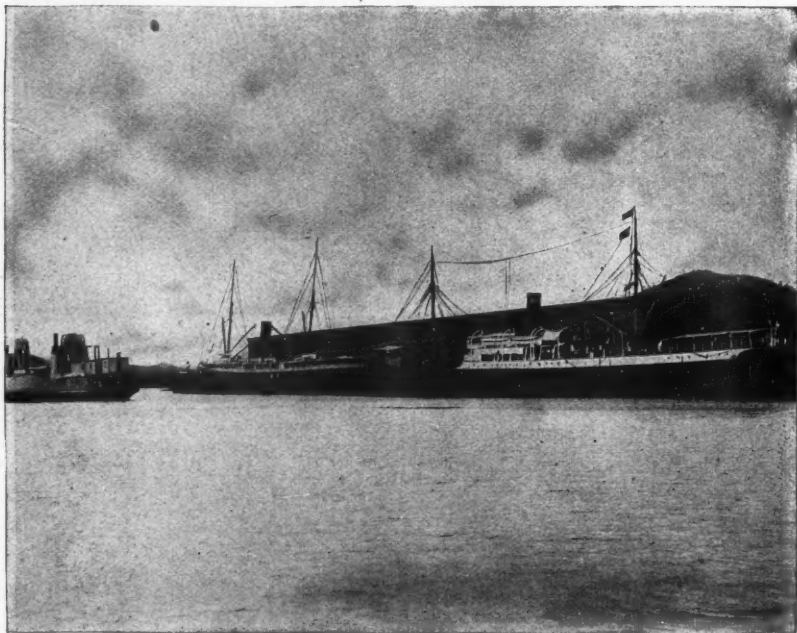


GENERAL VIEW OF THE RAILROAD YARD AT CRISTOBAL

At the time of our visit in February, it seemed to us that the work was in full swing, with as complete an organization as one could wish for. The laborers, like a great army on a campaign of conquest, were throwing up earth entrenchments to protect the health of the industrial army and promote the efficiency and rapidity of the work.

Sitting at night on the veranda with Superintendent Hardigan, at his house at Bas Obispo, I heard the boom, boom. boom of

to be such a problem after all. It is rather a matter of disposing of an immense quantity of earth—the “moving of mountains” thirty miles and building a new mountain to become a dam a mile and a half long with a half mile slope 100 feet at the top and eighty-five to the summit. This great artificial mountain will solve the problem of the Chagres river, with its rise of thirty-seven feet in one day. This dam practically disposes of the engineering problems on the Isthmus, for the troublesome



VIEW OF PIER 11, AT CRISTOBAL, WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT LANDED ON NOVEMBER 15 WHERE THE RECEPTION AND BALL IN HIS HONOR WERE HELD, AND WHERE HE MADE HIS ADDRESS TO THE COMMISSION'S OFFICERS AND EMPLOYEES

the blasts that tell of the work being done along the line. The constant smell of powder-reek, the flash of exploding blasts, and the chug, chug, chug of the diamond drills reminds one of some night scene of siege or battle, and indeed a mighty conflict is being waged between the defences of the eternal hills and the stupendous resources of modern engineering.

The great crunching shovels were getting out the red clay at a hot pace, cutting the dirt like cheese. The Gatun Dam does not seem

torrent will simply be *submerged or buried* in a vast basin 110 square miles in area; and even if the river rises thirty-seven feet in one night, it only means a three-inch rise over this lake. When this mass of jungle is submerged in the lake the village of Gatun will be beneath eighty-five feet of water.

At the Gatun Dam they have drilled to a depth of 200 feet and found strata that will not interfere with the construction of the locks.

The long line of red clay where the three 1,000-feet locks are being excavated, makes

a lurid sky line. The shovels are taking out the clay, it being easy digging during the dry season. It is planned to do work of this kind while the dry season lasts, and leave the rocks and ledges on the sides in the cuts to work upon during the rainy months.

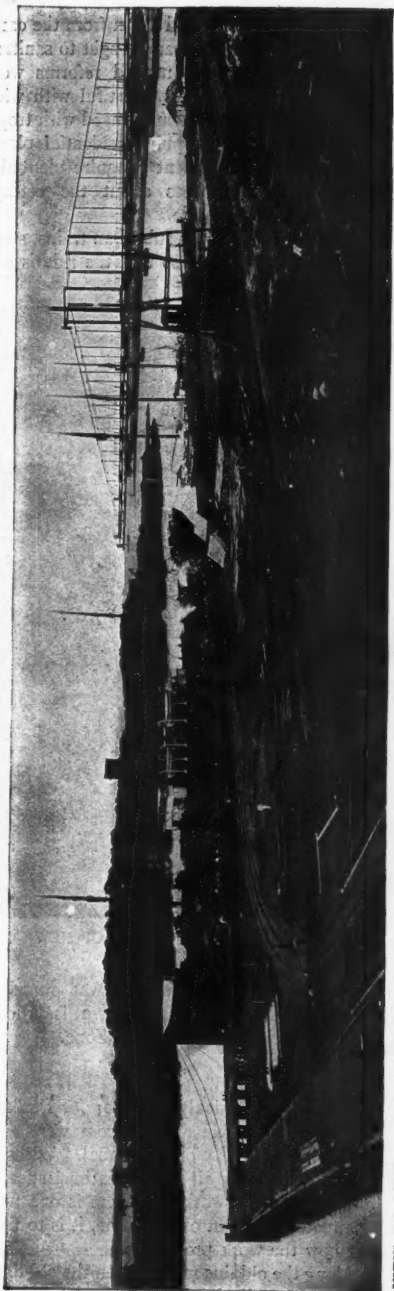
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In company with a German and an English sea captain I learned more fully than ever before the wisdom of making a lock canal, for those who have passed through the Suez Canal know of the time consumed, partly owing to the narrowness of the passage and the danger of hurrying, and partly from the character of the soil, which will not bear the friction caused by the rapid passage of a vessel through the water, for if the water be sent forcibly against the banks of the canal it draws down the sand. The Panama Canal will have none of these defects. Here there will be a great reservoir of 110 square miles, where ships can be rendezvoused and proceed at full speed over the larger portion of the Isthmus, the actual narrow canal occupying but eight miles of the forty-nine miles across the Isthmus.

On the line of railroad are San Pablo, Mamei and Gorgona, where the great railroad shops are located. Matachin with its suggestion of Chinese days, and Bas Obispo, where the great stone crusher has made a remarkable record, and the scene of gigantic rock excavation. Las Cascadas, meaning the cascades, is another place where the river plays havoc during the rainy season, though it looked modest and demure as possible as we watched its light green water rushing down in little eddies. It hardly seemed possible that this peaceful looking stream could arise, tear down bridges, pull up rails and cause so much trouble in the rainy season.

* * *

At Empire the great round house of twenty-one sheds is located, though the French found four sufficient. Then comes Culebra, with its traditions of big cuts that will ever be remembered in the history of canal-making. Photographs of the Isthmus as it is *today* will soon be interesting curiosities. Paraiso was named by the Spanish, and means Paradise. Pedro Miguel is practically the Pacific end of the cut, and is where the interior lock is to be located. At Miraflores is located the insane asylum. Associated with it is many



VIEW OF PIER 14, AT CRISTOBAL, WITH A STEAMER UNLOADING RAILWAY TIES AND A SCHOONER UNLOADING LUMBER. NEW TRAVELING CRANE IS SEEN ON THE RIGHT

a pathetic story, handed down from the early days before attention was brought to sanitary conditions and much needed reforms were set on foot. Corozal is beautiful with wide stretches of sloping lawn, fringed with tropical foliage. It is a popular residential place, and here Superintendent Maguire planted a grove of banana trees about the cottage where his family reside.

The train is like our suburban trains, stopping every few miles, so that the ride is one

operated partially ever since 1855, though its line has been often changed to evade the obstacles thrown in its way by the vagaries of the swift and treacherous Chagres. The main line is now double tracked all through, but it will be obliterated at the opening of the Canal, new lines now being surveyed.

On the train, I acquired a large fund of information, and was interested to note how everything seemed to date from the President's visit. So many things had been done "since



VIEW OF NEW COAL HOIST AT CRISTOBAL

of especial interest. Panama was our destination. Overlooking the town is Ancon Hill, the prize location of the Zone.

* * *

Time passed quickly with me; for I talked with several people all of whom were employed in some way on the Canal. Without an exception, they all seemed enthusiastically interested in the work. If there is one predominating thought on the Zone, it is to find out how the work progresses.

Along the old line may be seen the old-time stations, for the Panama railroad has been

the President was here," that it was clear that his words and presence had struck the keynote of a splendid patriotic impulse which has probably never in equal degree inspired any great national industrial undertaking.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Ripley, assistant engineer going out in the train, was holding to his rolls of blue print. He had just a touch of malaria at that time, and no wonder, for the climate must have been in strong contrast to the ice belt of Lake Superior, where he has worked for thirty years on the "Soo Canals."

At Panama, we first saw the little policeman of the Republic of Panama, and made acquaintance with the "tin" or "spickety" money and tiny nickels forming the Panamanian currency. The European custom of handing one's luggage from the windows of the train to the porters also obtains in Panama.

Walking across the beautiful park from the station we came to Hotel Tivoli, the new hostelry opened just prior to the visit of the President. On our way to the hotel we passed the public schools, then closed

all sides. In the cool corridors one feels that a haven of refuge and rest has been found. This hotel is a sort of rendezvous for officers and supervisors, and also for people who come there to spend their Sundays.

In the hotel lobby there were pictures of Theodore Roosevelt and Dr. Amador, President of the Panama Republic, hung opposite to each other, which called to mind the story of the birth of this youngest of republics. For years there was a tendency to revolution in Panama and the surrounding districts, which



THE CANAL COMMISSION'S MOUNT HOPE STORE, THE LARGEST ON THE ISTHMUS, THROUGH WHICH ALL THE SUPPLIES FOR THE ISTHMUS ARE DISTRIBUTED

for vacation. On either side were gardens planted by the industrious Chinese, but "John" says that it is difficult to raise vegetables here because everything must be picked at just the right time, or it spoils, either baking dry, or rotting in the heat of the sun. Nevertheless, these gardens were neatly kept, and every variety of vegetable seemed healthy and doing well.

* * *

The whole front of the hotel is built on high, solid concrete posts. It is plainly and simply constructed and finished in hard wood, with plenty of wide veranda space on

gave the government of the United States of Colombia some concern. Congress was in session in Bogota, and many of the members had little personal knowledge of the outside world, having never been to the sea coast. Panama was one of the largest states represented in the United States of Colombia. The constitution of the country is based upon that of the United States and is very similar. While Congress was in session a change of presidents was made.

* * *

At this time the United States was trying to close matters in reference to the purchase of

the Canal Zone, and had sent a written reminder of this fact to the United States Minister, Beaupre, in an effort to hurry up the decision of the matter. The note being forwarded to the President of Colombia he sent it to the Congress, and it is said that this "message" threw the emotional Congressmen into frenzy and the American offer was promptly turned down.

This is the story as related to me by a citizen of Colombia who was in Bogota at that

to do. Then an emergency man appeared and sent them all back home to Cartagena, after which the Panama Republic was declared and recognized by the United States and other countries. It was all done in the twinkling of an eye, and the attitude of Colombia in procrastination had the usual result. Like the sudden appearance of "jack-in-the-box" before the astonished eyes of a child, the Republic of Panama sprang into existence, and this event had an important bearing on



A TYPICAL STATION ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD

time, and he assured me that the uproar was caused by the note sent to Congress. In the meantime, General Tobal, a prominent tobacco merchant was sent to help quell the revolution in Panama. On arriving at Colon he found he could not secure any cars to take his troops across the Isthmus, but the railroad company kindly offered to transport the officers over to Panama; so the officers were dispatched by special train, and when they arrived were promptly captured by the revolutionary Panamanian forces. The soldiers who had been left behind were thus without commanders or generals and knew not what

the making of the Isthmian Canal; for the Panamanian government at once accepted the offer of \$10,000,000 for the tract of land now known as the Canal Zone. The feeling in Bogota is still intense against the United States and they have not recognized any boundary lines of Panama. This was a vexed question for years with the Costa Rican government, and was only recently adjusted at the Hague. However, there is decidedly an *intente cordiale* between the young republic and Costa Rica and the United States.

The Colombians are a sturdy race, but vary widely in the different localities. They have



TENT STREET IN TEMPORARY CAMP AT GATUN

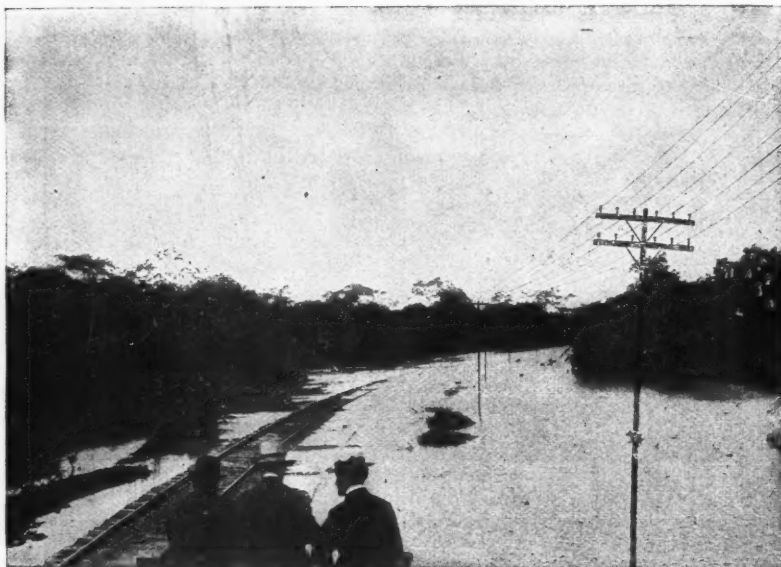
MESS TENT IN TEMPORARY CAMP AT GATUN

limited means of communication between themselves, being more or less isolated, so that each locality retains its own peculiarities. The basis of currency is the pesos, which is in the proportion of one hundred to one of the

a canal—the old company certainly had it completed.

* * *

We took a quick drive along the picturesque old streets with Executive Secretary H. D.



SECTION OF RAILWAY AT TABERNILLA UNDER WATER LAST DECEMBER

United States money—thus a cup of coffee costs five dollars instead of five cents.

Looking upon the pictures of old Panama, and then at the city as it is today, we can scarcely realize that the two represent the same place. Behind the cab man, we dashed over the vitrified pavements of the capital city of the new republic. The old Isthmus Canal Building is now surrounded by handsome pavements in sharp contrast to the cobble stones of a few years ago. This is one of the old buildings sold to the United States government by the De Lesseps Canal Company, and was where they planned all their work. Here I met Engineer Bertoncini who began with the Isthmian Canal Company twenty-five years ago, and was with them in the high tides of '84 and '86. The walls of this building are covered with boxes containing maps stored away—artistic work in map-making—a collection of fascinating interest for an engineer. If maps would build

Reed—the sturdy young pioneer who has Zone government interest in charge. Thomas M. Cook, in charge of the Department of Revenue and the Post Office, has difficulty in keeping the Panamanians—observe the long a accent on the third “a”—from using his post office, although they have one of their own. All letters to the United States from the Canal Zone are carried for two cents, domestic rates, but from across the street border from the sister republic, the charge is five cents, as for foreign mail.

The railroad station agents along the line are also postmasters, and it cannot be said that office holders in Panama are pretentious; for everyone works. The postmasters handle tons of mail matter every month, and serve 40,000 people from all points of the globe, including the dispatch service to the West Indies, over the subsidized mail routes of the French and Spanish lines, and to the United States. During 1906, over 75,000 packages

were registered, which did not include 26,000 packages not paid for but registered free. Over 6,000 sacks of mail matter were handled in December alone. Twenty-one dispatches of mail leave Cristobal for the Leeward and the West Indian islands every month. The jolly Mr. Cook administers for the estate of any deceased American when desired, and he administered on over fifty estates last year, at an average expense of less than two dollars.

* * *

All the land within the Zone, which is ten miles wide—five on either side of the Canal—is owned by the government, and the rental of this land is looked after in Mr. Cook's department. There were 14,000 garden leases issued last year, to say nothing of lands occu-

chology of suggestion. The average rental of government land is three dollars per "hectare," or two and two-fifths acres, or one dollar, or a little less, per acre for one year. The French charge was six dollars.

Mr. Cook took a census of the Isthmus on behalf of the educational interests, and found 2,500 pupils of six to sixteen years of age. At a convention on the third of March, 1895, there were twenty-three teachers and 5,000 pupils. Three or four of these instructors were Spanish, and the rest Americans.

The water commissioner is Mr. Compton, and the superintendent of schools is Mr. O'Connor. It is evident that the whole plan for the government of the Zone is to organize, and still to organize, until the system is as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it.



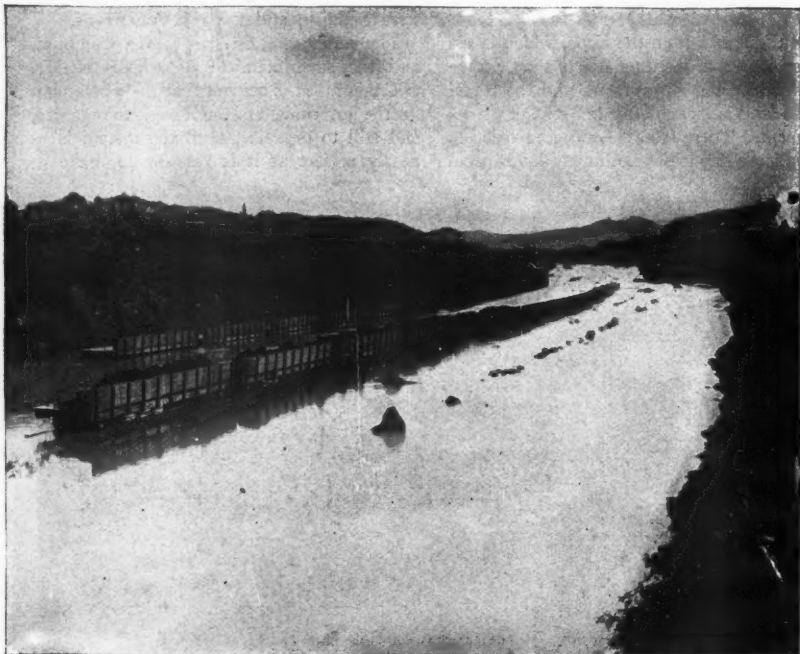
THE OLD FRENCH DUMP CARS IN WATER TO THEIR AXELS

pied by the irrepressible Chinamen, who establish stores wherever there are people who will buy of them, and will always be found making ample display of every article in stock; for the Chinese are firm believers in the psy-

It is some time since the President withdrew Governor Magoon to send him to Cuba, but since his removal the executive work has been managed by Mr. H. D. Reed, a young man recognized as a cool-headed executive officer.

It has been suggested that oil might be used as fuel, and that an oil blower furnace might be established on the Isthmus with profit, to utilize the thousands of tons of scrap iron now lying waste, for this iron certainly has a value, though the contractor who thought of buying it to ship to the States as scrap iron never carried out his plans, because he was confronted with the tariff laws,

certainly has the right ideas as to making that hotel a famous hostelry, although the Panama hotels across the line are objecting strenuously to the general tendency of American transients to drift off over to the Tivoli—an hotel operated and owned by Uncle Sam. The clerk at this hotel formerly held a position at the Hotel Empire in New York. It was here that I came upon an old friend from



AMERICAN FLAT CARS NEARLY COVERED BY THE FLOOD

all this material having been imported from Europe and manufactured there. Although now shipped from the Zone, United States territory, the iron still remains dutiable, and cannot be taken farther into Uncle Sam's domain until his demands are paid.

* * *

"The Zone" has provided a fine training-school for many a young man, and it offers a fitting reply to the old Spanish phrase,— "Where are the vouchers?" for rigid auditing has been thoroughly introduced.

Mr. Brown, manager of the Tivoli Hotel,

Jamaica—Mr. Lannigan—so I felt right at home.

While at lunch I had the pleasure of meeting Superintendent J. M. Maguire and Engineer G. W. Hibard of San Pabloa; and Mr. Forrest, a typical English writer and artist, who paid the warmest tribute I had yet heard to the work being accomplished on the Canal. Mr. Forrest is a widely-traveled man, and his remarks certainly added zest and interest to my own growing knowledge of the progress being made. Everywhere the topic of conversation is "Canal, Canal,—Zone, Zone,—Canal, Canal—dig, dig, dig!"

(Continued on page 65)

DR. DEENA'S TWO PATIENTS

By Maude R. Cole

YOU'RE old enough to have sense," said Page severely.

Abbott turned lightly from his friend's scornful gaze and lifting the curtain peered out.

He had seen the lady at the window opposite and wondered how he could make her acquaintance. He was pondering this momentous question when the white shade suddenly lifted over across the way and the new tenant herself appeared.

She was gowned in white and stood a moment lithe and graceful, with curly brown head tilted bird-wise, her gray eyes meditatively surveying the corners of her window.

George Abbot leaned forward eagerly, forgetful that it was not polite to stare at a lady.

"What is she doing," he muttered, and then nearly collapsed as he saw the white, slim fingers deftly place a small glass sign in the window which, in neat black letters, bore the words:

DR. DEENA PHILLIPS

OSTEOPATHY ELECTRICITY

He was bitterly opposed to women practicing medicine, it was so mannish and out of place. But then, he reflected, possibly—he hoped she did not give medicine. But perhaps the other was just as bad.

"So you've fastened your demon's eyes on her," said Berton Page, abruptly.

"Say, old man, what is osteopathy?" inquired Abbott ignoring the remark.

"Dig up your Greek, Mephisto. Osteo—what? Why, bone, of course. And pathos—pain. There, you have it! And they put you through all kinds of stunts. Twist your neck and pull your leg, and the Lord knows what all!"

Abbott groaned. "Imagine that poor delicate bird doing such strenuous work! I call it

deuced beastly! Don't know what her parents could have been thinking of to permit her to choose such a profession."

"Perhaps she hasn't any," remarked Page somberly. "And perhaps she uses electricity in her practice more than osteopathy. Hanged if I wouldn't. Poor thing, just hung out her shingle, too! Looks as if she would make a good wife for someone—one of those sunshiny faces! Suppose she will marry some beast utterly unworthy of her! Always the way!"

Abbott stared at his friend with a provoking grin. "Better hie away to your little law office, Pagie, boy."

Page flushed and settled back in his chair. "Can't; got to keep an eye on you."

Abbott chuckled, then turned and walked the floor thoughtfully. Page watched him through narrowed eyes. Finally Abbott strode leisurely over to the wall and gave the electric button a deliberate push with his long forefinger. Then he turned expectantly towards the door and waited for the appearance of the servant.

"Sam, you red-headed rascal, bring my hat and cane; quick now, or I'll nail you!" he said pleasantly.

Page rose and glanced inquiringly into the other's smiling face. "Where to, Georgie?"

"Over there," he answered, jerking his thumb in the direction of the house opposite.

"Hold on a bit, Faust," growled Page. "Even in old New York one waits a breath before paying his respects to a doctor. You'd better wait until the sign is cold or she'll suspect. And what are you going for anyway, a friendly call, or treatment?"

"Bless you, Pagie, you've saved me! What shall I have? Say, it's deuced hard to think up a disease. Help me, won't you, old fellow? Lawyers are great at scheming!"

"Never, you confounded heathen," snarled the other, angrily. "You should be compelled to work to keep you out of devilment. Your money—"

"Well, never mind," soothed Abbott. He turned to the servant. "Sam, go to the library and dig me up a medical book, and be deuced quick, too." He glanced at Page. "I've got to commit some symptoms to memory. Confound it, I'm afraid I'll get mixed!"

"When in doubt, tell the truth," suggested Page, with a scornful curl of his lips.

"You duffer," cried Abbott smilingly. "I don't know why I like you so, but I do." He punctuated his sentence with little chuckles of pure delight. "Guess this is one of your off days, Pagie, you're cranky as a sick pup! Someone has been smoothing you the wrong way. Come to think of it, old chap, I think you need the little doctor-witch's care. What about the foot that Philippino punctured. All healed long ago, of course, but pains awfully yet, eh?"

"Well, I'm going over," said Page, suddenly, picking up his hat. "I don't have to learn my symptoms; I know them by heart."

"Pagie, old chap," pleaded the other, "dear Pagie, don't go first. Hang it, I tell you I shall go first!" He had risen and laughingly grasped the other by the arm.

"Promise to let me go first."

Page shook his head.

"Ah, but you will, Pagie. Here's some jiu-jitsu," he cried, rolling the other on the floor. He held Page down, grinning provocingly the while. "Hey, Sam. Ah, there you are! Bring me some rope and help me tie this unruly friend!"

"Surely Georgie, you're not going to tie me down," sputtered Page.

"Just about it—for awhile," said Abbott cheerfully. "I must go first."

During the hour's interval which followed, Abbott bent over the medical book which Sam had brought, while Page lay securely tied to the sofa, his expression alternating between rage and despair.

Presently Abbott rose and picked up his hat.

"Return soon, old chap, don't fret," he said, showing his even teeth in a sweet smile. "Sam will bring you in some refreshments. You'll need a bite to brace you!"

"Just you wait till I'm free," sputtered the other, white with rage, "I'll—I'll murder you, you devil!"

"Have to grow some first" gibed Abbott, holding his shaking sides. "Say, Pagie, you look positively dangerous! Well, so long!"

Deena Phillips sat in her cozy office, waiting for her first patient. She realized that it might be a week or a month before she received her first call—perhaps a year! She gasped at the thought. Then, to fortify her courage, she fell to philosophizing.

She had lived long in her young life, because she had thought much. Left alone in the world at the age of ten, she had learned to look at life logically, and to live as stoically as her impulsive nature would permit her.

Deena glanced at the various mottoes hung on the wall over her desk, and smiled. She had hung them where her eyes would fall on them the moment she looked up. She felt the need of a constant spur to her ideal life.

Well, and why should she fear? To be sure the rent of her apartment was high. Then there were the gas, groceries and incidentals to be considered. Supposing at the end of the month her pocketbook should be empty? Well, what then? There was only one path which led to the last home, and that through the narrow gate of the grave. If things came to the worst, would not the path of starvation be as easy a road to travel hence as the painful path of disease? Why should she fear; it was the way one looked at things that made all the misery in the world. What mattered a few years less of life.

Then, very softly, her voice rose in song, sweet with the joy of being:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delay,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
For what is mine shall know my face."

So she sang, defying fate. Her eyes were sparkling; her heart danced in its joy. It was good to live; great to toil and strive; to fall and rise and conquer!

The bell rang suddenly—not loudly, but with a respectful, insistent ring.

There being no maid, Deena herself opened the door. She stood smiling with the sunlight on her hair. Then it was not a patient. Her eyes expressed her disappointment as she gazed at Abbott's stalwart form and smooth, handsome face.

"Will you step in?" she said pleasantly, "and tell me what I can do for you?"

Abbott followed her awkwardly into the little office, feeling very big and ashamed.

She seated herself opposite him, and waited expectantly for him to make known his errand.

"I saw your sign, doctor, and I called to see if you could cure me."

It was a patient then. Her keen glance swept over him from head to foot, noting the clear blue eyes, and the healthful glow of his cheeks.

"You don't look ill," she said frankly.

"Looks are sometimes deceiving."

"That is true," she replied gravely.

Then, as briefly as possible he enumerated the cardinal symptoms of malaria. He had chills, fever, nausea, headache, languor. He had been treated a year. He had taken quarts of quinine. It was terrible to look so disgustingly healthy and feel so ill. And could she help him?

She examined the whites of his eyes, and looked perplexed. "No yellow," she said.

"Not a bit," he agreed promptly. "Strange, too!"

She meditated a moment. He watched her furtively, and moved uneasily.

"I'll undertake your case," she said at last briefly. As she spoke she rose and opened the door of her operating-room. She motioned him to a chair standing on a heavy glass platform. Beside the chair was a huge static machine.

Gingerly he took his seat. Some of the ruddy color had left his cheeks.

"Going to electrocute me?" he asked, with a forced laugh.

"Yes," The tone was calm and matter of fact.

He started and glanced at her swiftly, as she picked up the electrode and swung the machine into place.

Then it occurred to him that he was sorry he had not permitted Page to make the first call and investigate. Perhaps she did not thoroughly understand her business. And electricity was dangerous!

"Don't give me too strong a current," he pleaded. "And tell me what good is electricity in malaria?"

"It is a tonic and an eliminator of poison," she replied, graciously.

"I don't believe that I shall like electricity," he protested.

She paused a moment, slim, small, graceful, the gray eyes alert, the sweet mouth firm and unsmiling.

Then without warning she moved the electrode up and down with a slow, sweeping gesture holding it about a foot from his clothing. There was a venomous snapping; sparks flew in every direction. The air about him seemed full of darting points of light. He felt a thousand needles racing through his body, every nerve and muscle seemed knotted to breaking. He jumped and writhed under the current.

Suddenly she turned off the switch and came and stood beside him.

"Are you dead?" Her face was grave, but her eyes were dancing.

"Not quite," he groaned, rising rather unsteadily from the chair.

"I saw no yellow," she said, as he stepped from the chair and seated himself on the couch. And he wondered confusedly if her remark had a double meaning.

She handed him a glass of water, which he drank feverishly. She caught his eyes as he passed the glass back.

"Now, Mr.—"

"Abbott—George Abbott is my name."

"Now, I want to know Mr. Abbott, why you've been shamming?"

He sank back in consternation, his hands flew to his head. For a full minute he sat in this attitude of dejection, disgusted with himself and the world in general, especially Page. Why had he not warned him?

"I"—he began at last, red, and guilty-eyed.

"Don't bother to lie," she interrupted bluntly, her eyes glinting.

"When in doubt, tell the truth." The words of Page's maxim glared forth in his memory and would not be downed. Then impulsively, hurriedly lest his courage fail him at the last minute, he flung out the truth. Not even a detail was left out, even to the boyish prank of keeping Page a prisoner.

Then he paused, waiting anxiously for the storm to break.

The little doctor flushed with anger and then, despite a desperate struggle for self-control, a little gulp of laughter bubbled up until the room was filled with melody.

And Abbott suddenly relieved, settled back with the sweetest, most winsome smile that ever curved the lips of a healthy Adonis.

At last she arose. There was a dignity in her manner which aroused all his reserve.

"I think you have been sufficiently punished for your naughtiness," she said gravely

"Rather heroic treatment, was it not? I'm afraid, Mr. Abbott, that I cannot take your case."

He bowed, his eyes frankly expressing his regret. "And the fee, doctor?"

Deena tilted her brown head gracefully, and considered a moment, an imp of mischief in her eyes.

Then coolly she held out a slim little hand.

"One hundred dollars, please."

Abbott gasped and searched frantically through his pockets, then rose heroically to the occasion.

"I fear that I have not the amount with me. Stupid, isn't it? Will you take my check?"

"Certainly."

He took his check-book from his pocket, and, going into the office, sat down at her desk, carefully writing out the named amount.

As he handed it to her he could not resist saying, "Are you sure that is sufficient?"

"Yes, thank you. Good afternoon."

She folded it thoughtfully, her eyes studiously avoiding his, as she bowed his good-by.

She ran to the front window and watched him as he crossed the street and entered his house. She noticed with a demure smile that his step was rather slow, and his manner somewhat subdued.

She glanced down at the check. A hundred dollars! She could pay expenses for a month. Then she sighed and going to her desk, she addressed an envelope, slipping the check in and sealed it.

The next morning George Abbott received his check back again.

* * *

About four o'clock on the following day, Berton Page rang the little doctor's bell.

Deena opened the door. She stood gazing silently at him, trying hard not to be angry, for she felt intuitively that this was Abbott's friend. But there was something in his manner, a sort of dumb appeal which roused her sympathy, and she found herself, much to her disgust, inviting him graciously into her office.

Her swift glance followed every move of the tall, graceful form. There was something infinitely sad in his expression as he seated himself and faced her. The smooth, keen face was thinner than was natural. The dark eyes were sunken and lifeless.

He glanced at her and was silent. He had

come prepared to make an honest confession, but at the last moment his courage failed. Suddenly he desired her respect. He could not endure the look of scorn which would flash in her eyes.

"Well," she said at last, gently sympathetic.

Then briefly as possible he told her of the wounded foot and how it pained him at times.

"You have a new method of diagnosis?" he suggested, fencing for time.

"Yes." She felt his pulse. "Your heart action is weak, too weak. You will have to take tonic electricity. Been in the Philippines, you said? When you were wounded, the doctor gave you morphine, of course, until the wound had healed? A little—but now—"

"The pain is most intense at times—unbearable!"

"Let me see," she said.

She had him lay down on the operating table while she carefully examined his ankle. She bade him close his eyes while she felt rapidly over the surface and beneath the muscles, piercing deep with supple forefinger.

"Hurt," she asked.

He shook his head.

"That will do. You may sit on the couch while I talk to you."

Her brow was wrinkled as she gazed down at him. She had not yet learned the wise and silent method of the old physician.

He forced his eyes to meet hers steadily. It cost him an effort.

Suddenly she leaned forward with a little gasp.

He saw that she understood. So he waited breathlessly, almost with physical pain for the look of scorn. But instead there was a white sorrow in her face, and a quick lifting of the little head as though now she had found the right track and was ready to fight with him to the death.

"Mr. Page, your ankle has not pained you for months!"

He flushed painfully and glanced down.

"I assure you—" he began.

"You can assure me of nothing," she answered gently. "You have tried to imagine it pained you, in order to ease your conscience in its weak giving way."

"It seemed to me that it pained," he said dejectedly. "Perhaps it didn't." Then almost unconsciously he held out his hands. "Help me or I shall go to the devil!"

She grasped his hand in her cool little fingers and held it tightly. A moment she stood looking deep into his brown eyes, her gaze searching his very soul. Then apparently satisfied, she smiled slowly. To him the smile was like a blessing; so strong, so sweet, so full of patience and charity.

"I guess this old soul of mine needs another shell," he said whimsically. "I'm a weak rag at best—no will power—nothing!"

"But you wish to overcome this awful morphinism?"

"Oh, God!" he half moaned.

"And I tell you the fulfillment of the desire is within you, or the wish would not be there."

She stood before him her eyes luminous with beautiful thought.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, or wills, so is he. You have just got to fight, you understand? You've got to come out of this clean and whole—a man, as God intended!"

He bowed reverently. "I'll do my best," he promised solemnly.

* * *

The days which followed were full of anxiety to Deena despite her firm resolve not to worry. Few patients came to the little office—and the rent day drew rapidly near. Besides, there was George Abbott, who tormented her with his cheerful persistence for treatment. He was positive that electricity would prove beneficial. He had been greatly exhilarated since she treated him.

"But I don't think you require it, Mr. Abbott. You are simply throwing your money away," she said honestly, trying to forget the fact that she had breakfasted on stale roll and weak, unsweetened tea.

"If I feel that I need treatment, it seems to me I am the best judge of that, doctor. Besides if one comes to you requiring such help as you can give, in the name of humanity, you can't very well refuse."

And Deena was forced to admit the truth of his logic. But there were more subtle reasons why she should refuse, unmentionable, because a woman cannot tell a man she fears he is falling in love with her without offending old, staid conventionality, and appearing conceited. And in her position she had no chance to avoid him; for the arrangement was simply business. Yet there was one method of defence left her for this unwelcome attention—her dignity.

So she greeted him coldly, severely, unsmiling, with head held proudly; her manner an invisible barrier which even his unflinching good-humor could not surmount.

Very often there were times when her little neck was stiff from the strain of its haughty position, and the muscles of her face ached from its rigid severity. She had always been used to smiling.

But these were the least of her troubles; there was Berton Page. Poor fellow, he was making a heroic fight. There had only been one lapse since she had undertaken his case; then he had run to her in an agony of grief like a child to its mother, and confessed all. She had managed to maintain her self-control until alone—then she cried! It was terrible to see a great strong man brought down to the level of a child; to see him weep!

Usually about four o'clock in the afternoon he made his call at her office. For two weeks he had not missed a day, and had been prompt to a minute.

Now, as the hour drew near for his call, Deena felt nervous and depressed. All her brave calm had gone, and she stood tensely waiting the materialization of some vague forboding.

She started when his well-known ring sounded in the hall. When she opened the door and saw his face, she felt herself grow cold with the bitterness of her disappointment.

Silently, she preceded him into the operating room, and watched him as he threw himself on the couch. There was no need of words to tell her that he had again lapsed. The self-satisfied smile and the minutely contracted pupils of his eyes told her that he was under the direct influence of the drug.

"It's no use," he said at last, "the craving was stronger than I. Yes; I followed your directions. But the tapering method is no account. I was as low as one pill a day, but instead of skipping to-day—I took four! Oh, they simply walked down my throat, I could not stop them! Yes; I tried all kinds of things to eat, to stop the craving—no use!"

And Deena tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat.

"Better give me up," he resumed after a pause, "I'm not worth the powder to blow me to—heaven!"

Deena rose and bent over him gazing down almost fiercely. Her eyes seemed to burn into his shivering soul.

"I can't give up the case. Don't you understand; it's the matter of a soul? I'm responsible—I've got to save you! Hereafter, it will be me as well as you who fight. Inch by inch, step by step, we'll fight together—and we'll win!"

He shook his head despondently.

"I admire your splendid courage, doctor, but I tell you the fight is over. I never realized it so much as now. I always thought that I could break away when I really wished—but I can't!"

For a moment Deena felt crushed. His utter collapse sickened her. In a flash, she realized her impotence to fight the deadly thing.

Mechanically she swung the static machine in place and motioned him to the chair on the glass platform. She gave the treatment in a daze. She was conscious of one over-powering thought—he must be saved, but how?

When the time came to go, Page held out his hand. "Good-by, doctor, I'd best not come again. I want to, you know, but I dare not—and it's no use!"

And still Deena could answer nothing.

She followed him silently down the hall of her apartment. He paused before a door and absently turned the knob.

"You've got the wrong door, Mr. Page. You're in the dark room. This is the hall door. How often I've made that mistake." Then she paused suddenly with a little cry, her lips set, her face white.

A second she hesitated, then impulsively she slammed the door shut. The spring-lock clicked. Page was a prisoner!

She heard his voice at the key-hole—he was laughing.

"So stupid of me! A good joke, doctor. But open the door, please."

Silence.

"Are you going to keep me a prisoner?" He was still laughing.

Her heart felt as though it would jump through her body as she bent nearer the door. Her voice sounded hoarse and strained.

"Listen, Mr. Page; it was an accident. But a—a happy one, I hope! Oh, I pray that it may be! I'm going to keep you there, my prisoner, for awhile, a little while. Don't you understand! And, please be good!"

At first he laughed and accepted the situation philosophically. Then as the hours dragged on and she could not be at the door

talking through the key-hole to keep him company, he wearied. Later as the craving for morphine grew he became frantic.

For three days and nights Deena crept around the rooms afraid to sleep lest he break out and make his escape. She had solved the problem of dining, by climbing on a chair, opening the small transom and lowering his meals to him. There was no window in the room, save a narrow slit for ventilation near the top of the ceiling, opening out on a closed air-shaft. So there was no means of egress, except through the one door which Deena guarded. He might shout till doomsday, and his cries would remain unheard, unless one happened to be in the same apartment. The room had evidently been intended for a large closet or store-room.

As the hours dragged on, Deena had dropped him matches to light the gas and lowered books for him to read. He had pleaded for his freedom promising, nay swearing, by all the solemn oaths imaginable, that he would keep his vows, if he died for it! But her quick ear caught the strained eagerness in his tones, and she remained firm in her determination. Then, would she come in and keep him company for a while, he was so lonely? He would make no effort to escape. But she, knowing that the word of one addicted to the use of morphine could not be trusted, gave an evasive answer. "Perhaps later, but not now." And for a time he remained quietly reading. Then she would hear him pacing the floor, swearing and muttering to himself.

Hour after hour she would sit by the door of his prison with her mouth to the key-hole, relating incidents of her life and telling him any story of a cheering nature which she had heard. Sometimes she would read to him.

The fifth day he was unusually restless and wild. She had heard him groaning and tearing around his room like mad. He called incessantly for coffee. He must have coffee or he would die!

And she faced the situation blankly—there was no money to buy coffee!

She crept into her little office and sat down in despair. Now what was to be done? While she was pondering the question Abbott called for his usual treatment.

He was met at the door by a pale, weary-eyed little doctor who forgot her chill dignity and greeted him with a cry of relief.

"Good heavens, doctor," he exclaimed in consternation, "what is the matter?"

Then worn out and hopeless, she told him all and appealed to him for help.

"Gad," he exclaimed in amazement, "Pagie a dope! And you—you kidnapped him! You trying to cure him by force! Five days—I wondered where Pagie was!"

"He is your friend—you must help to save him! He has no will to fight this thing; we must fight for him. He must be saved! I need you to help me watch him. I need—more!" She choked and averted her face, then resumed haltingly in white, desperate embarrassment. "My—my practice is not much yet. I am under big expense here. And you—you must help me—feed him!"

And Abbott stooped from his great height, and gently laid his hands on her shoulders. "Hey, little girl, is it as bad as that? Say—you're white! Suppose you've been giving him your rations? Thought so by the look of you. And sleeping..."

"Not much," she said gently. "I sat on a chair by the door for fear—"

But he had grabbed his hat and pounded from the room. Later the kitchen whistle blew and the dumb-waiter creaked up, pulled by unseen hands, loaded with groceries, meats and fruits enough to last a regiment for a week.

"It's so good of you," she said tremulously, when he returned later.

"But you know," he answered gazing down steadily, "I don't believe in charity."

"But I will repay you with interest," she said, flushing, "just as soon as possible."

"No; I demand the pay now, Deena. I want your love. Will you be my wife?"

"But I don't love you," she cried out in distress. "I just like you."

"As my wife, I will win your love. You shall love me, Deena!"

Deena had the appearance of a small white mouse that had been trapped and was looking around for a means of escape. At last she swung around and faced him. Her eyes were wide and tragic.

"I can't be your wife. I—"

"Deena," he cried fiercely, "I know what's best for you—you've got to marry me!"

Then from the inside room came a pounding and a muttered curse.

"Will you marry me," he repeated grimly.

"I suppose so," she answered brokenly,

worn out mentally and physically. "I don't care much what happens. I'm tired of the fight!" She laughed harshly. "You must understand that I don't love you, but I shall consider your welfare just the same as if—"

But he had taken her by the shoulders and given her a gentle shake. "Deena, go to your room and rest. You are not yourself! Page, confound him! has nearly killed you!"

* * *

The following night, Deena opened the door of Page's prison and entered. He sat by the table, his head bowed forward on his folded arms, the picture of abject despair.

"Mr. Page."

He sprang to his feet glowering at her.

She eyed him steadily and moved nearer. Then she paused, still regarding him. His eyes were blood-shot and wild, his face distorted.

He looked up and saw that only a slim, white-gowned figure stood between himself and freedom—between him and the thing he craved—that he must have! She was so small that his one hand could easily brush her aside, but the eyes troubled him. If only she would look another way! What a bad old doctor-witch she had been to hold him so! One of those unbending creatures tied to the flag-post of duty, who forced a weaker brother's feet to wobble up the straight and narrow path, with his very soul a-swearing all the time! She was one of those born angels who never know temptation; whose little mouth only craved a sugar-plum. If for one hour she could taste the hell he suffered—if—

His lips curled over his white teeth. He made a move to pass her, but she held out her hands to stay him. He struck at her fiercely. At sight of her weakness, a thousand demons seemed to possess him. He grasped her by the shoulders and flung her to one side. She fell limply, a crumpled white mass, to the floor. He stared stupidly, and then, snarling like a wild beast, hurled himself at the door. It gave way, and he fell forward, forward seemingly to freedom. But strong arms clutched and held him back. He struggled in vain to free himself. He might as well have resisted the tentacles of a giant octopus.

"Hey, old man, easy now," cried Abbott cheerily, then he paused aghast as he saw the little form outstretched on the floor.

Deena moved, then struggled to a sitting posture. She looked up with a weak smile. "Hold him tightly," she commanded, as she rose to her feet.

Abbott dragged the now exhausted man to the bed, while Deena ran and brought a rope with which to tie him.

"Poor fellow, I hope it will not cut him," she said gently smoothing his damp forehead.

As in a dream Page felt the cool touch. It seemed like a rain of dewy roses against his hot temples. Then all was darkness, and the sound of distant bells rang in his ears.

For a week he tossed in a raging fever, crying in delirium: "Send that bad little witch-doctor away; she'll never give me anything to ease my pain! She will let me die and go to hell!"

Deena glanced at Abbott, set her lips firmly and bent over Page. She pressed her cool fingers on his temples and turned his head so that she could gaze into his eyes. At first he frowned under her steady look, then he smiled.

"That bad old hag; send her away!" he commanded childishly.

"Hush, she has gone," soothed Deena, "that bad old doctor woman! She was a cross old witch, now wasn't she?"

"She was terrible—so little, yet so mighty," he sighed, "so terrible mighty." He was silent a moment. "But you are so good and kind, little girl. What is your name?"

"Deena," she smiled. She smoothed his pillow, and bade him sleep.

He groped for her hand, and, finding it, held it to his lips. "Don't let that bad little doctor witch come again."

"Never," she promised softly, blinking hard to keep back the tears.

Contentedly he closed his eyes and slept.

Abbott moved uneasily and gazed down at the pale little face. "Hang it!" he muttered, "you're killing yourself; and he isn't worth it! Just you wait until he is strong; I'll give him the biggest pounding he ever had—the duffer!"

Weeks of convalescence followed. Page grew, like a baby, to strength and health, with Deena beside him to answer his every call, to note every passing change in his face. But there came no more hunger for the opiates which had weakened his will-power and undermined his health.

Once purposely, when he was able to dress

and sit up, she had left a box of morphine pills on the table. She watched from a distance to see what he would do.

He had examined the box curiously, read the label and shook his head. Then taking deliberate aim at the opposite wall he threw it with all his strength. The top of the box came off and the pills flew in every direction.

He laughed weakly, and looked around in search of her.

"Doctor Witch," he called joyfully.

And Deena came and stood beside his chair, slim, wet-eyed, but smiling.

"I've been your prisoner long enough, I must go now," he said.

He reached up and took her hands and held them tightly. "I have no words in which to thank you," he resumed brokenly. "You have been my savior!"

There was that in his manner which made Deena tremble,

"Don't thank me; the glory of victory is enough. You are yourself again—the self I never knew until lately—such a great, clean, strong, moral self!"

In an instant he had risen weakly and stood gazing down deeply into her very soul. Then she put out her hands appealingly, and he turned away hushing the words which trembled on his lips.

"Besides," she half-whispered, "there is Mr. Abbott. He made the cure possible. But for him you would have died! We owe him much—more than we can ever repay."

She dropped to a chair and sat rigidly upright, her gray eyes gazing straight past the bowed figure to the window beyond. But somehow she was conscious of the shaking of his shoulders—and the tense silence seemed throbbing with pain.

Very gently he turned, took her hands and pressed his lips along the nerveless fingers.

"Good-by," he said, and caught his breath and looked away.

A moment later Abbott entered. Sunshine was in his face, and the heaven's own blue in his eyes.

"Hey, old man, ready to come home to your chum, confound you! 'Gad, it's good to see you up again! And the doctor witch—ah, there she is!"

He paused and gazed at them curiously; giving vent to a low whistle.

"Funeral, by gracious! Two deaders, I declare! When will the funeral take place?"

He hesitated and looked at Deena's sweet face. She lifted her eyes and smiled—a smile which meant much.

It was a revelation to the man who gazed—an insight into that holy of holies, a woman's heart.

For a moment Abbott stood motionless, then he straightened up and smiled. The smile was forced and a trifle rigid, but the heart was there.

"Supposing we change the funeral to a wedding—eh? And I'll give the bride away to you, Page, you duffer! What, why bless

me, if the little doctor hasn't fainted at last! And I thought she was all iron!"

Page groaned and struggled weakly to rise. But with a gesture of mute entreaty Abbott knelt beside the motionless form. "Let me this once, old chap," he whispered. And quickly lifting the limp body, he held her close, gazing down into the pale face which rested, sweet as a flower, against his breast.

Abbott looked up, and the eyes of the two men met in one long gaze. Then, very gently, Abbott laid the little doctor in Page's outstretched arms.

ABITHER MURDOCK'S FAY-TUN

By Lorena M. Page

MISS PETUNIA HENSON lived alone, in single satisfaction.

Abither Murdock and Nathan Ruy lived together in double dissatisfaction:—or, to be more explicit, Abither Murdock, widower of ten years' standing, and Nathan Ruy, bachelor and man-of-all-work, lived in that state, and kept what was familiarly known in that section as "bachelor's hall."

Abither's broad fields extended to the river, and bounded the lower back end of Miss Petunia's meagre acres in so doing.

The strange part of it is, that none of the three seemed to realize that there could be any change in the old state of things, till the day came when the widower and his hired man went at the plowing in the field that adjoined Miss Petunia Henson's property. It may have been something in the color of the sky that threw the glamour of youth over the first of the three: Miss Petunia looked over rosemary-packed finery of the past, and cooked and baked and brewed and frosted, in a way that she had not done for years. She forgot that her small figure had grown thin, and her cheeks faded with the relentless sun of many summers. It may have been the birds, singing the songs of their youth, that awoke an old-time love-song in the second of the trio—Abither Murdock tried to whistle it, forgetful of the missing

teeth that compelled him to hum it into audibility. The tall, wizened frame, the scanty hair and beard, bleached by the snows of many winters, drifted out of memory with the refrain. It may have been the orchards, bursting into bloom, that quickened the third and last of the three. Nathan Ruy took in long whiffs of life's spring-time with every breath. The lightness and buoyancy of a long-forgotten time came to him with every inhalation, while the weight and breadth that had been added to his short figure with the ripening influence of accumulated autumns, went with every exhalation.

Abither overhauled his team, that the hired man was driving in the shade of an overhanging apple tree.

"I've just been over fer a drink," Nathan explained, as he reached the line fence; "it's hot in the sun."

"Yes; looks like rain," observed his employer, casting a weather-wise eye to the west.

Miss Petunia's little, red brick house, surrounded with roses and valanced with vines showed down the vista of bloom-laden branches.

"It's jest like bee-time in a buckwheat patch," sniffed Nathan; "seems 's if a hum-min'-bird would leave a trail through the honey in the air."

The trees do have an uncommon scent

today," Abither Murdock stopped humming to reply.

"Tain't all from the trees," prompted Nathan Ruy, "she's been a-bakin'—see the fresh bread airin' in her winder? It's jest the color of fresh, yellor cream." He did not inform Abither that he had tasted it—with other viands—nor that he had told Miss Petunia that it was "as light as a swaller driftin' with the wind."

"Hope it won't rain," said Abither. "It's tonight that they have the sociable at Parson Wheatley's; I'd go if 'twasn't fer fixin'."

"Wall, I almost guess I'll stretch a p'int and go myself, secin' you ain't a-goin'," Nathan announced. "I reckon I can have Frederick, and the fay-tun on the old terms?"

"One week's work—same's last spring," Abither returned. Then a new thought seemed to strike him. "But, say, that fay-tun ain't as strong as it once was—you know my wife bought that fer our weddin' present a good many years ago. You're heftier every day, Nathan; last spring you strained the reach, and sprung the hind ex some. Now, you ain't 'lowin' to take nobody along, be you?"

"Wall, I hadn't exactly asked—her," Nathan owned, in some confusion.

"You'll have to give it up, fer 'twon't hold two nohow," Abither Murdock decided.

As Nathan unhitched his team and started home for supper, he soliloquized: "The spring-wagon hain't got a hull spring under it; there's only the stone-boat, the wheel-barrer and the hay-rack in shape, and none of them'll do."

In the meantime, before turning the last furrow, Abither, too, went for a drink of water, mumbling as he did so: "That old, dried-up corn stub thinks he's a green shoot ag'in, does he? Wall, I put a stop to his foolishness."

When the widower and the bachelor met at the supper table, the victuals lay heavy and untasted between them. The only sound was the approaching rumble of the storm.

"Nathan," remarked Abither, breaking the oppressive silence, "I've made up my mind to go to that sociable; I ain't as hefty as you be; and if you'll jest take the lantern and put a couple of bolts in that reach, it'll hold me up all right."

When Nathan went into the barn with the light, his eyes fell upon something that made

his heart leap. The work was forgotten. He made his way hurriedly across the partly-plowed field.

"You know," he faltered, as the small figure of Miss Petunia Henson appeared in the doorway, in answer to his timid rap, "I spoke this afternoon—about the sociable—and said that—somebody'd like to go if—wall, if you'd go along."

"Oh, I'm goin'," she cried, so brightly that it gave him an unwonted thrill.

"And would you mind goin' hoss-back?" he questioned, eagerly. "A saddle's over in the barn—the old-fashioned kind that holds two, and—"

"W'y, I understood Abither Murdock to say, when he come after you was here, and asked me to go, that we was to ride in the faytun."

"Oh, he—Abither asked you to go—in the faytun," Nathan repeated stupidly, before he turned away.

Miss Petunia Henson stood and pensively watched the light from the lantern till it disappeared like the fitful flashes of a wind-swept lightning bug. "My! two invites in one day!" she thought.

An hour later, Abither Murdock held the reins over Frederick's back with one hand, and helped Petunia into the ancient vehicle with the other. With every flash of lightning and roll of thunder, the horse plunged.

"I allus like to have a carriage-hoss, with some ginger about him," remarked Abither, complacently.

"I'm so thankful that we don't have to ride him," she murmured.

"Now, what does she mean by that?" Abither wondered. Women were queer—he had almost forgotten it. But Nathan was queer, too—hadn't he come in from fixing the reach and hitching the horse, and smiled like a crack in the ice, when he told him that he was going to take Petunia Henson to the "soci'ble?" Now, any kind of a man, but a queer one, would have turned as green and sour as a gooseberry. But Nathan would never forgive him. Nathan was as bull-headed as the British lion, and that taste of female cookery, that he now knew Nathan had had, would bait him for almost anything—he knew it, for hadn't he tasted it? Why, even now the memory of it was within him, and he determined right then and there, before he reached home, to try to get Petunia's promise to cook for him always. If he put

it off, there was no telling what Nathan might not say to her the first time he saw her. Most likely he would get to the "soci'ble," if he had to wear out sole-leather to make it.

"It's opened up as purty as I can ever remember," he commenced—the weather was the proper thing to break any kind of ground with.

"Tis nice," acquiesced Petunia, wondering at his long silence.

"Whoa, Frederick! Frederick is a wakeful hoss, and he allus curvets like a flea, when it lightens," he explained.

"Won't he run away?" she asked timidly.

"Not with me at the lines—to take care of you—Miss Hen—Whoa, Fred—er—ick!" he sputtered, disjointedly, as they tore down the first slope. "I never did see him—quite so mulish sperited—about holdin' back."

When they started up the incline, leading to the top of Juniper Hill, Frederick eased down.

"You don't think I'm so old, do you?" Abither asked, anxiously, making a bold plunge. He let go of the lines with his left hand, and slipped his arm across the back of the buggy cushion.

"Oh, no, Mr. Murdock—you ain't as old as you look—I reckon," she returned, in confusion.

"H—m, wall, that's a compliment to my years," he said, thoughtfully. "I'm su e I keer fer you jest as much as if I was younger and had been a-courtin' of you fer a long spell—in fact, I keer fer you more'n 's if I had."

"Oh, Mr.—Murdock," she faltered, "I thought till today that you'd clean forgot that there was sech a person as Petuny Henson."

"I don't never fergit an old face," he assured her.

They crossed the summit of Juniper Hill, and Frederick was off again. The valley was spread like a gaping pit before them. The hill was long and steep, and stony. It took both Abither's hands to drive, and all of Miss Petunia's strength and ingenuity to keep her place with proper modesty.

"It's as black as the shadder—under a crow's wing—down there," observed the widower, in sundered speech; "but set—your heart at rest—Abither Murdock—is at—the helm—Whoa, there! You son—of a—parched pea!"

"He's 'most as frisky as a squirrel—on

the way—down a hickory—ain't he?" jolted from Miss Petunia's thin lips, as the vehicle bounded from rock to rut. "My sakes!" She grasped the rocking top frantically, after letting go long enough to lift her hat from over her eyes.

"Pears to me—I never did see him—so giddy-paced!" sputtered the widower, as he alternately sawed and pulled on the beast who forged down the hill like a steer in a stampede.

"Oh, dear!" Miss Petunia gasped.

"Did you speak—to me—Miss Hen—Whoa, there! You da—d fool!"

"Oh, Mr. Murdock!" jounced in shocked tones from Miss Petunia. Whether she referred to the implication in the first part of what he said, or to the imprecation in the last of it, there was no time to find out.

"I only said he was—it was—Whoa! Damp—and cool," he explained, in pieces. "If you are skeery—Stiddy, there!—hang onto me—Easy!—I can't use—nary arm for nothin'—but this four-legged,—spindle—shanks—Whoa!—till he eases down—on the up slope!" "Mebbe I'll be—here till then," she faltered.

They reached the bottom of the big hill. The lightning ceased. The thunder died away. Frederick quieted down as meek as a lamb. They ascended the small incline leading to the last descent, near the bridge.

Abither's arm reached out and encircled the straight, prim waist beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Murdock!" breathed Miss Petunia.

"Call me Abither fer—"

The last of it was cut short by a flash in the inky sky that split it in a ragged rent. An awful shock of thunder came with it. Frederick was tearing down the short, steep drop leading to the bridge. About four lunges, that lifted the vehicle like a bounding rabbit harrassed by hounds, and they were at the bottom. There was a snap! A crack! A hitch A tilt! And Miss Petunia was on the dash-board, face down!

"There goes my reach!" were the last words she heard Abither say above the pouring rain.

"He needn't a-told me that," she thought, as she righted herself, and tried to balance on the sloping seat; "didn't I feel it go—his arm quit reachin' and jest yanked away. He needn't a-been so canipitous about it;

nobody made him do it. Wonder what makes the fay-tun so kitty-cornered."

The rain was coming down in torrents. The roaring complaint of Cotton-tail Creek sounded almost under her feet. All else was quiet. She felt around timidly. She was alone!

"He's gone, fast enough," she soliloquized. "Wall, if he felt like so doin', let him go. Wonder if he left that hoss of his'n here, ready to bolt. Whoa, nice Frederick!" she coaxed. "I don't hear him move a mite. Where's the whip? I'll feel around the keefulest kind of a way, and see if I can find him. Whoa, nice Frederick! Wall, praise the Lord, that fool's gone too. That must a-been Abither that shot out over the dash when the hoss went. He needn't a-been so all-to-once about it—nobody was tryin' to keep him. My land, it's lonesome in this here holler! The chill of the marsh creeps right into my bones. That talk of Abither's was love-makin', all right enough; but, somehow it didn't have the winnin' sound, like what Nathan said about my bread bein' as 'light as a swaller driftin' with the wind.' They both did seem aw'ful hungry. Wonder what Abither Murdock's up to, anyhow; whatever it is, I don't like it. I'm beginnin' to feel mad. This here's a nice way 'o leave a lone, unpertected woman, ain't it?" A frog near at hand croaked a reply in his best spring tenor. An owl questioned her from a dead limb on the hill-top. "Say, if this goes on much longer, I'll jest holler!" she shuddered.

The sudden shower had rained itself out long ago.

Back in the direction of Juniper Hill came the soft pat-e-ty-pat, pat-e-ty-pat of a horse coming through the mud. She never heard it till it stopped beside her.

"Miss Henson," someone called.

"Oh, I'm here," came from within the stranded vehicle.

"The turtle was slow, but he made the ark as well as the turtle-dove did. May I come in?" asked a cheery voice.

"Is that you—Nathan Kuy!" she exclaimed. "Come right in."

There ensued a long pause. "I can't make it without kneelin' in the mud—and—I've got my best clo'es on;—though I'll go down on my marrow bones in any place you pick out, if—"

"Now—Nathan," proceeded from the down-hung top.

"Oh, I passed Abither on t'other side of Juniper Hill." There was a thick, muffled sound in Nathan's speech. "He was on the front wheels of the fay-tun, like a feller at the fair on his race-hoss cart, only Abither was layin' down to it, and grippin' on with both hands and both feet, while Frederick struck the home trail—somethin' about this m'ist air that—chokes me up like a rooster with the croup. But to git to the p'int, I'm here to take you to that 'soci'ble,' as I spoke about doin' this afternoon; Abither's had his chance—now it's mine. There's my hoss by the fence with that saddle fer two on him. Can't you git out, Petuny?"

"I guess so, by scrootchin' low enough. I don't know about tryin' fer the soci'ble on that hoss. He don't dance himself off his legs like Frederick, does he?" she asked, tremulously.

"This feller's as ca'm as a Quaker," he assured her. Her head emerged from under the sagging top.

"Oh, Petuny, you're jest like a merry-maiden comin' out of a grotter!" Nathan cried, rapturously.

"Wall, I don't feel it; that hoss Frederick ambled every time the lightning lightened," she told him, as she crept over the mud on the buggy-cushion bridge; "but that wasn't nothin' to the way he ripped and tore down every hill—'twas jest like one of them holy-ghosters at a pic-nic; I'm most wore out."

"Must a-been terrible," Nathan comforted, as he slyly found her hand. "Mebbe I got the tugs hitched too tight, and the hoss hit his heels every time Abither pulled him in; and, I shouldn't be took back, by your tell, if I left the hold-backs so slack and the britchin' so loose that the fay-tun pitched down hill plump ag'in' his—Too bad, fer Abither—Frederick must a-gin him a powerful yank to haul him out onto the front ex."

"Yes," Petunia concluded, "when we got right here, he said somethin' about his reach goin'—and he went with it. 'Twas awful sudden."

"My, my!" commented Nathan. "But now fer that 'soci'ble,' you'd like to go, wouldn't you?"

"Y-e-s," she confessed, in some anxiety, as he led her toward the horse; "b-u-t—"

"Now don't trimble so leafsome—onless you'll let me be the tree you hang on," he

soothed, as he took the opportunity to draw the hand he still held through his arm. "This here critter is as drowsy as a drone. Oh, Petuny," he cried, as she drew back, "I'll be lower-sperited'n a cider barrel in the spring, if you go back on me now. Here's the fence to climb up on. Don't hash my dopes—E-e-r up you go! Don't dope my hash—You're most to the top! Ding it! Petuny, I don't mean that,—my tongue slips, it's in sech a wet place—mouth's watery ever sence I tasted that bread—I mean, don't dash my hopes. There you be, now, on the highest rail, like a sparrer on a sprig. Swing this way—lean on me—and you're in the saddle. I most wish you'd a-come down in the front part."

"Wall, I can't swap places," she gasped, breathlessly, "I never did see sech a time gettin' anywhere."

"If you'd only a-set out with me, in the start," Nathan observed, as he dropped from the fence into the place before her, after waving a gay farewell in the direction of Juniper Hill, "'stead of tryin' to make it in that old fay-tun that Abither's wife bought fer their weddin' present, we'd a-been there now. Git-ap! It's had a weak reach and a sprung ex, ever sence last spring. G'long! You'll have to hang onto me, Petuny!"

"Why didn't you tell Abither Murdock that 'twasn't fit to ride in nohow?" she questioned, as she clung desperately to Nathan's ample anchorage.

"Tell him!" her escort returned, making such a strenuous effort to turn and look at her that the horse nearly went onto his knees, "'twas him told me 'twasn't safe—that's why I asked you to go hossback."

"I'll never speak to Abither Murdock!" she exclaimed.

"But you'll love me—forever—and ever—won't you—Petuny?" the horse jolted from one of his burdens.

"Oh, Nathan—I reckon—I'll hev to," jarred from the other. "I'll be off—if you don't set straight—and hold up—some."

"Put your arms—Whoa, stiddy!—around me. That's right. Easy up now! Don't stop, Petuny—I'm talkin' to the hoss. This hill is meanderin' and steep. My, my, I do wish you'd took the front seat. Oh, e-r-r, e-m-m, Petuny—by jing, it's hard to git out what I'm aimin' to, and still look ahead at nothin'."

Again he tried to turn, but she, holding on with might and main, swung with him, and was still at his back. Before they were fairly righted, she had nearly lost her balance—and his with it. The horse's bobbing walk was changed to a threatening, side-wheeling sway. He gave it up—the chance to look at her—but not what he was trying to ask her.

"If you try that ag'in, we'll both spile every dud we've got on," she expostulated; "and we won't be fit to be seen by the time we git there, to say nothin' about broken bones."

"I'll look straight a-tween the critter's ears, Petuny, while I ask, if you'll only promise to say 'yes' when I git it out," he bartered.

"I'll say that to 'most anything, if, by so doin', we can keep balanced, and not fall off into the mud," she said.

"I want to look as clean as a fresh-scraped carrot, too, fer—wall, I want you to—my, if I could only look in your eyes—I want you to—marry me—tonight—at Parson Wheatley's."

Petunia did not reply; she only gasped.

They reached the top of the long hill. Still she was silent. There was a horse nearing the bridge over Cotton-tail Creek, back in the valley. Petunia's lips were sealed. Nathan knew, without being able to see in the dark, that the man with the horse was Abither Murdock. The "yes" was not spoken. Nathan wondered vaguely which one of the vehicles in reserve he was coming with or whether he was riding bareback.

"Oh, Petuny, say that you've turned a tender ear to the question before you," he blurted out.

"I—I—hev," she faltered.

"Now I can stand it, and not ambulate around," he cried, jubilantly. "We'll change places comin' back."

The scent of freshly-washed meadows and newly-turned furrows was brought to them by the breeze that was clearing away the last remnants of the storm. One star showed ahead through a rift in the clouds, and tried to match its brilliancy with the lights in the parson's distant windows. At the foot of the long hill, they had just climbed, a man spoke roughly to a horse.

"Ridin' double ain't so bad," observed Nathan Ruy, in pensive satisfaction.

"It's enough sight better'n travelin' in Abither Murdock's fay-tun," observed his companion.

MABEL DOANE

By Seward O. Allen

ARISE, my good sir knight, arise!"
Though two score deadening years have past
Since kneeling low with dread surmise,
I heard the waited voice at last
That bade me rise and stilled my fears;
The words ring ever in my ears.

The listless village school was out,
And seated by a friendly tree
Four read of tourney, joust and bout,
And knightly deeds of chivalry.
"Be thou our queen," cried Donald Wright,
"And from us choose thy own true knight!"

"Choose, choose!" we urged with one accord.
Fair Mabel breathed a quick dissent,
Yet knelt we to her on the sward.
Our playful wish, so deeply meant,
The time, the theme, youth's lambent glow,
Too soon o'ercame the gentle "No!"

Somewhat of fame I since have won,—
Have wrought some deeds that men do prize,—
But ne'er has joy of triumph come
As at her girlish call to rise.
One timid glance, forgetful, sweet,
When broke the low moan at her feet.

"No, Dick! No, Don! I choose all three,"
In anguish Mabel cried. "All, all
My knights of blameless life shall be!
Your hands, your hearts to good I call!"
Alas, how soon, dear Mabel Doane,
Thy lips were dumb, thy spirit flown!

And how soon, too, O Dick and Don,
On Southern fields your life-blood ran!
Her words I doubt not cheered you on.
They cheer today a lone old man
Who waits her welcome to the skies:
"Arise, my good sir knight, arise."

THE SEALED PACKAGE

A TALE OF OUTLAW INGENUITY

By George Warburton Lewis

Author of "The Great Intangible," "The Whip Hand," etc.

THE big motor-car to which we clung, in order to preclude surgeons' or undertakers' fees, was battling with a condition of road which Bran qualified as "fierce." She bounded along like some possessed demon of rubber, at a speed which, though imperilling life and limb, my companion and I were willing to risk, in order to put the notorious Catclaw Andersen country behind us before nightfall.

Catclaw Andersen, so called because of the peculiar claw-like formation of his fingernails, was a highwayman, nocturnal by choice and clever, whose fame had spread throughout northern California. Personally, I had never met this celebrity, and certainly had no desire to achieve the distinction of his acquaintance. More especially when, as now, I was charged with one-half the responsibility for the safe delivery to a neighboring bank of a certain sealed package. With Bran, bellicose ex-captain of volunteers, it was different. In the language of at least one particular tribe of Filipinos it was understood, his name had been installed as a synonym for "terror." This fact hinted comfortably at security for us now.

Educated, both of us, in the ways of the West, and knowing that Andersen ever haunted the "big timber-country," we had not ventured upon our errand unprepared. Our tool-box contained a miniature arsenal and, in its nethermost recess, the precious sealed package. Its place of concealment was logical and, to us, satisfactory, for besides ourselves, no one knew of its presence in that unguessable hiding-place save a lout of a janitor at the bank, recently acquired and already notorious for his stupidity.

Catclaw, as we well knew, operated only by night, yet long ere the wine-red sun plunged into a bed of pink and purple far down in the west Bran and I had fished out of our tool-box a pair of formidable souvenirs of his active service in Luzon—

the same designed long ago by a man named Colt to meet emergencies like that which I sincerely hoped we should *not*. And it seemed that my wish should be gratified, for the great spur of wood through which we were rushing now began gradually to slump away until a mile farther on it degenerated into a scrub-growth, which in turn stretched a few times a lasso's length and joined the great open country with its perfect roads and its salvation for the sealed package.

As our machine shot ahead and neared the uninterrupted reach of plain and the the prospect of our being "held up" rapidly diminished, Bran relaxed the "fast shooting" tension of his nerves and even had the audacity to make light of the precaution we had taken against an encounter with the "Terrible Swede," by which awe-inspiring appellation lumbermen hereabout knew Catclaw.

"Now that the job's as good as finished," my companion was saying, "I almost regret that we haven't scraped acquaintance with this bold, bad Scandinavian."

I was sorry that I could not share his sentiment. I told him as much without equivocation.

"Tut, tut, old man, you've never tasted the sweets of danger. Conceive the joy of tingling blood, delightful uncertainty, and think of doing the 'giant swing,' as it were, above the abyss of oblivion, with a carrot for a horizontal bar! I tell you, it's a joy exquisite, and not to be had for lucre filthy."

"But how about your abrupt endings to such God-given pleasures? Posterity doesn't waste much time immortalizing heroics in an auto-driver."

"Don't be deceived, old man, by—"

At this juncture in our dialogue, Bran's vocal organs all at once denied him their functions. Both of us were leaning forward, each raising a cocked revolver, and simultaneously Bran's free hand was twitching on

its way to put the motor under full speed. But—fie on such alarm! That which had given us so great a start was only a cross-country cyclist come to grief. Evidently the unfortunate fellow had sustained serious injury. He lay a little to one side of the road, the distorted figure of a large man in cycling costume; road-stained and motionless, and two tiny rills of crusted blood showed sinisterly on an exposed cheek. A dozen yards away lay the wreck of a bicycle, the front tire detached from a rim splintered and ruined, while some twenty feet farther on, in the knotty road, lay a broken and twisted crank.

With one comprehensive sweep of the eyes, we took in the situation. "Quick!" said Bran, disposing of his weapon, and bringing the car to a jarring standstill; "if I don't mistake, this chap's got a bad hurt."

He sprang out, and, myself following his example, we were quickly beside the luckless fellow, Bran feeling for the pulsation of his heart, and I chafing his hands so lustily as to threaten the cuticle.

"It's all right," presently announced my companion, "he's only stunned from the fall."

We lifted the inert form and bore it to the car, wherein we propped it up in a comfortable position.

"How about his mount?" I asked.

"Pick up the pieces," directed Bran, "he'll want them for trophies."

Together we went back to the roadside, and were busied with our beneficent work, when suddenly there came to our ears a quick succession of frantic snorts, which caused us hastily to let fall our burdens of bicycle debris and race toward our vehicle. But ludicrously vain were our mightiest efforts to overtake it. Already the great machine, bellowing as with rage, was plunging forward with violent jerks, every ounce of her motor-power grinding her sprockets and forcing her ahead at a speed which grimly mocked pursuit. And there, bending low over the steering gear, his face half turned toward us, and smiling in broad derision through streaks of red grease paint, we beheld the figure of the pseudo cyclist! Instantly we comprehended. "Fire!" valorously panted ex-Captain Bran, neglecting to remember the embarrassed condition of his command.

"With pleasure," I puffed, slackening speed in despair; "the only thing necessary to strict obedience is something to fire *with*."

Receding swiftly along the road, we saw a whirling cloud of dust. Stockstill in mid-highway, Bran and I looked first at the disappearing dust-cloud, and then at each other.

"Say!" observed my companion, reflecting, "did you happen to notice that chap's fingernails?"

"No," I answered, divining his suspicion, "but can it be *he*—Catclaw?"

Bran was abstractedly silent. Identity mattered little. The sealed package was gone, and that very circumstance spelled ruin for both of us. But how had our made-up cyclist learned the secret of the tool-box? Somehow my thoughts traveled unswervingly back to the new janitor at the bank, and thence refused to budge. Was it possible that the simple fellow who swept our floors and regulated our fires was in collusion with the most notorious footpad in the West? No; the idea was perposterous; and yet—ah! what was it in the appearance of that bucolic janitor that caused me to think of him in connection with the ingenious deception that had wrought my ruin? Certainly and indisputably there was nothing in his appearance or in his manner that could warrant my linking him with the affair of the road. Moreover, there was no slight resemblance of form or feature between our janitor and the pretended cross-country cyclist.

As my companion and I followed on absently after our vanished treasure, I was cudgeling my brain for a solution of the problem. Suddenly something struck me with the force of a solid shot. Great God! pity me for a blank fool. I recollected now with what solicitous servility the new janitor had that morning offered his services as a repairer when Bran and I bungled a bit of work on the motor. I remembered, too, that in adjusting the slight irregularity the fellow, as if to keep up his reputation for stupidity, had used all manner of unnecessary tools, and, in consequence of rummaging in the box, where they were kept, I had not the least doubt that he had ascertained the exact whereabouts of the money entrusted to our care. A printed paster on the package betrayed to any eye the secret of its destination; and he had doubtless stepped to a telephone, immediately we departed, and communicated to a confederate the information he had obtained.

At this point in my theorizing, Bran and

I rounded a bend in the road, and were at once treated to a spectacle which threatened us both with instant paralysis. A stone's throw ahead where the road abruptly tilted sidewise at an inauspicious angle, our motor-car lay flat on its side, while a little distance from it, in grotesque imitation of a collapsed dummy, its late occupant, the *quasi*-cyclist, sat flat, and without dignity, in the dusty road. It was obvious that he had taken up his present attitude with some violence, for, as we approached, I remarked that he appeared dazed and uncertain as to his whereabouts. His injured condition, this time unquestionably genuine, seemed to interest Bran but little. He was quickly absorbed in an examination of the road-agent's finger-nails. He was somewhat disappointed, however, to find nothing whatever in their appearance that suggested a cat's claw. At this discovery, I almost absolved the awkward bank janitor of all complicity. The sealed package itself next dazzled our eyes with joy at its discovery. It lay under the overturned car, and was responsible, I surmised, for the accident; the new chauffeur, in all probability, having neglected his steering to investigate it.

Very little damage had resulted to the machine, and just enough to its driver to guarantee his tractability. Ten minutes later, Bran and I, accompanied by a most dejected looking wheelman, were whizzing on toward our destination.

A night passed, and a day dawned and waned; then I was again at the bank, possessed of a new interest in its janitor. He entered shortly, and I inspected him closely, smiling at the evident absurdity of my suspicions. He was of medium height and weight, and had a peculiar pale complexion which was monotonously matched by a moustache and hair of a rare cream color. His eyes were light-blue and dreamy in their expression, but somehow their somnolence seemed a mask for a sort of subtle penetration, which I doubted not could be stirred into activity on occasion. I exchanged a few commonplaces with him, then entered the teller's inclosure, where I casually picked up a newspaper and read a headline aloud, simultaneously watching through the network the janitor at the rear of the bank. "*Catclaw Andersen Again*" I read. At the sound of my voice, the janitor started perceptibly, and

avored me with a hasty glance which I distinctly *felt*. But his eyes instantly shifted, and his features assumed their normal expression of stupidity.

On leaving the bank for dinner, I chanced to take my way past a rearward area, where I inadvertently picked up a pair of worn-out gloves. Something in their aspect instantly fascinated me. In the extreme end of each finger-stall was a small, clean-cut orifice, which had the appearance of having been made by a sharp-pointed instrument. I kept my singular find and that night put the cast-off gloves through a process of mental deduction. The following morning, having first concealed on my person sundry deadly weapons, I presented the worn-out gloves to the janitor, with a casual inquiry as to whether he had lost them. He and I were alone in the bank. He paused in his work, and his features underwent a swift change, as did his voice.

"I discarded them," he said, glancing down at his hands, which, I observed, were encased in a pair exactly like the ones in question.

"That is an excellent pair you have on," I commented, smoothing the way for my investigation, "permit me to examine them."

To my astonishment, he deliberately drew off the gloves, and extended them toward me, a faint smile in his mesmeric eyes; and there, exposed to my incredulous stare, were the identifying, claw-like finger-nails of the country's terror, Catclaw—

The maze into which my discovery had plunged me, defeated my purpose and proved my undoing. In a trice, the butt of a pistol drove through my hat, and thumped the top of my head with dizzying force. I staggered backward in bewilderment, clutching blindly at space, just as Bran, fire-eating ex-captain of volunteers, came whistling nonchalantly into the bank—and then with unbelievable alacrity, dived under the counting-table.

Notwithstanding the fine aplomb of the unmasked desperado, it would have been apparent to an eye-witness that he was slightly confused, for he dashed straightway to the rear of the bank, and attempted to leave by a door which was habitually kept closed. It was so secured now. The escaping highwayman, for it was indubitably he, failing to gain egress at the rear of the bank, wheeled about and sprang toward the front door, by which Bran had so lately entered to his quick

regret. I was vaguely conscious that the king of all western outlaws was fast slipping through my fingers, but my brain still swam giddily, rendering me powerless to intercept his flight; and but for the merest accident, Calclaw Andersen's drastic attempt to cheat justice must have been successful. Bran, whose alert ear had been trained to accuracy in Philippine jungles, heard in his retreat under the counting-table the sound of running footsteps. These, to him, indicated a charge on his inadequate fortification, and in the prudence of good generalship he speedily decided to retreat. Some whim of chance decreed that he should begin his retrograde movement at the instant that Catclaw was passing his place of concealment. This fact brought matters to an abrupt and fatal termination. The outlaw's flying legs suddenly encountered the wholly unintentional opposition of Bran's hastening half-bent figure. I was sensible of the thud of the contact, conscious of a stillness which lasted the interval of a heart-throb; then, hurtling through mid-air, the runner's head struck the oak door-case and he fell a quiescent bundle upon the threshold.

Bran was soon in the midst of an admiring

throng. Catclaw Andersen, somebody said, had been picked up bodily by the valiant ex-captain and hurled to his death. The thwarting of the outlaw's attempt to rob the bank had saved hundreds of depositors from ruin and ridden the country of a terror unparalleled in its history.

Our friend the pseudo cyclist, Catclaw's confederate, was transferred to an edifice wherein his living expenses and incidentals would be defrayed for a liberal period at public cost.

Bran unblushingly accepted the glory due from the fortuitous demise of Catclaw. Also he was unselfish enough to express regret that my bedazed condition had prevented my being a witness to his prowess and victory over the much-feared highwayman! Good old comrade Bran, ever brave to a fault! He little dreamed that my comprehension had been so little affected, and that I had actually witnessed all that I have chronicled here. Another might have informed and made the thief-catcher a laughing-stock. But I was charitable to Bran, because of his cheerful mendacity, and for the same reason I trust that the reader will be charitable to me.

MY CAP AND BELLS

MY cap and bells I wear alway,
Through winter night and summer day
The silvery chimes you laugh to hear
The tinkling jingle ringeth clear,
Merrily! merrily! glad and gay!

Happy I? Then let them play.
Sorry I? But why betray
My heart to you: ring out good cheer,
My cap and bells.

So long I've worn them now, I may
Not doff them: should I dare essay
To loose them from my brow, I fear
You would but scoff, so for you, dear,
They ring a merry roundelay—
My cap and bells.

Celia Myrover Robinson

MORAL SUASION

By W. T. Fernandez

THINGS were slow at the X and Arrow ranch, so Buck McGibney—he had been born with a round head and a square jaw—hit the trail for the nearest recruiting office, and obtained a permit to “shoot up” the Philippines, by enlisting in the regular infantry. Simultaneous with Buck’s resolve, one Elijah Pettijohn, tower-man on a New England railroad, experimented with the problem of passing two trains on a single track. When the crews of the two freights had gathered themselves together, and called at the tower to interview Elijah, with the assistance of coupling pins, monkey wrenches and other railroad accessories, they discovered that he had departed, with the haste of a man answering a summons to a death-bed, by way of the adjacent woods.

The incidents narrated would, at first glance, seem to have but little bearing on the personal affairs of one Senor Lopez of the island of Samar. Yet so strong are the threads of fate, that the lack of excitement in Montana, and the prospect of too much of it in New England, were the direct causes of his undoing by furnishing a sergeant in McGibney, and a corporal in Pettijohn to the — Infantry, U. S. A.

“He can fight like McGibney, and drink like Pettijohn,” indicated that the individual referred to could stand his ground, keep his head, and come very near licking his weight in wildcats. It followed that the two “non-coms” became more or less notorious along the thin blue line that carried “benevolent assimilation” through Samar.

“That sergeant and corporal of yours seem to me to be the right men in the right jobs,” said the captain of “A” to the captain of “B,” one morning on the march. “Not a doubt of it,” replied he of “B.” “They can always collar the rifles—it’s ‘moral suasion,’ McGibney says, and the sergeant seems to make good with his moral suasion, but I don’t know how the devil he does it.”

McGibney had failed to enlighten his cap-

tain as to his conception of moral suasion. He had not stated that moral suasion, as he understood it, consisted of suspending the head man of a village over a water trough, alternately lowering him into it, and hauling him out of it, until such time as the aforesaid head man became of a purple tint about the neck, and produced his rifle as a concession to the laws of nature, which render it impossible for one to be suspended in an inverted position, in a water trough, and breathe; whereupon the rifles would be produced, and Buck, ‘Lige, and various members of their company, would go on their way rejoicing.

Had the above facts been stated, we say, it would have saved Buck and ‘Lige much worry and uneasiness of mind at a later period of their career.

One morning, after the arrival of dispatches from Manila, a snorting and growling, interspersed with various lurid terms, that can be produced, with proper inflection and emphasis, only by a colonel of infantry, issued from the “Old Man’s” tent, followed by a lusty roar for the adjutant.

The colonel’s placidity of temper had been upset by a communication among his dispatches from Manila, to the effect that, while every means possible should be used to obtain the rifles of the friendly natives, coercion must not be used.

We will draw a veil over the colonel’s remarks. It is sad to see a man with gray hair, the father of a family, and a veteran of a score of battles, give way to violent language when a party of “anties” of some kind or another of the good people at home, who do not know a bayonet from a bread knife, succeed in getting a lot of fool orders sent out to the firing lines.

The lean, war-worn, sun-burned battalions were duly assembled, and the orders read to them.

“Well! Wouldn’t that scald yer back,” said Buck to ‘Lige, sotto voice.

“Ter think of the kind of stuff thet’s sent

out from the States on how ter 'simulate this here bunch of niggers!"

"Coercion! Never heard of it," ruminated Buck. "Can't be a gun, or a knife, and I'm durned sure that it ain't a club; so we're all right, 'Lige, my bucko, 'cause them's the only things we'd use on the doggone monkeys."

His captain interrupted further meditation on the subject by calling him one side and saying: "Sergeant, there's a village of 'friendlies' some five miles to the west of here, howling for protection. You take fifteen men, and a corporal, and garrison the place until we drive this bunch of insurrectos in our front into the hills. Everything's clear behind us, but keep your eyes open, and if you should see any insurrectos, get in touch with the column at once. I'll send a signal man with you, and if you get into a fight, hello the column at once. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered Buck, starting to gather his men. "And, Sergeant," added the captain, "no coercion, Sergeant; remember, no coercion."

"Never used it, sir," answered Buck. "Moral suasion's good enough fer me."

"The skipper's got it, too," he confided to 'Lige, a little later, as they tramped the back trail at the rear of their little column. "Got what?" questioned 'Lige. "Coercion on the brain," answered Buck. "As if we'd use a thing like that, when the water trough's handy, an' don't leave yer liable ter a court martial. Nit fer ours." And the two "non-coms" fell to exchanging views as to the efficacy of the water trough as compared with coercion, with many chuckles at thoughts of some rifle collections they had participated in. Small, brown folk scuttled into the brush at their approach, to the end that Senor Lopez, presidente of the village of Malate, was informed of their advance some time before their appearance before his village.

The senor, accompanied by a few dozen of his followers, advanced joyfully to greet the "Americanos," who, with that steady, business-like swing of the regulars, were advancing along the dusty road.

"Here's the worthy gent who wants protection," remarked Buck. "Shove a clip into yer magazines, men; the game's on the level, I guess, but if it ain't, it's jump fer cover an' hit every head in sight!"

From which it appears that Buck knew his adopted countrymen very well.

As Mr. McGibney's Spanish was strictly limited, and Lopez's English consisted of "Viva Americanos!" their conversation did not convey much to either side.

"I'm durned sure I've seen the monkey face of him before," said Buck, as they were tramping into town. "Do yer call him to mind, 'Lige?"

"Can't say that I do, Buck," replied 'Lige. "But like as not he's been out in the brush with the rest of the bunch, an' things got too hot fer him, he' planted his rifles, an' become a good American fer a while, until he gets another chance to hop fer the brush again."

"Well, he'd better keep them planted," growled Buck, "if he wants to use his brown hide again. Right half turn, make fer the ranch in the middle of the road."

The hut referred to was located in an isolated position, and commanded the narrow street. "To the treés for you!" said Buck to the occupant. "Vamoose! In the name of the United States an' Sergeant Buck McGibney, I corral this here joint fer the use of the army, horse, foot an' artillery of the said United States. How's that, 'Lige?"

"Bully," chuckled 'Lige. "Who'd yer steal it from?"

"Go to the devil! Yer doggone runt!" exclaimed Buck, as the native, overcome by Buck's proclamation of eminent domain, although not understanding a word of it, gathered together his belongings and departed. Meanwhile, Buck was parading his forces and announcing:

"This here ranch will, during our stay among our yaller-bellied cousins, be officially known as Fort Bonita, in honor of a lady friend of mine down in Manila, and—" seeing 'Lige's mouth about to open—"it's none of yer d—d business who the girl is. Stack arms!"

A few uneventful days passed, until one night a picket was fired on. An interview with the bland and childlike senor produced no other results than fervent protestations of loyalty, indicated by the senor pointing to the chevrons of McGibney, bowing to the ground, and shouting "Viva Americanos!" until his small, rotund body became moist from the violence of his protestations.

Buck eyed him doubtfully, then, growing tired of his antics, remarked, "Yer're a laborious liar," and took his way back to his quarters. He confided to 'Lige, on reaching

Fort Bonita, that Senor Lopez would stand closer watching, adding: "Thet if the durned coyote makes any more promiskus gun plays around these diggin's, I'll break off dipl'matic relations with him, an' the breakin' will rattle his teeth."

That night another sentry was fired on, and hit in the arm.

"Corporal Elijah Pettijohn!" roared Buck at daylight, "take two files of men, an' present my compliments to Senor Lopez, an' tell the or'nery skunk that I want to talk with him on the subject of moral suasion. If he comes quiet, use him gentle-like; but if he tries any buck-jumping, give him the butt of yer rifle along with the compliments an' fetch him on a plank. Are yer on?"

"Sure," replied 'Lige, departing with a pleased grin on his weather-beaten face.

'Lige thereupon took his way to the residence of the honorable presidente and informed that gentleman that the commanding officer wished to see him at his headquarters. The information was conveyed in vivid pantomime, and eventually seemed to penetrate to the senor's understanding. He, being a guileless patriot, slipped a bolo under his shirt, and indicated his intention of falling in behind 'Lige. The corporal would not hear of a man of the senor's weight and dignity walking behind him, and insisted that the senor lead the way. A suspicious bulge in the senor's shirt might have had something to do with 'Lige's method of procedure.

Arrived at Fort Bonita, the sentry at the door presented arms as the senor passed in, and a second sentry, placed inside the door, secured a half-nelson on the senor's person, abstracted the bolo from under the guest's shirt, and sat him down with considerable force on the floor. Then, disregarding the senor's squeals, promptly lashed his hands behind his back.

Recovering from his surprise at the cordial reception accorded him, and the celerity with which he had been rendered harmless, Lopez glanced up, to find McGibney regarding him with a baleful eye.

"So, yer doggone little runt, thought yer'd take us off one at a time, did yer? Didn't know as how I razzled Injuns before I ever saw th's cussed island, an' a insignificant, brown-bellied little rat like you thought yer could fool yer Uncle Buck!"

Lopez, while not understanding Buck's

reflections on his person and species, managed to grasp the fact that he was fairly in the toils, and, in chattering Spanish, protested his 'nnocence of any evil intentions toward his captors, calling on all the saints to attest to his love for the Americanos. As Buck did not seem to be very much impressed with his protestations, he increased his jabbering, and grovelled at the big sergeant's feet.

"Gag him!" ordered Buck. "Now, yer pisen"—when the gagging had been satisfactorily preformed by 'Lige—"the'r not bein' any punishment in the Articles of War, suitable to yer're case, I first decided to cut off yer ears, like this"—and Buck made several rapid passes with a knife bayonet, in the immediate vicinity of the senor's ears—"and then I thought it would be better to cut off yer nose, like this"—a series of passes around the senor's nose brought the drops of cold sweat out of his fat face. "But," continued Buck, "my worthy pal, here, him yer was goin' to bolo on the way here, if yer got the chance, which yer didn't get; has interceded fer yer, so all's I'm goin' to do to yer is to cut off yer leg, so's I'll know yer the next time we run across yer; savvy?"

Lopez had been wriggling and squirming during Buck's pantomime, and as 'Lige grabbed him and pulled up the right leg of his trousers, Buck at the same time, taking a fresh grip on the bayonet, he managed to get his hands loose and began a frantic pantomime, indicating that he would give all his rifles to prevent the proposed amputation.

Buck ignored his frantic gestures, and, after slowly running his thumb along the bayonet edge, began to whet the blade on a flat stone in front of the fireplace, glaring malevolently at the gesticulating Lopez at each sweep of the blade. 'Lige, evidently softened by the senor's promises, affected to plead with his superior for the victim's leg, and, running short of drill orders and profanity, which he had been shouting at the top of his voice—to impress Lopez with his sincerity—fell back on "Oh, woodman, spare that tree," to the great discomfiture of the sentry on the door, who stuffed his hat in his mouth, and appeared to be on the verge of a fit. Buck at last seemed to yield to his subordinate's appeals, and demanded from the senor how many rifles he would give for the retention of his leg. It required a few minutes to make him understand what they meant, but he

finally grasped it, and promptly held up his ten fingers six times.

"Whew!" exclaimed Buck, "I can see two pairs of shoulder straps comin' down the pike, when we turn that bunch in. Turn the little snake loose, 'Lige, an' we'll gather in the sheaves."

Joyfully the senor sprang up and kissed the hands of his preserver, Elijah Pettijohn. A few minutes later the population, which had become uneasy at the prolonged stay of their presidente in Fort Bonita, but had been cowed into silence by the grim blue-shirted men of the guard, beheld him issue forth between two lines of blue shirts and proceed straight toward the secret arsenal of the village, located under a ledge of rock in the rear of his own hut.

Some murmurs arose, but the sharp click of rifle magazine belts silenced them, as the little man indicated to McGibney where the rifles were buried. A few minutes' digging brought to light a large packing case, which, on being opened, disclosed the sixty Mausers and five hundred rounds of ball cartridges.

The spoils of war were rapidly transported to Fort Bonita, and Buck and 'Lige fell to the evolving of rosy dreams of the "Old Man's" approbation and recommendation of two "non-coms" of their acquaintance for promotion.

"Sixty Mausers an' five hundred rounds of ball," chuckled Buck, in delight, "an' not a durned bit of coercion used,—jest scared the nigger 'most ter death."

Two days later, Buck was ordered, by heliograph, to assure the presidente that he had nothing to fear from hostilities, as the hostiles had been driven into the hills, and to return to his regiment without delay.

Having duly admonished Senor Lopez on the evils of burying rifles, and assuring him that they would return and amputate both legs, and perhaps an arm, if they heard any evil reports about him; Buck and 'Lige divided the spoil into several packs, and departed northward, to the great delight of Senor Lopez; who did not feel at all sure of all his anatomy while the lean, hard-faced Americanos were in his vicinity. About the first person they met, next to the pickets, on entering the camp of their regiment, some days later was the "Old Man," who wanted to know what they had in the packs. "Rifles, sir," answered Buck. "Rifles?" repeated

the colonel. "Why, sergeant, have you been in action?" "No, sir," replied McGibney, "but we persuaded Senor Lopez to give up his arms, an' fetched 'em along with us."

"Um-um, ah! yes, of course," answered the colonel, who had never heard of the natives giving up any rifles unless they had to. "Just let your corporal turn in the detachment, sergeant, and come over to my tent."

"Here's the straps a-comin' down the pike," said Buck to 'Lige, as the colonel moved off. "You take the bunch down to the company street, an' turn the loot over to the 'skipper,' an' tell him that I'll report as soon as the colonel gets through with me."

Buck entered the colonel's tent with the air of a man going to receive just praise for duty well done. Half an hour later he emerged with a dazed, crestfallen expression on his leathery face.

"Do we get in the dispatches?" demanded 'Lige, who had been hanging around after turning in the detachment. "Get in the dispatches!" exclaimed Buck. "We're lucky if we keep out of the jug! D'yr know what we did ter thet doggone baboon, Lopez?"

"Sure," responded 'Lige, "scared him almost to death."

"Yes," replied Buck, "thet's what we did, all right, an' thet's coercion! An' from what the 'Old Man' says, coercion seems ter be about four degrees wors'n treason.

"Seein' as how you don't understand English," the 'Old Man' says, 'an' were encumber'd with a wooden-headed corporal'—meanin' you—you collar him, an' report the two of yer, ter the captain of "B" company, under arrest.' Come on, before he takes it into his head ter hang us! He's madder'n a hen."

The captain of "B" listened to their story with a gravity so severe that he seemed to have some difficulty in maintaining it. After a talk with the colonel, he suspended their arrest "for the present," with a stern caution and a bit of advice, that the two "non-coms" chip in and purchase a dictionary.

A month later, in Manila, an orderly summoned Buck and 'Lige to the colonel's quarters. "Here's where we get a month and a month," remarked Buck, as he concealed his pipe where "Winkie," the regimental monkey, could not find it, and they took up the march to the colonel's office.

"Good morning, sergeant; morning corporal," said the colonel, looking up from

some papers and eyeing them with a critical eye. "I have here some papers which concern you two men in the late actions in Samar"—handing over two official-looking envelopes. "Report to your captain, and deliver them to him."

"Guess you're right, Buck," remarked 'Lige, on the way to the captain's quarters. "The coop for ours."

"And all on account of a ring-tailed baboon, like Lopez!" replied Buck, in disgust.

The captain of "B" looked over the papers with a serious air, which confirmed the two advocates of "moral suasion" in their suspicions as to their future abode, for a month at least. Then suddenly smiling, said, "Congratulation, McGibney; there's your warrant as first sergeant, and yours, Pettijohn, as line

sergeant, for meritorious service in Samar. Now, no thanks, vamoose!" then as they started down the stoop, still speechless with surprise, "For Heaven's sake, get a dictionary and find out what you're doing with the English language, before you go after any more rifles."

The purple twilight of the Islands shaded the Bonda road as two figures, arm in arm, passed town-ward. And faintly the chorus sounded:

"Here's to you, 'Yaller Belle,'
It surely is a sin
To plug you full of lead,
But we've got to bring you in.

You might have fooled the Spaniard,
He's another kind of man
From the stuff you're up against
When you're fighting Uncle Sam."

SAVED BY A SOUND

By Lucien M. Lewis

PARKER and I had lounged in our dingy little law office all the forenoon waiting for a possible client. It was a drizzly, gloomy October morning, and the legal firm of Saunders & Parker was even gloomier than the weather, for there had not been a remunerative client for weeks.

Parker, who was of a poetical turn, sat near the door working on what he called his masterpiece. I was reading, or pretending to read, a musty legal volume, but in reality was laying plans which would enable me to reassure our landlord over the non-payment of the last month's office rent.

Parker had thrown aside his "epic," and was just beginning to recite Longfellow's "The day is cold and dark and dreary," when there came the sound of steps on the stairway, followed by the click, click of a letter as it fluttered through the opening onto the floor. Parker made a grab for it, while I sat guessing whether it was one of his rejected manuscripts or a bill for our over-due office rent.

There was a moment of profound silence,

when Parker suddenly gave vent to a yell that would have done credit to an Apache medicine-man. Waving a check above his head, he went into another paroxysm, and, as I excitedly took the letter from him, he muttered something about being able to visit Lord Byron's grave.

It was from the Union Coal & Lumber Company, with headquarters at Chicago, conferring the power of attorney upon the firm of Saunders & Parker. We were instructed to proceed at once to Pineville, Kentucky, and purchase at the lowest possible figure five hundred acres of coal and timber land from one Tolbert Reynolds.

There were detailed instructions as to the manner of procedure, with the closing paragraph stating that a check for five hundred dollars was enclosed as a retainer, and an additional two thousand would be forthcoming when the business was satisfactorily completed.

Three days later, found us in Pineville, a sleepy little mountain village, surrounded by high hills and evidently suffering from a

collapsed boom. There is nothing deader than a deserted boom town, not even one struck by a cyclone, for the latter has prospects of revitalization.

The afternoon after our arrival we ambled up to the livery stable, and asked a group of loafers if anyone could tell us where Mr. Tolbert Reynolds lived. A tall, lank mountaineer, evidently the proprietor, lean-faced and square-jawed, cocked his head to one side, looked at us searchingly for a moment, and answered:

"Tol Runnels, yer mean, I guess. Yep, knowed him all my life. Lives on Bear Crick, ten miles from town."

"How much will you charge us for two saddle horses to ride out to his place?" said I.

"Six dollars," was the ready answer, "if yer wanten go."

There was another painful pause, during which the mountaineer looked us over from head to foot. Finally he blurted out in a half defiant, half apologetic manner, "Now, stranger, I don't mean no impudence, but if it's a fair question, what be your business with Tol Runnels?"

"We represent a gentleman from the city who wishes to purchase a summer residence in the mountains, and we have heard that Reynolds has such a place," answered Parker, frankly.

"There's lots o' them kind o' people come round here lookin' fur land," sneered the mountaineer, "an' some of 'em likes it so well they never goes back."

"Now, stranger," he continued, turning to me, and ignoring Parker, "I kind o' tuck a likin' to yeh the fust time I seed yeh. Bein' as it's you, I want ter give yeh some good advice. If yeh 'r lookin' fur moonshiners, an' yeh think more o' yer skin than yeh do o' yer jobs, yeh'd better git, and git quick."

"Understan', Tol Runnels is no moonshiner, but he sho is pizen on them rev'nue men. And shoot—why, he's quick as powder, and sure as lightnin'."

We laughingly assured him that we knew little and cared less about moonshiners, and would like to be off as soon as possible.

"Now," said the mountaineer, leading out two trim-looking saddle-horses, "these is the best the mountains afford. They can go all the gaits and two pair of bars. If yeh wan' ter rack, jeck yer lines; and if yeh wan' ter run-and-walk, tech 'em on the neck."

"But how do you get there?" interrupted Parker.

"Keep the pike 'til yeh come to the cross-roads, then take the road to the left 'til yeh come to a crick—that's Bear Crick—then keep to the right 'til yeh come to a big frame house. That's the place yeh seem ter be lookin' fur."

Parker and I hadn't gone two miles before we got into a furious argument over what constituted a "cross-roads." Parker contended that any road leading into the main thoroughfare was a cross-roads, and insisted on taking the first one that forked to the left. However, I held out against him, until we finally came to where the roads crossed at right angles, satisfying even Parker that I was right.

We took the road to the left, according to directions, winding around the side of a densely timbered mountain, until we came to a shallow stream, evidently "Bear Crick."

Parker's face lighted up with a smile of satisfaction at sight of this, for he said, a short time before this, "We have already gone more than ten miles, and are apparently no nearer our destination than when we started."

A great change was now noticeable in the surrounding landscape. The stream which we continually crossed and recrossed, was flanked on both sides by high mountains, covered with such a dense growth of timber that we could scarcely see daylight.

"I have but one regret," said Parker dreamily, "and that is that I completed my last poem before seeing these mountains."

I realized that Parker was deeply moved, and as I was not in a mood to listen to any of his poetical ebullitions, I attempted to change the conversation, but failed miserably.

"This is the forest primeval," he began, "The murmuring pines and,"—but the sentence was never finished, for there came from the timber on our right the sharp crack of a rifle, and Parker's horse lunged forward so violently that the rider was almost unseated. A squirrel which had been barking at us from the top of a huge white oak, clutched the branches convulsively for a moment, and then tumbled through the tree-tops.

Scarcely had we regained our equilibrium, when a girl, not yet twenty, came out into the road ahead. A long muzzle-loading rifle

was balanced over her shoulder, and from her belt hung a squirrel, shot through the head.

My horse stumbled, causing the girl to turn quickly upon us. She gave us a startled glance, flushed to her temples, and then disappeared on the opposite side.

"Ye gods," whispered Parker, "she has eyes fit for a Venus!"

"Yes, and feet fit for a mud-turtle," I answered, looking at her bare, mud-covered heels.

On turning a bend in the stream, we emerged into a clearing, in the center of which was a large frame house, the object of our search. The mere fact that this was the only frame dwelling in "Bear Crick" region was sufficient in itself to emphasize its owner's importance.

We hesitated for a moment at the gate, and, as we did so, a middle-aged man, tall, slender and slightly stooped, rode up from the opposite direction.

"Can you tell us where we can find Mr. Tolbert Reynolds?" said Parker, in his suavest tones.

The man looked straight at Parker for several seconds out of eyes cold and hard as the barrel of the Winchester that swung from its holster. Finally he drawled out, "I guess this is him straddle o' this hoss. Do you wan' ter see him?"

"We are out here on business," I explained, "and would like to put up with you for the night."

"Wall, we don't run no boardin' house," he answered, "but any traveler with good intentions is welcome to share my last crust of bread. Git down and go in, while I take care o' the hosses."

"Betsey," he yelled, "here's two gentlemen to spend the night."

In answer to this summons, a large woman with a strong masculine face met us at the door.

"Go right in t' other room," she said, warmly, "and make yourselves to home. Supper'll be ready in a spell."

While Parker and I were arranging our toilet, a form flitted by our door, and entered the kitchen. It was the girl we had seen cross the road a short time before in the forest.

In a few minutes, our host came in to invite us out on the back porch, "for," said he, "I allus like to set there and watch the sun

go down behind old Grizzly Mountain." There was little attempt at conversation. The mountaineer sat on the steps, looking gloomily and meditatively at the distant ranges.

"You evidently enjoy hunting," I ventured to remark, noticing the unusual number of hounds on the premises.

"Yes," said he, his face lighting up with interest. "I like it, and my pap and grand-pap before me liked it. Why, when pap was on his death-bed, he made us raise the winder so he could listen at the dogs. The very mornin' he died, the dogs was runnin' like mad on the fur side o' Grizzly. Pop listened a while, and then called me to him and whispered, 'Son, my hearin' seems bad this mornin'. Is that Rock or Governor in the lead?' No, sir, there would be no music in Heaven for me, if I couldn't hear the dogs a-runnin'."

There was a step on the porch, and the girl with a wooden pail hung over her bare arm, stood in the doorway.

"Gentlemen, this is my darter Lou," said the mountaineer proudly, nodding his head in the direction of the girl.

She smiled, made a slight courtesy and then passed on. Never had I seen such a wonderful specimen of physical womanhood as was this young mountain girl. She was tall and muscular, and well-proportioned, with a pretty face, although an unrefined one. As Parker afterward said, she had eyes like a morning-glory and cheeks like a mountain rose.

The girl crossed the yard, stood for a moment at the bars looking out into the timber, and then called loudly, "Sook Rose! Sook Rose!" and we could hear her clear, shrill notes echoed and re-echoed away up on Grizzly. Soon there was the answering tinkle of a cow-bell, and in a few minutes a little yellow Alderney emerged from the bushes.

"Supper's ready, bring your cheers," announced our hostess from the dining-room. Parker and I obeyed with alacrity, for our long ride had given us an appetite ample for ten men.

There are some incidents connected with our mountain trip that we should like to forget, but that supper is not one of them. In the center of the well-filled table was a bowl of stewed squirrels floating in gravy, almost

a meal in itself. The shot that had interrupted Parker's soliloquy had provided us meat for supper.

"Will yeh have long sweetenin' or short sweetin' in your coffee?" asked our hostess, as she poured out two cups of the steaming beverage.

Parker and I looked at each other in dismay. I recovered myself first, however, and told her that I preferred "short sweetenin'." Parker said that he believed he would take "long sweetenin'," whereupon the woman dropped a lump of brown sugar in my cup, while Parker was favored with a tablespoonful of sorghum molasses. It was worth our ten-mile ride to see Parker try to look pleasant while he sipped that cup of coffee.

We were dead tired, and our host was considerate enough to light a little tin lamp and show us to our room immediately after the meal was finished.

"I don't like that fellow," said Parker, when the door was closed. "He has a hard, cruel look about his mouth and eyes, and did you notice how he emphasized the fact that only men with good intentions were welcome?"

"I don't blame him for that," I answered, "No one would welcome a man with bad intentions."

Parker was silent for several seconds. He sat on the edge of the bed, puffing at a cigar, apparently lost in thought. Finally he looked up with the remark, "Say, did you ever see such a beautiful creature as Lou? She is positively divine."

"You must be hard hit," I answered. "You know the old German proverb, '*Die liebe ist blind*.'"

"No, no, not at all," he answered slightly irritated. "But I should like to live here in these mountains. There is something grand and inspiring about them. The wealthy aristocrats in the Blue-grass are forever chasing the phantom of pleasure, but these mountaineers have found genuine happiness, for they live so close to Mother Nature, that they can feel her every heart-throb."

Parker stopped short. Our host and his wife were evidently engaged in an animated discussion in the adjoining room. We had no desire to eaves-drop, but the woman's voice was pitched high and we distinctly heard her say, "You can't fool me; I know them's rev'nue men."

Parker gave me a significant look, and

seemed ill at ease. He threw his cigar stub out the window, came over to where I was sitting and said in a half-whisper, "Do you remember the case of young Merrick, the millionaire's son, whose mysterious disappearance in the mountains a few years ago caused such a sensation?"

"I have a faint recollection of such a case," I answered. "What about it?"

"Well, since I have thought over the matter, it seems to me that it was somewhere near Pineville that he disappeared, and there is still a reward of five thousand dollars for information leading to a solution of the mystery."

I didn't think the subject of sufficient importance to worry about, and told Parker so, but I could see that he was not altogether satisfied.

By this time our lamp was burning low, and, after discussing our plans for the next day, we retired to the soft depths of the feather bed.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by feeling someone's hand upon my mouth. I opened my eyes with a start. The moon was shining faintly through the little window, and by its light I was enabled to see Parker sitting up in bed with an alarmed look upon his face.

"Sh-sh," he whispered, when I attempted to speak, "there is a peculiar noise outside."

I sat up to listen, and sure enough, there was a dull, thumping sound, as if someone were digging in the hard ground with a pick.

We slipped quietly to the window and looked out. There in the moonlight, just outside the yard, was the mountaineer, digging a grave.

"He has taken us for revenue officers, and evidently intends to murder us and bury us there," whispered Parker, excitedly. "Let's get out of here."

"If he intends to harm us," I cautioned, "He doubtless expects to do so while we are asleep. We had better get our revolvers, conceal ourselves in the room and await developments."

"Why, man, you're crazy," retorted Parker, hurriedly putting on his clothes. "That fellow might have a dozen moonshiners at his call, and we would be at their mercy. Get on your clothes, quick! We will slip out this window, find our horses, and make our way back to Pineville."

"Tomorrow," he continued, "we will return with an officer, arrest this man, and make an investigation. The chances are, this is how young Merrick met his death."

"What charge will you prefer against him?" I asked. "It is no crime for a man to dig a hole on his own premises, even if it is at an unusual hour."

Parker evidently did not agree with me; for, without a word, he raised the window and crawled out. There was no alternative but to meekly follow, although I felt like a cowardly sneak-thief. As we crawled along, we could hear the thump, thump, of the pick, accompanied by an occasional scraping of a shovel.

It seemed an age before our horses were bridled and saddled. To tell the truth, I was beginning to get a little shaky myself, for Parker's extreme nervousness was contagious.

Not until we were beyond the range of the frame house did we dare breathe freely, for we expected any moment to be met by a fusillade of bullets.

A mountain road is a hard thing to follow, even in broad daylight, consequently we had gone but a short distance when we realized that we were hopelessly lost.

"There is only one thing to do," said I, as we hesitated for the third time which road to take, "We must camp here until morning. We might take the wrong road, and wander around here all night."

To further strengthen my position, the moon, which had been shining faintly through the tree-tops, went down behind the mountain, leaving us completely bewildered in the dark shadows.

"I suppose you are right," said Parker reluctantly. "It would be foolhardy to take chances on these mountain roads. The sooner we find a camping place, the better."

We rode out a short distance from the main road, tied our horses to a swinging limb, and, using our saddle blankets for bedding, were soon snugly if not warmly ensconced in the hollow of a huge sycamore.

I wanted to start a camp-fire, but Parker insisted that we were in the enemy's country, and would be exposing ourselves to needless danger.

"Now, look here," said I, warmly, "I've taken your advice long enough, and just see

what a fix you've gotten us into. From now on, I propose to take the initiative."

"Yes," he drawled sleepily, "but just think of that five thousand dollars reward."

I saw that Parker was too sleepy to quarrel, so I had to follow his example and shiver myself to sleep.

I was awakened the next morning by the sun shining in my eyes. Our horses were restless, and pawing, chilled by their long stand in the night air.

"Where are we?" muttered Parker, rubbing his eyes.

"In the hollow of a sycamore, 'tuther side o' Grizzly," I answered, "and two bigger idiots never slept under the star-light."

Our spirits and courage rose with the sun, consequently we decided to return at once to the mountaineer's, and sound him on the land deal. We found to our great satisfaction, that we were but a short distance from Reynold's house, in fact, we had camped almost on the identical spot where we had seen the girl kill the squirrel the previous afternoon.

"How shall we explain our absence?" I asked, when we came in sight of the house.

"Never mind that," answered Parker, "Just keep in the background and leave that to me."

We put our steeds in the stable, gave them a bounteous feed, and walked sheepishly into the yard. The hounds set up a furious barking, which caused the mountaineer to come to the door.

"Well, I swan," he drawled, "I thought you'd plum skipped the country."

"No, no," returned Parker, glibly. "We thought we'd take a ride before breakfast. There's nothing like this bracing mountain air."

"Jes' fur the world like pap wuz," said Reynolds. "He allus contended that he couldn't eat no brekfus 'til he'd walked a mile or two, and tuck a peep down a gun-barrel."

"You're almost too late for breakfast, but I can fix yeh a snack," said the mountaineer's wife, as we took our places at the table.

While we were eating, Lou came in, with her milk pail, looking as bright and fresh as a morning-glory. She greeted us with a cheery "good morning," although it seemed to me that it was directed mainly at Parker, filled our glasses with fresh milk, and passed out to the porch.

"The little gal is in low sperits this mornin'," said the mountaineer. "Old Tom died las' night."

Parker and I exchanged glances, and waited eagerly for the next sentence, but the man sat silently gazing out the window.

"A faithful negro servant, I presume," said I, hoping to renew the conversation.

"Nigger nuthin'," snapped the mountaineer. "Old Tom wuz better'n any nigger that ever lived. He wuz Lou's pet cat, and the gal loved him almos' like he wuz a baby. Why, she made me git outer bed and give the critter a decent burial."

Parker turned a livid red, while I burst into uncontrollable laughter. The mountaineer sat frowning, aggrieved that I should laugh on so solemn an occasion. I don't know how the affair might have terminated, had not Parker come to my rescue.

"Never mind him," said he, "Saunders has a joke on me concerning an adventure we had with cats, and he never hears one mentioned that it doesn't remind him of it."

Reynolds seemed satisfied with this explanation and invited us to take "cheers" on the porch.

"Lou," said our hostess, coming out with two large jars under her arms, "Take the butter and milk to the spring-house."

"May I help you carry them?" asked Parker, as the girl started off with her burden.

"If yeh want to," she answered simply, with a smile. And side by side they walked through the wild rose bushes to the spring.

The mountaineer and I were alone.

"Mr. Reynolds," said I, "I shall be per-

fectly frank with you. We represent another party, and are here to buy your farm. What is your lowest figure?"

For fully a minute he sat there, looking at me and through me. Finally he answered, "Understan' I'm not anxious ter sell, but if I kin git my price, I might let her go. There's jes' one objection to this place; it's gittin' too darn close ter civilization. I kin hear the train er tootin' every day."

Luckily his price corresponded with our instructions, and when Parker and Lou returned from their walk a half-hour later, the mountaineer had signed our contract, and had accepted a part of the purchase money.

An hour later, we had bidden good-bye to the family, and were once more riding down the road which had baffled us the night before.

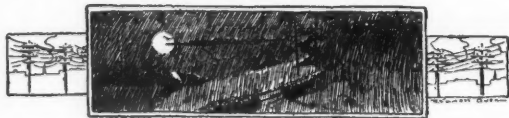
We looked back before turning down the lane into the timber. Lou was watching us from the open door, and Parker waved his hat. Her handkerchief fluttered for a moment in the sunlight, and then we passed on into the shadows.

"I am coming back here next week," said Parker, after riding for quite a while in silence.

"Is that so?" I answered indifferently.

"Yes," he replied. "Someone will have to see about signing those papers, and, besides, I want to spend a month in these mountains recuperating."

"What about the fate of young Merrick?" I was cruel enough to ask, but Parker's eyes had a far-away look, and he hummed an old love song, as though unconscious of my presence.



UNCLE SAM *as a* ROAD BUILDER

By A. C. Latimer

United States Senator from South Carolina

THE agitation of the question of the improvement of public highways was begun in 1806, under Mr. Jefferson's administration, when he sent a message to Congress advocating a federal appropriation for the improvement of public roads and the building of canals and waterways. About 1816, Mr. Calhoun of South Carolina introduced a bill which, in substance, provided that the revenue received by the government from the old national bank charters should be set aside to create a fund for the purpose of building roads and canals. This bill was supported by Mr. Calhoun in a very able speech, claiming that Congress had the power to condemn and take the right of way for the purpose of constructing military and post roads. This view was also advocated by Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, and by many other distinguished men in public life. Appropriations were made by different Congresses amounting to \$14,000,000, until 1832, when Congress appropriated sufficient money to put the old Cumberland road, from Cumberland, Maryland, to Columbus, Ohio, in first-class repair; and the road was then given back to the states through which it passed, with the understanding that they would keep it in repair.

The sentiment in favor of railroad development grew so strongly from that time on, that the public mind seems to have lost sight of dirt roads, and to have concentrated its whole attention on railroad building.

In the Fifty-Fifth Congress, a bill was introduced in the House by a member from Virginia; whose name I do not now recall; providing that the federal government should aid, by appropriation, in building public roads. In the following Congress, Mr. Bingham of Pennsylvania and Senator Penrose introduced a bill carrying \$50,000,000 for the same purpose; and in the next Congress, Mr. Brownlow and myself introduced bills, he in the House and I in the Senate, which were substantially my bill as now pending

in the Senate, providing that \$24,000,000 be appropriated by Congress for the improvement of the public roads, same to be divided between the states according to population, and that when any community shall have given its consent and raised half of the money necessary to build a road, Congress shall furnish the other half. I enclose you a copy of my bill, as amended and now pending. In brief it provides:

That there shall be established in the Department of Agriculture a bureau to be known as the Bureau of Public Highways; whose object and purpose shall be to co-operate with the various states in the construction and improvement of permanent public roads; to investigate and experiment as to the best methods of road making and the best materials; to co-operate with the various states in the construction of object-lesson roads; to publish and distribute bulletins and reports on these subjects, and to bring about a uniform system for the improvement and construction of public roads throughout the United States.

The Bureau is to consist of three "Commissioners of Highways": two to be appointed by the President, one from the political party in control, who shall be chairman of the commission, and one from the largest minority political party. Both shall have practical knowledge of road engineering and construction, and receive a salary of \$5,000 per annum each. The President shall detail as the third commissioner an officer of the Engineer Corps, not below the rank of captain, who, in addition to his army pay, shall receive a sum sufficient to make \$5,000 per annum. These commissioners, subject to the approval of the secretary of agriculture, shall appoint such other officers, agents and servants as may be required, but all these acts shall be under the general supervision of the secretary of agriculture, who is given general jurisdiction over all proceedings under this enactment.

Six months after the approval of this Act, any state or civil subdivision thereof, through the proper officers having control of the public roads located in such state, may apply for aid in their improvement or construction, in accordance with the needful rules and regulations which the commissioners of highways shall make and promulgate.

No state or civil subdivision thereof can receive the benefits of this Act until it establishes to the satisfaction of the commissioners of highways: that the highway to be improved or constructed comes within the purview of this Act, considering its use, location and value for common traffic and travel and the delivery of the United States mail; that the right of way therefor has been secured; that when constructed or improved it will be maintained and kept in repair without cost to the United States, and that the state or a civil subdivision thereof has made satisfactory provision for the payment of its portion of the total cost of construction, as provided in the Act.

One-half the expense of the improvement or construction of any public highway receiving the benefits of this Act shall be paid by the United States treasury, upon the warrant of the secretary of agriculture issued upon the requisition of said commissioners of highways; the other half by the state or civil subdivision in which the highway is located. It is provided that nothing in the act shall prevent the states distributing their portion of the cost among their several city subdivisions, or from receiving credit for all labor, material and machinery used in the construction or improvement. No money shall be advanced by the United States in payment of its proportion, except as the actual construction progresses, nor shall any payment prior to the completion of the work exceed ninety per cent. of the value of the work actually performed.

The sum of \$24,000,000 is to be appropriated for the above purposes to be available at the rate of \$8,000,000 a year during the years 1906, 1907 and 1908; any part of the appropriation not expended in the year named may be expended the succeeding year. No state applying for these benefits shall receive less than \$100,000 in any one year, nor a larger proportion than its population bears to the total population of the United States, based upon the census

of 1900: *Provided*, That in computing the population of any state, no city thereof shall be accredited with more than 10,000 inhabitants.

* * *

The opponents of this proposition claim that it would be unconstitutional; that the title to the roads belongs to the states, and that Congress has no right to interfere in the states. Another contention is that it would bankrupt the treasury of the United States to embark on this line of expenditure, and that it would increase the power of the federal government, and interfere with states' rights. As to the first contention, that it is unconstitutional, I doubt if any good lawyer would take the position that, if the community would give the right of way and raise half the money necessary to build a road, Congress would not have the power to appropriate the other half of the money necessary to build the road. As to its bankrupting the treasury of the United States, I have contended that it would increase rather than deplete the treasury fund, for the reason that all the money will be spent among the people here in the United States, and thus go into the channels of trade; that it will afford increased facilities for doing business, give labor employment, and bring millions of dollars of farm products that are now going to waste annually, into the markets and turn them into money.

It is not necessary to macadamize all of the public roads. Take, for instance, a county that is thirty miles square with 2,000 miles of public road in it; I hold that 600 miles of macadamized road would cross the county from one extreme to the other twenty times, and put three-fourths of the people of the county on a macadamized road, and that ninety per cent. of the freight transported over the roads of the county would pass over the macadamized road, and that the difference saved in the cost of hauling over the muddy roads and the macadamized roads would, in two or three years, pay for building the 600 miles of macadamized road. The average cost per ton per mile for transportation on the railroads of the United States is now about three-fourths of one cent, and the average cost per ton per mile for transportation on dirt roads is twenty-five cents. The average haul of farm products and build-

ing material in the United States is eight miles, making at least ninety-eight per cent. of all tonnage carried over railroads, which has first to be transported over dirt roads, to cost two dollars per ton. Each two-horse farmer hauls fifty tons per year, which, at a cost of two dollars per ton, is \$100. On a macadamized road the cost of hauling is reduced by half, thus saving fifty dollars to each two-horse farmer per year, which if retained by him as an annual saving would enrich him to that extent, or if expended for articles upon which the government collects tariff duties, the tariff duty being always about fifty per cent., it would put twenty-five dollars into the treasury of the United States. This transportation charge has always to be borne by the consumer, and, therefore, every American citizen is directly interested in the question of improving our public roads. It is a question which affects our civilization, in that the education of our children, the keeping up of churches in rural districts, increased mail facilities, etc., are involved in it.

I submit a few of the points, embodied in my speeches in Congress, which seem to me of public interest:

Under the system of road building and improvement now in vogue in most of the states, about one-third of the people are called upon to do all the road work—the people who live on the road. They are required to work so many days on the road each year, or to pay so much in lieu of their labor. The work done in this way is scarcely sufficient to keep the roads in passable condition; much less to build permanent highways.

Some of the states levy a road tax, and, because of their great wealth, have been able to do something toward the building of permanent, high-class roads. But this plan is limited to the wealthier states, and even in them a high rate of taxation is necessary to raise sufficient money.

The real difficulty lies in the fact that, under either method, a large part of the population and wealth escape taxation for road duty altogether. Under the system of "warning out hands," only those people who live on the road are taxed. If a state tax is levied, it only reaches the visible property of the state, and fails to tax that class whose property consists of invisible securities—such as stocks

and bonds, shares in corporations, and the like—or that other class who have no property whatever; both of which classes, however, have as much interest in the condition of the roads as any other. The states have no powers of indirect taxation of consequence, and hence it is that a heavy and unequal burden must be laid on a part of the people if the states attempt to establish a system of modern roads.

The average cost of transporting products over the public roads in the United States has been found to be twenty-five cents per ton per mile, and the total cost per year about \$1,000,000,000.

Over improved roads, the cost is from ten to twelve cents per ton per mile, so that under a system of high-class roads, the people would save, in the bare cost of transportation alone about \$500,000,000 per year.

In other words, as the work of road improvement goes forward, the people will save enough in this item alone to enable them to increase their consumption of revenue articles to a sufficient extent to reimburse the government for expenditures for road purposes. * * It is believed that the increased consumption incident to improved roads, if expenditures are guarded, will enable a reduction of these rates.

The roads of the country are the avenues of the prosperity of the whole country, and are to a large body of the people the connecting link between them and civilization. They are of vital importance. The present condition should be a source of mortification to the nation. Nearly every other civilized nation has taken hold of the question and established magnificent systems of roads. It was only when the general government took hold of the matter, that the roads of foreign countries were made permanent. We are languishing in the mud still. The cost of rural transportation is double in this country as compared to Canada, England or Europe. While we have outstripped the earth in nearly every other direction, we are in this respect on a par with Asia and Africa, and the semi-civilized nations of Europe.

As a matter of national pride, this question should appeal to the consideration of every patriotic citizen.

And why should not the general government aid in carrying on this reform? It is not a political question, nor yet a local one.

It is industrial, and reaches the remotest part of the nation.

The government is using the roads for mail purposes, and in a few years the system of rural free delivery will bring every road on which people live into use for mail purposes. The roads are the primary arteries of interstate commerce, and the means whereby the

people of all sections enjoy the fruits of the commonweal—material and intellectual.

Their improvement will make for the up-building and uplifting of all the people in every department of life, and the passage of this bill, as amended, would be entirely consistent with our constitutional power and in line with our public duty.

HER CHOICE

By Julia Holmes Lincoln

"A LOVER—a letter—a purse full of money—"
She whispered the quaint charm o'er and o'er,
And gravely watched while the snowy petals
Fell in a shower on the sanded floor.
"Beauty and honors—a lover—a letter—"
She kissed the last petal with dainty grace.
"You are my fate, you darling daisy,"
She softly said with a smiling face.

"Love may grow cold and honors fail me,
Riches take wings and fly away;
Beauty at best is a fleeting shadow,
But my sweetheart's letter will last for aye.
Whatever the years may have in holding,
Whether my lover be false or true,
His words will be mine to fondly cherish,
Crowned with life's roses or wearing rue."

Puritan maid and stalwart lover
Long have mouldered in common dust.
Nothing remains to tell their story
Save the letter breathing of love and trust:
Quaint of spelling, with phrasing formal,
The writing dim on its yellowing page—
Love's message that knows nor time nor season
But is ever the same from age to age.

In silken binding, with daisies painted
On creamy parchment with margins wide,
It lies on my desk in glittering splendor—
The letter the Puritan wrote his bride.
But I love it best on the faded paper,
Worn in creases—the ink turned gray—
The self-same letter the daisy promised
Should last "Forever a year and a day."



VILLAGE OF GATUN, WHICH WILL BE REMOVED TO HIGHER GROUND, AS THE DAM WILL CROSS THE CHAGRES AT THIS POINT, AND THE PRESENT SITE WILL BE UNDER EIGHTY-FIVE FEET OF WATER WHEN THE LAKE SHALL HAVE BEEN FILLED

LIFE ON THE CANAL ZONE

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

ONE apprehension that has been offered by some American canal critics in regard to insular or even Zone possessions, is that we shall drift into British-colonial customs, especially in tropical climes like the Zone, where persons coming from the States are apt to have the power to command the natives as the English officials did in British possessions. To the republican mind, this is not a good feature in government, though it seems to have worked well in some countries; but Americans are convinced that a republic would not be justified in ruling insular possessions on the English plan. As things are now, any man who comes to the Zone, no matter who he may be, has a fair chance to

get on, provided he concentrates his energies on his work and "makes good." It is possible to get fair remuneration for honest effort under the democratic government on the Isthmus, where there are no effete traditions or conventions, no official caste to battle against.

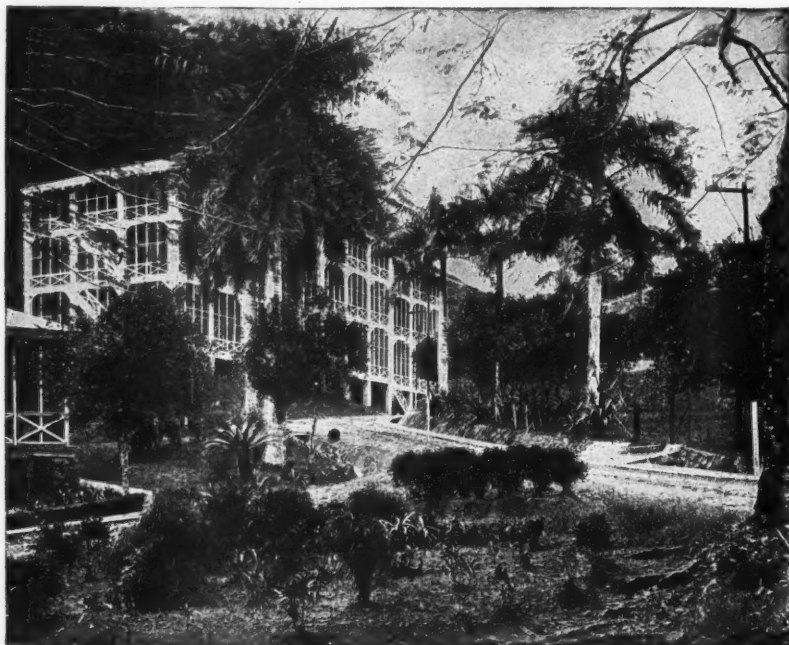
* * *

This observation was made by an English baronet, Sir Alfred Hozier, the secretary of Lloyds, whom I met on the Zone, a sturdy Scotchman who had seen service in the tropics and all over the world in the interests of the British government. Perhaps poor Sir Alfred lived too high at Tivoli, for he succumbed to malaria and found quarters in a splendid American hospital on the Isthmus.

While we were there, it was reported by one of the guests at the hotel that a "mosquito" had been discovered, and immediately Inspector Le Prince began to think of sending for the lizards to eat it up. Much has been said of the insect pests on the Isthmus. I was not there long enough to gain much experience in that line, yet I did discover that residents have to guard against the white ants, which rapidly destroy all articles of soft wood. It sometimes happens that a chair will look all

army ants will encircle a building and go right through it, if not barred out, eating everything that has life, and have even been known to devour an unprotected baby. They enter a house and remain a few hours, cleaning out rats, mice and cockroaches, and then leave as suddenly as they arrived—and no living creature that they can overwhelm escapes them.

In some localities, the cows and other cattle are attacked by vampire bats, which suck



BACHELOR QUARTERS AT ANCON, NEAR PANAMA

right until someone sits upon it, when down it goes with a crash, having been completely honeycombed by the white ants. Soft wood is often perforated by these pests so that it is a mere sponge, easily penetrated by the finger. For this reason, hard wood only should be used for furniture and other articles. Yes, the tropics have their terrors as well as their luxuries. The negroes have to be careful of their feet, because of the "chigoe," or "jigger," which works its way under the nails of the toes and fingers, giving more or less pain, and likely to cause dangerous ulcers. The

their blood while sleeping; and we heard terrific snake stories that made us recoil in horror; but as a matter of fact, the snakes are said not to be very poisonous. At the Tivoli we heard of Bernardo Villa Navarro, the snake charmer. In the corner of the smoking room at night, when the boys began to tell their Isthmian snake stories, there was always some reference to Navarro. It seems the good man has a mania for collecting reptiles, and delights to live with them, keeping them in his room in the hotel. Being out late one night, some of the snakes got loose,



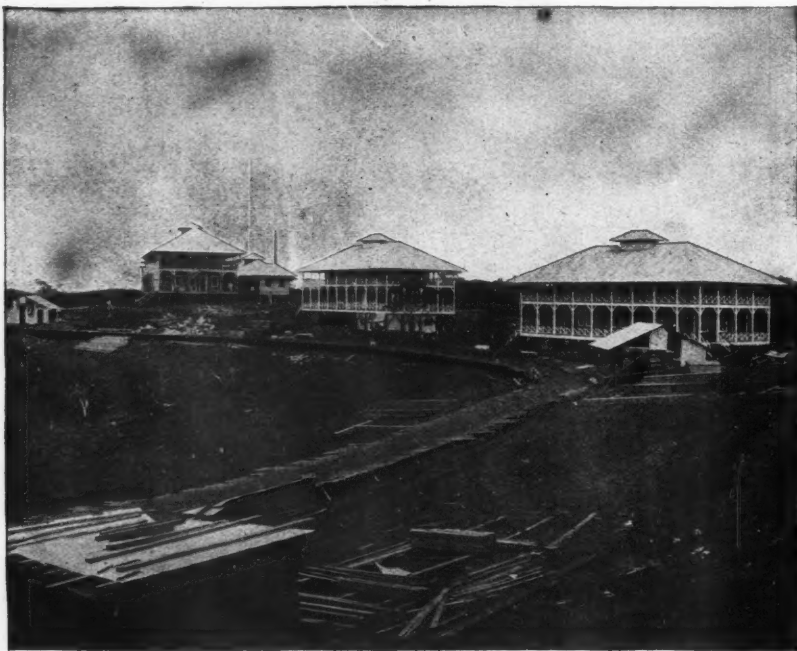
THE DAM SITE AT CATUN. THE DAM WILL BE EIGHTY-FIVE FEET HIGH THROUGH THE VALLEY IN THE CENTER OF THE PICTURE

and when the owner returned, and began to fumble for his key to open his door, the noise awoke a young man in the next room. His horrified eyes fell upon snakes glaring down upon him from the top of the partition between rooms, for in some tropical hotels these do not extend the whole way to the ceiling, in order to give a little better ventilation. The young man aroused from his slumbers, thought he "had 'em" that night sure, when he "saw snakes"—Navarro's pets had escaped.

together they are hideous animals to look at; they are so common and harmless that the natives will carelessly crush them and pass on.

* * *

Superintendent Maguire took us through the camp mess house in which the President took his lunch, and everything was evidently in first class condition. The men's quarters are large and airy, and provided with every comfort. They have folding bunks which are shut up during the day, giving plenty of



HOUSES IN THE NEW VILLAGE OF GATUN

One of the most curious creatures on the Isthmus is the land crab, which acts as a scavenger around the houses—grabbing anything in sight. They are dark and ugly looking, with one arm hanging high and another low, which gives the impression of having been broken and never set. As they go along, they will reach with this swinging arm for anything, whether edible or not. One of the boys threw a lighted fire cracker at a passing crab, and the creature seized it and was blown to pieces. The red eyes of the crabs are raised and lowered like signal lights, and al-

space and air. Along the ceiling and at every opening were brass wire screens, which might be called the armor or chain mail of the tropics, for though a successful battle is being waged against mosquitoes in Panama, it is still essential to protect against their return.

In the kitchen, the "lids were lifted" for inspection as to what the cooks were preparing in food for men at Camp Number One. Of course there is some difference in the camps—some of them being spic and span, with all the neatness of a New England housewife's kitchen, but in others there were indications



STONE CRUSHER AT BAS OBISPO

that there were only "men" about. It is hard to teach some of the natives that screen doors are intended to be closed for the purpose of keeping out flies, and not designed merely for ornament. The general comfort and convenience of the workers, and the sanitary conditions established and enforced all along the Canal Zone are necessary and basic preparations for good, rapid and effective prosecution of the great work of the centuries.

At Camp Ancon, Number Two, we overlooked the beautiful city of La Boca, and it

Panama, and seven miles distant from the ancient city. There is the usual roadstead, which is defended by three islands, on one of which the Pacific Mail S. S. Company has its headquarters. To look upon this new town of La Boca, and reflect that all this will eventually be submerged in the canal prism, inspires a new conception of the vast operations and striking marvels of modern engineering.

On a distant summit, a white stake indicates the points where the Sosa Dam is to



THE OLD FRENCH CANAL COMPANY'S ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SHOWING COMPLETED PAVEMENT IN FRONT

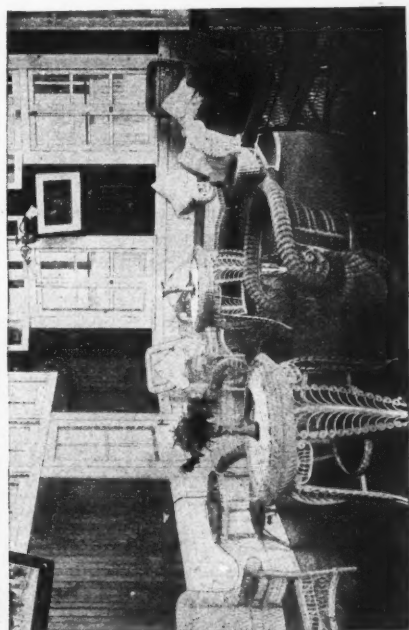
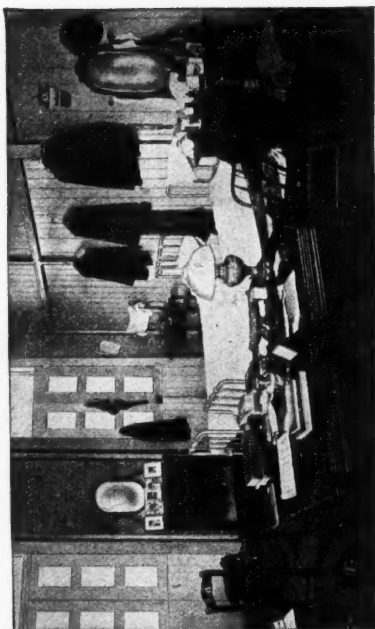
was easy to observe on the roads where the American work began and the French left off. The few remaining cobble-stone roads which the French built, presented a strange contrast to the smooth, macadamized highways now constructed.

* * *

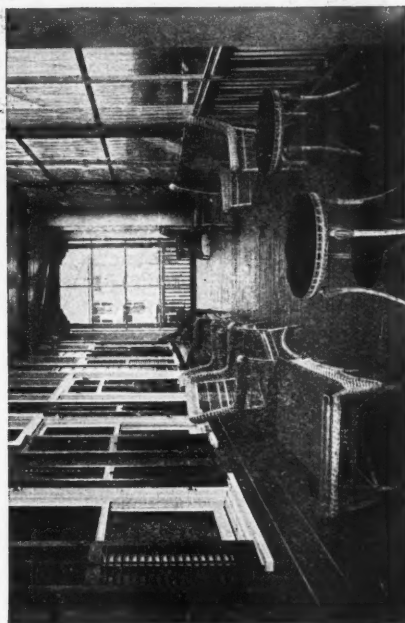
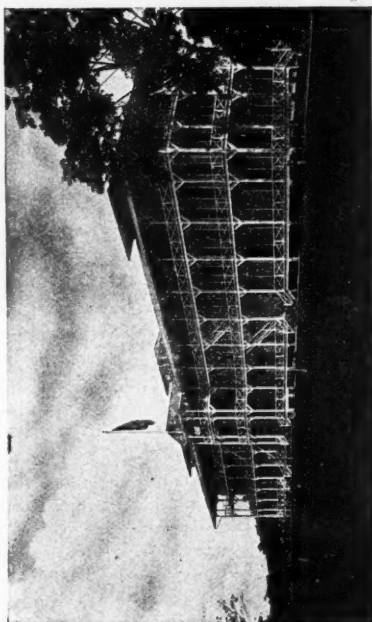
At La Boca are great steel and wooden piers which furnish Panama, for the first time, with wharves that can be reached by ocean liners. La Boca is around the point from

be built. On the hillside are a large laundry and machine shops, and everywhere is apparent the thriving activity of an American enterprise which transcends all merely commercial undertakings.

On the crest of Ancon hill is the haunted house called "French Folly," to which a French engineer had brought his bride; a beautiful tropical home, where they were to live the life of the luxurious East, while he continued the work that he had undertaken, the successful completion of which he felt cer-



ROOM OF MR. GRANT, A COMMISSION EMPLOYEE, AT HOTEL COROZOL
SITTING ROOM OF THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE AT HOTEL TIVOLI



HOTEL COROZOL
BALCONY OUTSIDE THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE AT HOTEL TIVOLI

tain would give him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Hopes beautiful and lofty, but, alas, never to be realized! In two short weeks, the bride died of yellow fever, and the haunted house was closed, though it is now again occupied. In many instances, the homes built by the French have been moved to higher and more sanitary locations.

Many pathetic incidents occurred years ago, when the yellow fever scourge was common. Bright, promising and ambitious young men lost their lives on the Isthmus, in the

early in the morning. The flight of stairs was as clean as a Dutch front *stoep*, and it seems as though the desire to keep clean and neat is just as infectious as the inclination to be slovenly. The boys on the streets pick up orange and banana peels or other fragments from the pavements in Panama, and carefully place them in the refuse cans; being only one example of this determination to keep the towns in a sanitary condition.

"Ye gods!" thought I, "what an object lesson for the American boy, who invariably



THE ROAD FROM PANAMA TO LA BOCA, BUILT BY THE COMMISSION

first great battle for sanitation, and touching stories are told of the last words of those who laid down their lives in those dark days.

* * *

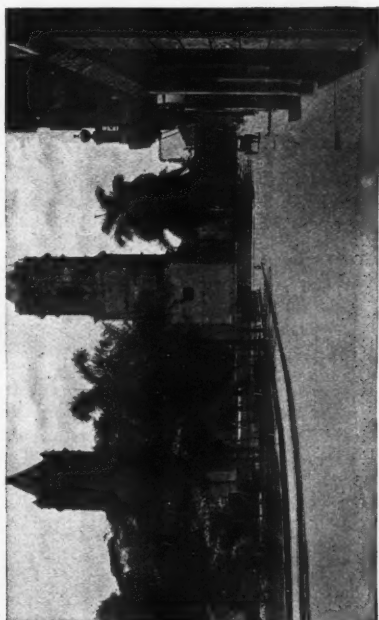
The sun was very hot on the afternoon we were at La Boca, but the view from the top of Ancon was superb. Below us a building, originally intended for the government house, is being fitted up for administration headquarters.

The office of Colonel Gorgas was visited

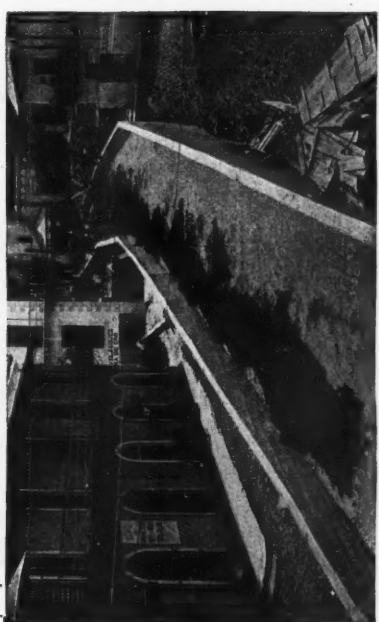
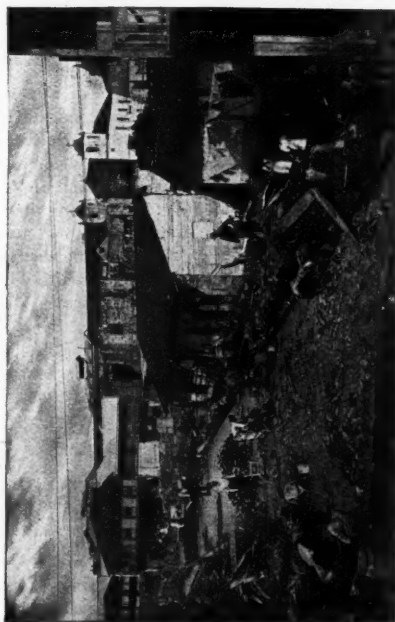
waits for the white winged angels—or street sweepers—to come along and do such work."

* * *

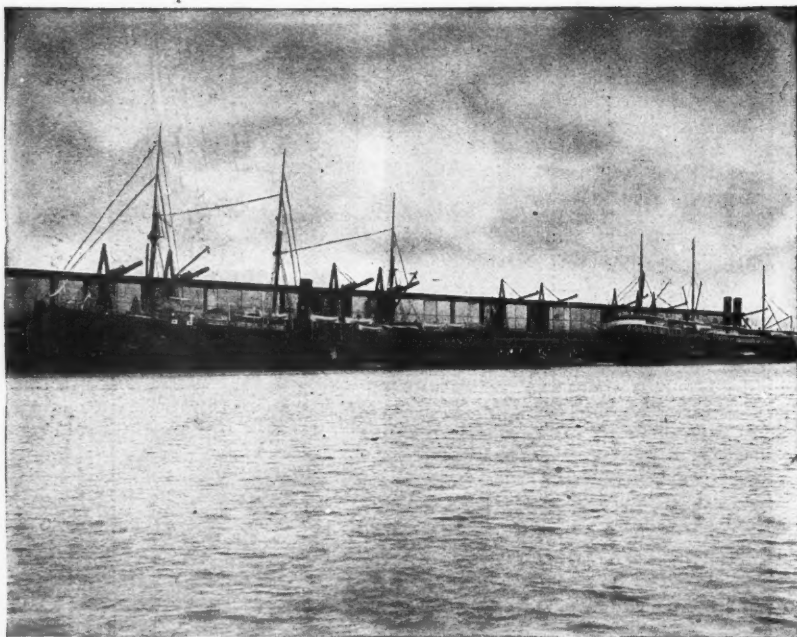
In the Administration Building at Culebra, I had a chat with Jackson Smith, who had just sent 50,000 pounds of provisions to the people in Jamaica. This consignment pulled down the supplies considerably, but the steamer Panama appeared at Colon with more rations just after the consignment of food for Jamaica had been shipped.



VIEW OF A STREET AFTER THE COMMISSION'S IMPROVEMENTS
PRESENT CONDITION OF PAVING AT INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PANAMA



TYPICAL PANAMA STREET AT THE BEGINNING OF IMPROVEMENTS
A PANAMA STREET IN PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION



STEEL PIER AT LA BOCA, SEEN FROM THE WATER

Mr. Smith is responsible for many of the plans that have helped to make a success of the Canal Zone work. He was formerly a railroad man, and saw service in Cincinnati, South America and the tropics; the experience gained in those days is proving useful now. He is a man who not only makes plans, but knows how to have them executed. While it is known that Jackson Smith is cool-headed, and expects every man to do his duty, there is no harshness in his methods, and every laborer may expect justice from him.

* * *

We took the late afternoon train to Corozal, where many officials reside. Here, a certain captious "mollycoddle" writer has declared that "a deserted hotel is here located in a hog-wallow." On the second day of February, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seven, I felt, as I stepped out of the train from Panama, that I must be getting off at some Jersey suburb. On a gentle slope were modest little wire-screened cottages, surrounded by banana groves; and the once-"deserted" hotel had every sign of a very comfortable hostelry. Perhaps during the

working hours it is deserted—certainly not otherwise, if my eyes see straight.

Here I visited the "mess" of Supervisor Bennett, which included Jamaicans and Spaniards; the food served to them consisted of half a loaf of bread, beans and coffee, with yams instead of potatoes. Each, in turn, passed in a little blue ticket, and had his rations dealt out. I talked with a number of Jamaicans after they had finished their meal. On asking how they liked the food, one of them replied, after pompously telling me that he was a British subject:

"The food is not quite to my taste, sir."

However, I noticed that there was nothing left on his plate of the ample supply dealt out.

* * *

A great deal of trouble has been experienced in dealing with the Jamaicans, for they realize the importance of being British subjects, and seem to have little understanding of the "American" language. They are very considerate for Mother Earth, while at work. When raising a pick, they never smite too viciously the sacred soil.

Over at the Spanish quarters, the food served consists of Garbanza beans, imported especially from Spain, with the idea that, in order to preserve their health, it is advisable to give each race the food to which they have been accustomed. They were a jolly crowd of men, singing and playing their guitars, and evidently enjoying their meal-hour to the full. These Spaniards from North Spain are a happy-hearted and fine lot of workers, and are under the management of swarthy American army captains who have seen service in the Spanish-American war, in the Philippines and in Cuba. These overseers speak Spanish, and make the joking good-nature of Americans understood by the men. It was pleasant to note the jolly wearers of the slouch hats moving about among the men, with a cheery word or smile for their Spanish subordinates; nor did I once hear the harsh and profane words supposed to be necessary in overseeing railroad construction.

* * *

The Panama Star and Herald, published in English and Spanish, has, every day, a column devoted to "Zone" gossip; and the subject under discussion that day, on the trains going to and from work, was the feeding of the "silver" men. This argument had

almost the tensy of the Thaw trial now being so universally agitated in the States. The new regulations went into effect on February first, and was one of the plans of Jackson Smith, who has a genius for organization and dealing with problems of the tropics. When the President met Mr. Smith, he said:

"Mr. Smith, you seem to be a much-criticized man," and the "criticized" man replied, without even the flutter of an eyelid.

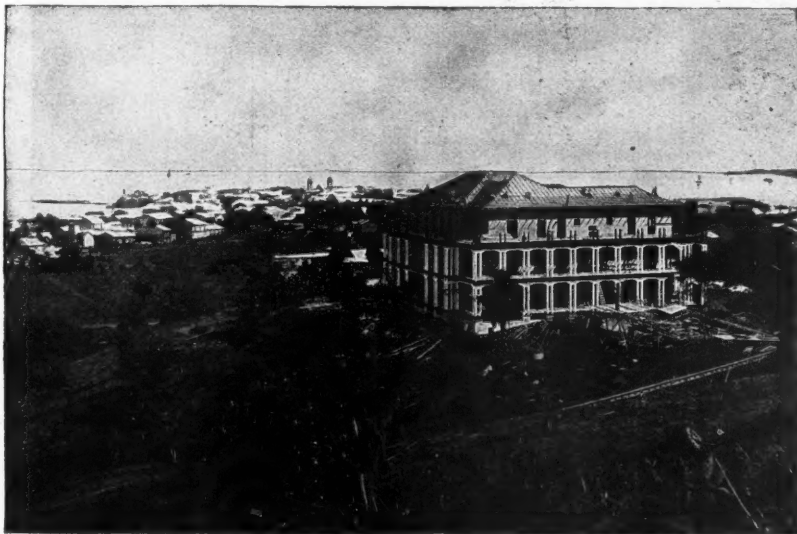
"Then there are two of us, Mr. President."

* * *

On my drive to La Boca, a visit was made to a Canal Zone school over which floated the Stars and Stripes. It was an old French structure, and so built that almost the whole side was open for the admission of air. Two American girls were teaching. In one of the rooms on the lower floor were some rather small children, and I ventured to ask the question: "Who is President of the United States?" They looked at me in dumb amazement for some minutes, and then the teacher called on "St. Anthony," who arose and repeated the question with much unction.

"The President of the United States am Mister Root."

The smiles could not be repressed at this evidence of the profound impression evidently



GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, OR ADMINISTRATION HEADQUARTERS, ON ANCON HILL, IN PROCESS OF CONSTRUCTION

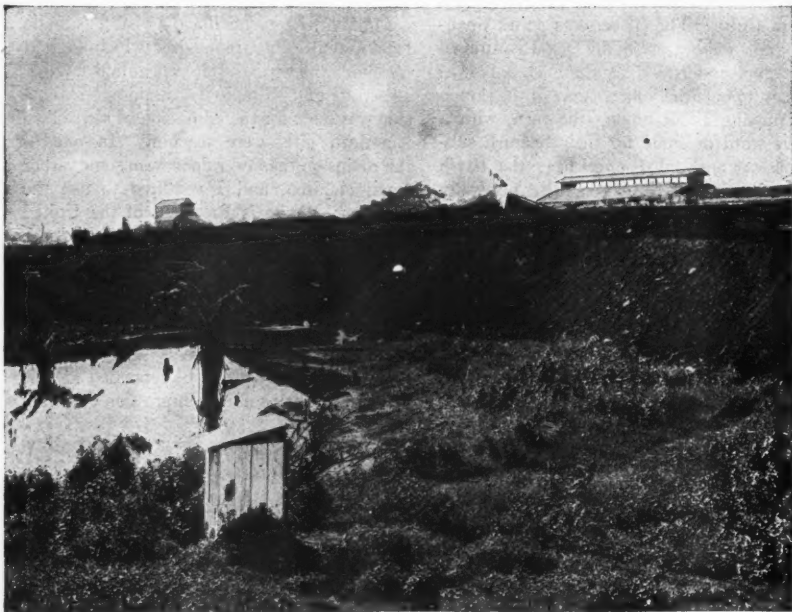
made by Secretary Root during his visit. As St. Anthony sat down, and another bright boy got up and announced:

"Russfelt am the name of the President of America."

In the upper rooms, older scholars were at work, under the tutelage of Mr. Walker, a graduate of Tuskegee Institute, and a native of St. Lucia, one of the West Indian islands near Martinique. A large proportion of the scholars also come from St. Lucia, whose natives are said to be adaptable and hard-

seemed well trained in the geography of the United States, though apparently more familiar with the location of Boston than that of Chicago or New Orleans. The only inference I could draw from this was that Boston had been brought into kinship with them at meal-time—for their favorite diet is beans.

That evening I returned to Panama at seven o'clock, somewhat tired, but feeling that I had certainly come into personal contact with a work which vitally concerns every citizen of the United States. At the hotel



VIEW OF TRAIN OF DIRT CARS BEING UNLOADED WITH A STEAM SCRAPER AT PEDRO MIGUEL. THE ENTIRE SPACE IN FOREGROUND HAS NOW BEEN FILLED IN TO THE LEVEL OF THE TRACK

working. The island was formerly under French domination.

The moment the scholars knew that I was an American, the little folks arose and sang "America" at a rapid tempo, but every word was clearly enunciated. The singing was indeed inspiring. Then the teacher wanted me to give the boys and girls a "talk"; so I did the best I could, and finally turned to the map behind me, asking if they could point out Boston. One little fellow in the rear insisted that it was in the District of Columbia, but "The Hub" was soon discovered. They

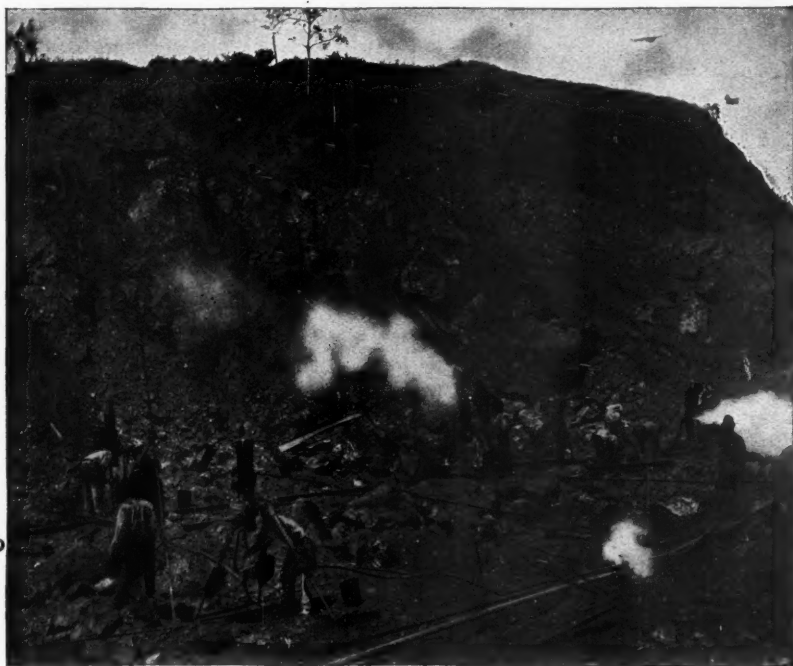
that night, there was a bridge-whist party, and many gay and happy groups of Americans were gathered in every corner, or looking out upon the twinkling lights of the city below, whose beauty suggested an elaborate scenic effect in staging a comic opera.

* * *

When I looked from my window in the quickening dawn—for there is a very brief sunrise in the tropics—my eyes rested with pleasure on the placid waters of the Pacific; the air was like a lovely cool April day in

New England. Already, many men were busy in the gardens, and there was a bustle of activity in the city below. I watched the swift *sun rise on the Pacific*, and over Panama on the *west* coast of the Canal. Now I see you hold up your hands—what is the matter? The sun does not rise in the west, you say? No; but take out your geography, and look on the map, and you will see that Panama faces the east on the Pacific and Colon faces west on the Atlantic. The canal runs more

paying for my transportation since the rate law was passed, and I therefore felt no twinges of conscience at paying out "tin" money for railroad fare, and it seemed too good to pay out one dollar and get back two. Panama money is called "tin," and one dollar equals fifty cents United States currency. The coins current on the Zone are fifty, twenty and five cent pieces, but the five cent pieces are of small value, and very tiny; they are chiefly used for making chains and bracelets, which



STEAM DRILLS AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO CUT

north and south than east and west, and the old childhood song of "go east, go west" was recalled, and the map of the canal certainly presents a geographical paradox.

After a hearty breakfast, chiefly on foods brought from the United States, we set out for the seven o'clock train. The new passenger cars, just brought from the States, have rattan seats, which add much to the comfort of travel. Most of the operatives travel on passes, and the families have half rates. Like all good newspaper men in the United States, I have acquired the habit of

the gallant boys on the canal are sending home to the "girls they left behind them."

* * *

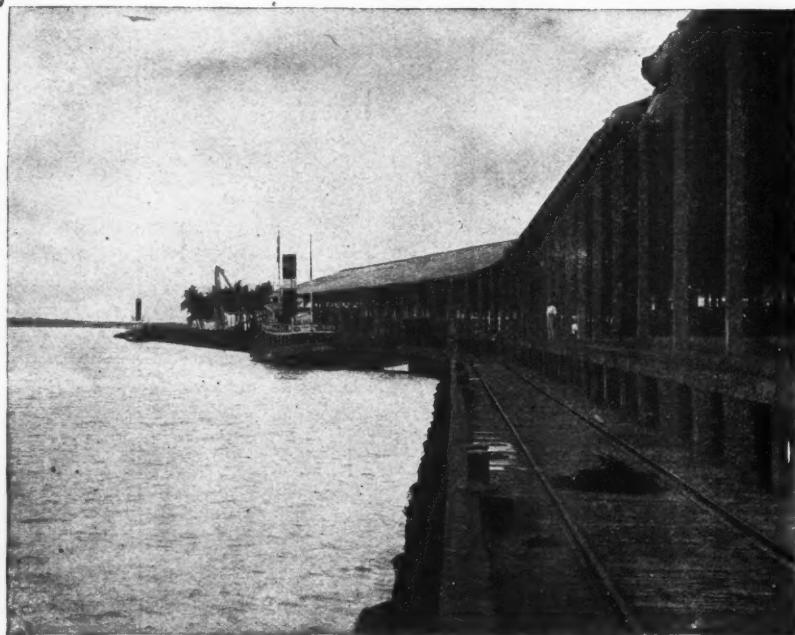
It seemed that everyone out on the train in the morning was planning his work for the day. Nearly all the officers rendezvous on the seven o'clock train. I met Mr. Williams carrying his bags of bullion to Empire, where the silver men are paid for two weeks' work at a time, the gold men being paid by the month. Employees in Panama are known as "silver" and "gold" men, the latter being

salaried workers, and the former the laborers—the Spaniards, Italians, Jamaicans or West Indians.

* * *

We stopped that morning at Pedro Miguel, which I at first thought was named in honor of some distinguished Irish contractor, but on seeing the station sign, discovered that it was a Spanish name, and not "Peter McGill." It is one of the immense railway yard dumps. Beside the track was a big swamp having in it

ing places of the amopheles or malarial mosquito. It has no buzzer, but it gets in its deadly work just the same. The idea is to have every drop of water possible drained, and the little streams covered with drops of crude petroleum oil, which means death to the mosquito; yet this is all done so carefully that the propagation of fish is in no way interfered with. Schools of fish have a happy time below the running water, quite unconscious of the fact that a light film of oil floats above them which effectively exterminates



THE NEW WOODEN PIER AT LA BOCA, ON THE PACÍFIC, 800 FEET LONG

thirty feet of water, which had been filled with the different stratas of earth as they were taken out, showing nearly all the prismatic colors of the rainbow, in reds, yellows and greens. The filling up of these swamps may not be accounted as actual canal work on the Isthmus, but when these places are leveled, the sanitary department see to it that no more water is allowed to gather. In fact, not a single pool as large as a man's hand escapes the alert eye of Colonel W. C. Gorgas and his corps, and he has a mosquito brigade going about everywhere cutting out larvæ-breed-

the mosquito pest along the banks of the brooks and pools. The fact is, that the oil collects just where it is needed, in the still water and pools where the insect delights to hover—but in Panama he hovers to his own undoing, and there seems to be no reason, except the objection to spending sufficient money, why even New Jersey should not be freed from this pest. Everything likely to harbor the mosquito in Panama has been done away with, even to collecting and destroying all the old rain barrels, garbage boxes and pails, galvanized iron receptacles being now

solely used for this purpose. The sanitary revolution which has taken place in Colon and Panama is the marvel of the present time.

* * *

I talked with some of the young men who were about to leave for the States, and they assured me that they had all they desired at Panama except variety—they found it monotonous, which was their only reason for leaving. The food was too confoundedly good in "sameness."

the commissary book and buys all that is needed for a family of two, an average expenditure of from fifteen to eighteen dollars a month for two persons, which is not a bad start for young people—no rent, coal bills, tickets, light bills, or plumbers or doctors to pay. Right here permit me to pay a tribute to American women for the work which they are accomplishing on the Isthmus; for the success achieved there is due more to the fact that the men have been provided with comfortable and happy homes and surround-



MARRIED MEN'S QUARTERS AT PARAISO

The Canal Zone arrangements offer strong inducements to young men contemplating matrimony, because the bride and groom have a passage from New York to Panama for twenty dollars each, and when they arrive they are established in comfortable quarters, one square foot being allowed for every dollar the employe draws per month, this calculation not including the bath room, pantry and dining room. So this would give a man drawing \$200 per month 200 square feet of space in living rooms. There is no difficulty about commencing housekeeping—the bride takes

ings than to any other one thing. Each one of the ten or twelve villages has its own club and party on different nights of the week, and the entire Zone has all the sociability of frontier life, combined with the refinement of the old home in the States. There is variety, too. Here meet and mingle men and women from every state and territory in the Union; for this is truly a cosmopolitan undertaking. There is also here an excellent opportunity to study at close range the characteristics of other nations; for here are Jamaicans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians and workmen

from other parts of the world. In fact, this community of interest has enthused some advocates of socialism to declare that Uncle Sam has really made a concrete showing of what can be accomplished by government ownership and supervision, when given free range as on the Isthmus.

* * *

We were invited to dine in the married quarters, but found that our hostess had not received her supplies as she had expected;

the visitor is impressed with the scarcity of vegetables on the Isthmus and it is singular that this great, rich country has had comparatively little cultivation in recent years.

* * *

Most of the savings of the workmen are invested in United States money orders and sent on to the States, or held at home, and the percentage saved by the men working on the Isthmus is indicated by the records of the post office department, the money order



TYPICAL DINING ROOM IN THE MARRIED QUARTERS

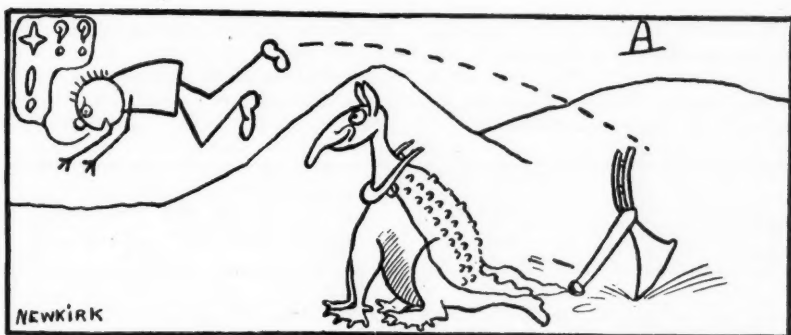
the American housewife was equal to the occasion, however, and we sat down to a dainty meal, supplies or no supplies. It was one of those little chafing-dish suppers that are so cosy and so long-remembered, and was served in that charming fashion that convinces a man that housekeeping is merely a pastime and a pleasure, and is akin to the delights of camping out, rather than the arduous toil which his wife sometimes assures him she finds it.

On one of the hills, tomatoes were being cultivated in a garden belonging to the married quarters, but as a general rule

business having increased from \$98,000 in July to over \$250,000 in January, which practically represents money sent back to the States or saved by workmen on the Canal in one month.

* * *

One of the predominant features which impresses a visitor making detailed investigation is the personnel of the force on the Isthmus, among which may be included the army officers in charge of the men. They are allowed to retain their commission in the army and also allowed fifty per cent. extra pay and assurance of duty well done.



BIOGRAPHIES OF FAMOUS MEN

By Newton Newkirk

ADAM

ADAM was the first man who ever happened.

The day and date of his first appearance has been lost in the shuffle of centuries, but we are told that he was first observed in the Garden of Eden about 4004 B. C. Anyone who is smart at figures can, by means of a pencil and a piece of paper, demonstrate to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that if Adam were alive today, he would be somewhere around 5911 years old.

Adam is the only man who ever came into the world without any relatives. When he arrived there was no one to announce him. Adam never had a father to say to him, "Adam, you will bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave," because Adam's father didn't have any hair at all—in fact, Adam didn't have any father.

Another singular thing concerning Adam is that he never knew what it was to be a boy. From all accounts which I can gather, Adam was a man well advanced in years when he first found himself in the Garden of Eden.

He was never able to look back upon his early life and say with feeling, "Ah, I would I were a boy again!"

Adam was a farmer. Immediately upon entering the arena of life, he went to work in the Garden, tilling the ground and raising a few vegetables for family use. The plow he used was a very primitive affair, drawn by a tame dinosaur or a yoke of oxen. It frequently happened that, when Adam was plowing along a stony hillside, and the point of the plow-share would catch under a ledge, Adam would be thrown over the head of the dinosaur into a briar patch. Then he would say things which have no place in this biography, and for which he was sorry afterward. During odd hours he made scarecrows to keep cut-worms away from the cabbage plants.

Adam never knew what it was to cut teeth, or have the colic, or learn to walk or try to grasp the English language by means of a set of painted alphabet blocks.

One evening, when Adam came home from work, he was considerably surprised to find a strange creature in the house, cooking supper.

"Good evening," said Adam, pleasantly; "would you be so kind as to explain to me what you are?"

"I am a woman," said the strange creature, shyly.

"A woman!" repeated Adam in surprise; "why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Of course you never did," went on the strange creature, "because I am the first sample on the matrimonial market."

Besides, he was tired of doing his own cooking and washing the dishes.

After a brief courtship, the two were married. The marriage ceremony of that time was very simple. Adam simply said, "I



"What is your name?" asked Adam.

"Eve," she answered.

"That's a very pretty name," said Adam; "where did you come from?"

"Are any of your ribs missing?" asked Eve, looking at Adam roguishly.

Adam felt gingerly of himself.

"Yes—one," he answered.

"Well," said Eve, "I'm the missing rib."

This reply puzzled Adam, but he soon ceased to think of it in contemplation of this new being who had so suddenly appeared

take thee, Eve, for better or for worse," while Eve said, "I take thee, Adam, for better or for worse, and I hope I won't get the worst of it," after which they shook hands on the compact and went to housekeeping. There was no ostentatious wedding, where a justice of the peace performed the ceremony. J's. of the P's. were a scarce article in those days. Adam and Eve didn't even take a honeymoon. It was too far to the nearest city, and Niagara Falls hadn't been heard of.

The next morning, when Adam drank



in his home and assumed the domestic responsibility. To Adam, she was the first new woman. Deep down in his heart, Adam was glad to see her. It made the place seem more like home to have a woman about.

some coffee which Eve had made for breakfast, she observed that its flavor did not altogether please him, and so she spoke up quickly:

"Please do not tell me, Adam, dear, that

my coffee is not like your mother used to make."

In the garden, back of the house, there grew an apple tree, which bore fruit of an indifferent quality. Shortly after Eve arrived, Adam pointed out this tree, and told her to keep away from it. "There is a snake roosts in that tree," said Adam, "and it won't be safe for you to venture near it."

Being a woman, this only made Eve the more anxious to secure some of the fruit from the tree; so, one day when Adam was away at work, Eve stole out to the tree, and the snake gave her several apples, and told her when they were gone to come back after more. The snake whispered to her confidentially that he had more apples than he knew what to do with.

From the few apples which she had ob-

could pluck more bananas right at their back door in five minutes than they could eat in a week.

Adam had no clothing to buy. He wore an open-work fig-leaf suit, while Eve wore fig-leaf gowns altogether. These fig-leaf garments were cool both in summer and winter. Moreover, Adam and Eve raised their own fig-leaves right near the house. Whenever Eve desired a new gown for some special occasion, she never had to ask Adam for money to buy it—she carried the step-ladder to a fig-tree, and, climbing the ladder, picked enough fig-leaves in a few minutes to sew into the latest thing in wearing apparel for women.

In the evenings, after the day's toil, Adam and Eve used to assemble in the sitting room, around the tallow candle. Eve would do



tained, Eve made sauce. When Adam sat down to supper that evening, Eve pushed the dish containing the sauce toward him, and told him to help himself. But when Adam found out what it was, he refused to eat any of it.

Instead of being discouraged by this, Eve returned to the tree the following day and got more apples from the snake, which she made into a tempting apple pie. Now here was Adam's weak point—he was passionately fond of apple pie, and that night at supper he ate half the pie, and asked no questions.

Alas, times have changed since Adam and Eve used to live in the Garden of Eden! In those days, Adam didn't have any rent to pay. He had more land than he knew what to do with, and it wasn't taxed. There were no disputes with his neighbors over boundary lines. Food was plentiful. Adam and Eve

fancy fig-leaf work, while Adam would read fashion hints to her from the Women's Page of the Sunday newspaper. In this way, they spent many a happy evening together.

It was on one such occasion as this that Adam suddenly stopped reading and asked:

"By the way, Eve, dear, you never told me what your name was before we were married—what was it?"

"Why, it was 'Eve'," she answered, promptly.

"Well, if it was 'Eve,' then what is it now?" persisted Adam, who didn't know any better than to argue with a woman.

"Why now," said Eve, "it's Eve Adam."

The snakes which infested the Garden were a source of much annoyance to Adam. After Adam had partaken freely of some grape juice that Eve had made, these snakes bothered him more than usual. They followed him

around everywhere, and irritated him, and made him nervous. After that, Adam became a total abstainer.

One evening, as Adam arrived home from work, Eve met him at the door with a kiss. "I have a surprise for you," she said gaily; "guess what it is?"

"A girl?" said Adam eagerly.

"No," said Eve, "guess again."

"It's no use," said Adam, shaking his head despondently, "I never was a good guesser. Then Eve told Adam that it was a boy.

Like most parents, Adam and Eve thought this was the only baby in the world.

Time passed, and yet another child came to bless their union, also a boy. It was then that the parents realized they must have names to distinguish the two boys. Adam suggested that they be called "No. 1" and "No. 2" respectively, but Eve didn't like the suggestion, so she named them Cain

and Abel. Cain and Abel were as healthy a brace of boys as you could wish to see. They romped and played in the garden, and when they grew older, ran off fishing and went swimming when they had been told not to do so, and got birched when they got home, just like boys of today.

Adam died in the prime of life, when he was but 930 years old. It has been a matter of general regret that his sudden taking off prevented him from rounding out the ten centuries. Adam carried no life insurance. When he was about 200 years of age, he was tempted to take out a life policy, but it was a great comfort to him in his old age that he didn't. The premiums would have been a great burden.

Authorities agree that if Adam had not been so far advanced in years when he first appeared in the Garden of Eden, he would have lived much longer.

OUT WHERE THE HILLS ARE BROWN

Halcyone Goodrich Morgareidge

LOVE to ride where the trail runs wide
Over the high divide;
Where the sun shines bright, with dazzling light
O'er hills on every side.
Where the day is long and the wind blows strong
From the pine-clad mountain's crest;
And I feel at home tho' all alone
On the great hills of the West.

My heart mounts up in the rich glad hope
Of years like this to come;
And my tho'ts reply to the coyote's cry
And the rattler's whirr and hum.
The day goes on like a wild, sweet song,
Till the dusky night comes down
And I throw my bed by my horse's head
Out where the hills are brown.

'Tis a life that thrills, and I love the hills
When the royal Autumn comes,
And fear is unknown tho' I ride alone
For my horse and I are chums.
Then a health to him who rides the range
By storm and sun caressed;
For days are long, and winds blow strong
On the brown hills of the West.

ABDUCTION *of* CATHERINE'S PIG

By Virginius Delamar

PROFESSOR BUSIBY, holding down the chairs of psychology, physiology and hygiene in the new college at Benton, Maryland, was determined to institute hygienic reform in the town. It had recently become, through his efforts, a misdemeanor to allow one's cow to run at large, or keep one's pig even in one's back yard.

Some weeks after certain ordinances had been passed and promulgated by the town authorities, word was passed along to the professor that formidable Catherine McFadden still cherished within his pen a half-grown black and white pig. The professor immediately proceeded to argue with Catherine, and later on reported on her belligerent attitude at a meeting of the town council. The pig, however, remained in his pen.

By and by, there was another meeting held and this, sprightly little Jimmy O'Toole attended. After adjournment, he hastened to Catherine's modest residence:

"God bless ye, Kate," said he, bursting into her kitchen. Then he essayed a kiss that was not successful, and seizing a chair, endeavored to place it as close to her's as possible.

"God bless ye, Kate," said he again.

"An sure me fir-st husband would have said somethin' more be this toime,—God rest his soul. An what was ye doin' at the town matin' anyhow?" broke forth big Kate's oily brogue.

"Gintlemin,' sez he, 'gintlemin, Oi'll saze that pig, an Oi'll confiscate it.' That's what he said, Kate," answered Jimmy, ignoring his lady's question.

"An' what did he mane be confiscate? The dhirty blaguard."

"It manes—it manes to cut out the pig's kidneys wit' a knoife," floundered Jimmy.

"Shtop yer fool talk," said Kate quietly. "It manes to stale, that's what it manes. Confiscate—thavin', that's it. An' didn't ye say nothin'?"

"Whist! Don't ye know whut I was doin' there, darlint?"

"What was it, thin? inquired Kate, with interest."

"Wasn't Oi there in the intrust of ye and yer calico pig?"

Kate said nothing.

"It's a handsome pig, sez Oi, loike its owner," said Jimmy, trying to insinuate himself a bit closer.

"An who did the talkin'?"

"They begun the talkin' afther Oi come, about the pig pins. The perfessor he gits on his fate, an' sez, sez he: 'Yer honor, as ripresintin' the committhee on pig pins, Oi have to repoort all the pins vacated but the wan occupied be Catherine McFadden.'" A sharp slap on the cheek punctuated the end of Jimmy's sentence.

"It's the pig in the pin, an' not me," explained Kate.

"An' whut does ye perpose to do in the matther?" sez ould Mither Holliday, the prisident of the matin', continued Jimmy, meditatively stroking his smitten cheek. "'Oi perpose to use foorce if nec'sary,' says the perfessor, 'An' what'll ye do wit' the pig afther ye git him?' sez ould Holliday. An' it was thin that the perfessor sez: 'Oi'll take the pig an' Oi'll confiscate him.'"

"Will ye come help me, if ye hear 'em at the pig? Ye'll be sittin' up wit' yer ould daddy as is down wit' the pneumony—God help 'im."

"Shure, Kate. Oi'll be yer whole ar-my: capt'in, sargint, an' soger of the loine, if ye'll give me wan kiss before Oi go.

While Catherine and Jimmy were planning to resist to the death any assault that might be made on the pig and his domicile, Professor Busiby returned to his home and sat him down to think over the situation.

He felt that he had been hasty, very hasty. There was no denying the fact that, as no one else could be induced to do away with Kate's foul pig pen, he had, in the enthusiasm of the moment, offered to do the deed himself. Old Judge Holliday had said with many chuckles, that he did not believe that

it could be done without calling out the militia, yet he wished the professor well in the undertaking. But, in spite of this, and other evidences of his fellow citizen's good-will, the professor now regretted that he had taken such an active part in municipal affairs, and resolved that in future he would be more circumspect in offering his services for the public weal.

"And now this demands the most careful planning," said he, combing his sidewhiskers with his fingers.

This was very true, for had not Kate threatened to smack his distinguished mouth?

"As those slangy boys would say, 'It's up to you to make good,'" he further soliloquized.

"Yes, suh," came a respectful bass voice from the partly opened study door.

"You may come in, Shadrack."

Then entered the room, and carefully closed the door behind him, an imposing-looking negro of herculean build, popularly known as "Shad." This man the professor had recently hired, and as he pottered about, fixing the fire for the night, his employer looked upon him with admiration.

"Shadrack," said he, as the man was about to leave the room, "Shadrack, you look like a man born and raised in the country. Now, what part of Maryland are you from?"

Shad gave his employer a quick look and assumed an air of abstraction. After a moment's thought, he answered with much deliberation:

"Me bo'n an' riz in de country? Yes suh, I reckon so. Somewhere down in ole Vagginny. I's done bo'n in one place, an' riz in another—leastways, nevah knowed whetha I had any parients or not. I cert'nly don't know nothin' 'bout that."

"O, well, that is not unusual among you colored people. We will let that pass," and the professor waved his hand indulgently. "What I want you to tell me now is: Do you, or do you not know anything about domestic animals? For instance, chickens or pigs?"

Shad seemed somewhat startled, and did not at once reply.

"Well?" queried the professor.

"No suh; no more 'sociated wid 'em than yuther folks what's brought up 'mongst 'em."

"But if you were raised on a farm, you must know more or less how to handle pigs."

Shad appeared lost in thought, and the professor again nervously paced the floor.

"Now, for instance," said he, stopping squarely in front of Shad, and speaking encouragingly, "how would you handle a half-grown pig?"

After some reflection, Shad answered cautiously:

"Hit would most pintedly depend on de pig, an' who owned him, suh."

The professor now approached very close to Shad, and spoke very distinctly:

"Now, Shadrack, granting for the sake of argument, that you have had the necessary experience; do you think that you could take a half-grown pig out of his pen tonight, without a struggle, and without arousing the neighborhood?"

After a few moments of tense silence, while he rolled his eyes, Shad replied:

"Take a shoat out'n his pen in de night-time 'thout makin' a fuss? Yes suh, fer de sake of argyfyin', I'll say that I kin do hit."

"Very good. Now I want you to prove to me this very night that you can do what you say you can. No noise; no one must know anything about it, you understand."

"What's de shoat?" asked Shad, in a business-like way.

"What I want you to do is to help me enforce the law."

"Nforce the law," repeated Shad, while the whites of his eyes shone as he looked at the professor suspiciously.

"Yes, enforce the law," the professor repeated, firmly.

Shad remained silent.

"I suppose you suspect whose pig I propose to remove?"

Shad professed ignorance.

"Do you know where Catherine McFadden lives?"

"Is yo' gwine to take her pig, perfessah?" answered Shad, quite aghast. "Why, she 'lows she's a gwine to throw bilin' watah on anybody what comes a prospectin' 'round her pig pen! An' she don't like cullud folks nohow!"

"That for her boasting," and the professor snapped his fingers. "I want you to take her pig away tonight, and put it in that old abandoned pen at the foot of the garden, overlooking the wharf. I will dispose of the pig later."

There was silence, as Shad rolled his eyes, but the professor sternly returned his gaze.

"Who's a-gwine to be presidin' ovah this

heah abstraction, perfessah?" asked Shad, at last, in sepulchral tones. "Is you a-gwine to be there, too?"

"If you think it necessary, I will accompany you."

"De shoat is a-gwine to wake up the sur-roundin's, if de manacles gits loose."

"Very well. I will be ready. At what time do you think we should start on the undertaking?"

"Bout four o'clock in de mornin', suh, ought to be de p'inted time."

"Very good. You understand; I am going to enforce the law?"

"Yes suh, I un'stan's. You is de 'sponsible man, an' I's yo' dep'ty."

"You may go now," and with a wave of the hand, the professor dismissed his assistant in the proposed enforcing of the law.

The professor sat thoughtfully in front of his fire for a time, then nervously paced the floor for a few minutes, after which he divested himself of collar and tie, and laid him down to rest upon his study lounge. As his master was thus endeavoring to compose himself to rest, Shad retired to his domain, in and about a small stable, where he lit a lantern and proceeded to prepare for the serious business in hand.

Meanwhile, Kate, after sending Jimmy next next door to assist in the nursing of his sorely afflicted father, dozed by her kitchen fire until satisfied that no attack was to be made upon her pig, when she, too, retired to rest. And yet, even at that very time, the experienced Shad, dark and mysterious, was greasing his wheel barrow and preparing the "manacles" of stout clothes line wherewith to accomplish the undoing of piggy.

At last the solemn old clock boomed out the hour of four. Crisp was the frosty air, and uncertainly did the moon, in her last quarter, shine out occasionally from between the clouds. The impressive reverberations had hardly died away when the figures of two men glided around a street corner, and stealthily crossed the vacant lot in the rear of Kate McFadden's residence. The larger of the two skillfully propelled a wheelbarrow, while the smaller of the two seemed to lead the way until at last he paused, held up one hand, as if to call a halt, and with the other pointed to the projecting corner of Catherine's yard. Above the level of the fence, showed the outlines of a modest pen, where, in fancied

security, dwelt the unsuspecting and much discussed "calico" pig.

"This here job's got to be done mighty quick when hit's stahted, suh," huskily whispered Shad, as he cautiously advanced to the fence, and peered over into the pen, where piggy lay in his straw, sleeping the sleep of innocence.

The professor, with a silk handkerchief tied about his neck and a soft hat well pulled down over his face, also advanced and peered over the fence.

"Proceed," whispered he, with as much dignity as the circumstances would permit.

"Now be on de watch fo' de lady," warned Shad.

Nodding affirmatively, the professor now climbed the fence, and took up a position in a narrow space between the pig pen and hen house. Here he commanded an unobstructed view of Catherine's back yard and the dim outlines of her house, and at the same time was himself somewhat screened from sight.

After waiting until the professor was safely ensconced, Shad leaped lightly over the fence, and descended upon his unconscious victim. Then it came to pass that, before the astonished pig was fairly awake, his abductor had secured jaw and snout in one slip noose, and in another all four feet, bunched together, the whole operation being completed with remarkable deftness and celerity. There being no protest from the pig, save agonized grunts and the rapid twirling of a small but indignant tail, Shad gave a swift look over the edge of the pen, to note the lay of the land. He was disturbed to find the professor neglecting his duties, so engrossed was he in peering down into the pen at the fruits of his servant's dexterity.

"Huh," grunted Shad in disapproval, as he gathered the struggling and snuffling pig into his capacious arms, "might have lit onto us 'thout any trouble, if she'd been awake." Then he deliberately climbed the fence, and tenderly deposited his burden in the wheelbarrow.

With both hands on the barrow handles, with head thrown up like a thoroughbred waiting the word, paused Shad, expecting the form of the professor to appear.

But that gentleman tarried between the pig pen and the hen house, caught, not by the horns in a thicket, like the biblical ram, but by a rusty nail projecting from the hen

house. This was to him not only extremely annoying, but also extremely alarming, since it had happened just as he started to follow Shad, and seemed very much like the detaining hand of an avenger suddenly put forth at the supreme moment.

At last, however, he freed himself, and mounted the fence, but paused on the top-most rail to listen, ere exulting in the triumph about to be his.

"Time to be a-gwi—" started Shad, in a whisper that was never finished.

In some way or other, the pig had managed to slip the noose-gag on his snout, and now such another shriek rent the air as was sufficient to paralyze the professor astride the fence.

Not so with Shad. Before the pig could inflate his lungs for another blast, Shad had with lightning quickness replaced the gag, and so strangled in its inception piggy's second appeal; then, with the agility of a trained circus performer, away went the black man, wheelbarrow and pig and all across the lot, around the corner and out of sight, in the misty light of the early dawn.

As Shad disappeared, several windows went up, and heads poked out tentatively. Then a door opened somewhere near at hand, and the professor distinctly heard someone ejaculate:

"Bloody mur-rdher!"

It was enough. The professor, in a panic, suddenly recovered the use of his legs, and hastily regained his former retreat between the pen and hen house, where he awaited developments.

For a few moments, drowsy voices called one to another, and then windows went down, doors were closed, and once more quiet prevailed.

He was in a very cramped position, but the professor durst not move. Suppose the woman should see him sneaking from between her pig pen and hen house; would she not do him some physical violence? Therefore, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor—at least until he was satisfied Catherine had not been aroused by the shriek of her pet.

The professor had left his watch at home, but he had heard the whistle of the Baltimore boat, blowing for the Benton wharf, long, long ago, and that must have been somewhere about four o'clock. It was, in fact, a short time after he had regained his stronghold; for he recalled that at the time he had ex-

ulted in the fact that the undertaking had been completed as he had planned.

The dawn was now breaking fast, and the new day was no longer a misty promise made by reddening streaks in the east. Hard, prosaic daylight was fast enveloping the land, when the professor decided that his position was no longer tenable. Right suddenly, he poked his head out for a look at the fence.

"Good mornin', yer honor."

The professor hastily drew back, heart beating wildly. In that one fleeting glance, he had seen a man calmly seated on the fence. How he came there, and what was his object, the professor could not conjecture. After a while, he ventured to peep again.

"Good mornin', yer honor."

In the growing light, the professor now recognized popular little Jimmy O'Toole. Realizing the futility of remaining longer in retirement, the professor now stepped forth with as much dignity as the cramps in his legs would permit.

"What are you doing there at such an early hour, Jimmy?" asked he, severely.

"I was about to ask your honor that same, but was waitin' till ye sphoke fir-rst." Jimmy was a born diplomatist.

The professor felt that he must instantly make some sort of an explanation. As he set his mind to work with that object in view, he slowly climbed the fence, but when he alighted on the other side, he found that Jimmy was of the same mind as to motion, for they both set foot on the vacant lot about the same time.

"I was walking home from Judge Holliday's, and was taken sick—and stopped to rest by the way."

"An' it was thin ye fell over the fince back of the pin," added Jimmy, sympathetically.

"I feel much better," went on the professor, as they strode across the lot together, "so I do not think it necessary for you to accompany me home, James."

"Faith, it's yerself that looks that bad, I'd best go wid ye."

"I say it's unnecessary."

"As I was sayin' to meself, whin ye were slapin' ferninst th' pin, sez I: 'It's lucky his honor was here, an' seed him do it.'"

"Saw what?"

"A naygar, black naygar, shtalin' Kate McFadden's pig, while ye was layin' there sick, God help ye."

The professor cleared his throat, and strode on.

"An' I want ye to help to catch the naygar an' th' pig," pursued Jimmy, as the professor remained silent though hastening. Jimmy managed to keep up with him, and together they turned the corner around which Shad had disappeared, and from which the professor's house and yard were in plain view at the foot of the street.

"What is it you want, my man?" asked the professor, with backbone stiffening as he came in sight of his own domicile.

"It's the pig I've got to have before Mrs. McFadden hears, naygar or no naygar."

"But I know nothing about your pig!" said the professor, stopping short, and trying to stare Jimmy down.

"Ye're a liar, yer honor," answered Jimmy, very quietly but firmly.

The professor said nothing, but looked angry. He hated scenes, and felt rather than saw that the few people stirring about the streets had stopped to listen. He realized that Jimmy must be gotten rid of at any cost.

"That is an ugly word, James, and one you will have to answer for. I will overlook it for the present, but you must apologize."

"It's the pig I want," said Jimmy, pleasantly.

"Well, I will tell you what I will do, James. As Catherine is a very worthy woman, I will give her three dollars for the pig, provided that you can prove that my servant took it."

"Tree dollars fer that handsome pig!" cried Jimmy, with righteous indignation, "why, he's worth tin dollars, if he's worth a cint!"

Several men on the sidewalk paused to listen.

"Very well, then. Tell Catherine to come to my house tonight, and I will pay her six dollars—provided it can be proved that my man took the pig," said the professor, hurriedly.

Jimmy cocked his head to one side, as if listening, and the professor, struck by this attitude, also paused.

"It's throuble comin' to us both, sure," announced Jimmy. "It'll soon be all over but th' wake."

The professor became aware of an automobile-like puffing. And then suddenly appeared around the corner, Kate McFadden. She bore down upon them very rapidly.

"The saycret's a saycret no more," said Jimmy in sad tones.

The professor paled somewhat, but stood his ground, while Catherine, several men and boys hastening in her rear, came up like a battleship cleared for action.

"Where's the pig, ye murderin' thafe?" she screamed, as she took a threatening position in front of the professor.

"The pig. What pig?" sparred the professor.

"Will yez listen," and she turned to the grinning circle. "What pig! An' he's been boastin' he'd take me pig out of his pin, just to spoite me—an' this little fist dog wid him, to help!" and then, for the first time, she glared at Jimmy.

"He's not," said the professor, with strict sense of justice. "What pig are you talking about?"

She came up very close to him, her face working with passion, and shaking a big red fist under his nose, screamed: "Where's me pig?"

"Tell her, yer honor," sang out Jimmy, who had withdrawn to a safe distance.

Quite a little crowd had gathered, and the professor was growing desperate.

"I will pay you for the pig, but you cannot keep it within the town limits. The ordinances must be obeyed."

"Ord'nances! What do Oi care fer yer ord'nances? Oi don't want yer dhirty money. Oi want the pig. An' if the loike of ye was to offer me a hundred dollars, Oi wouldn't take it. What Oi want is th' pig, an' Oi'll say it a t'ousand times to spoite ye."

Then there flashed through the professor's mind a reflection on the futility of trying to reason with Catherine McFadden on the questions of public health. Therefore, he remained silent, and took a few steps toward his home. Immediately Jimmy took up a position on one side of him, while Catherine took the other, the crowd fell in behind, and the few steps progressed into a decided walk, attaining at length almost the dignity of a procession.

"We're goin' fer th' pig now," announced Kate, grimly.

Arriving at his gate, the professor essayed to enter his own domain, but was vigorously opposed by Kate, who placed her vast bulk within the gateway: Thereupon, the professor grew more desperate, and determined

to get rid of her, even if he had to betray Shadrack, and give up the pig.

"Go, take the pig!" he said in a trembling voice. "But the responsibility will rest upon you for breaking the law. I will see that you are prosecuted.

"That fer yer laws!" and Kate snapped her fingers in his face. "Where's the pig, that's what Oi'm talkin' about? It's yer last chanst. Oi'm goin' to smack yer mouth pretty soon. Tell me, where's the pig?"

The professor now felt more and more alarmed for his personal safety. He gave a swift and furtive look at the faces in his rear, but found no sympathy there; all were grinning expectantly.

"You will find your pig in that pen down there by the fence at the foot of the garden," he said, hurriedly, and turned to enter the yard.

But Kate seized him by the arm, and whirled him around, facing down the lane toward where the top of the pen showed above the garden fence. "No, ye don't!" she said roughly; "none of yer tricks on me. Ye'll go wid us to git the pig."

Though the professor tried to maintain his dignity to the last, and tried not to hang back, his reluctance to move was visible as the procession again marched, taking a course toward the old abandoned pen at the foot of the garden. As before, the men and boys brought up the rear, while in front, flanked on one side by Jimmy and on the other by Kate, marched the professor, disgust, humiliation and rage, by turns, eloquently expressed upon his countenance.

Arriving near the pen, Kate called a halt, and again faced the professor.

"It's over the fince, an' hand me out th' pig," she commanded.

"It's mesilf that'll do th' job fer yer honor," volunteered the kindly Jimmy.

"Well, go on, the pair of yez," permitted Kate, somewhat mollified by her triumph.

Jimmy and the professor, accordingly, advanced and peered over into the pen.

"What's the matter wid yez!" shouted Kate, and strode to the pen to look for herself.

The pen was empty.

There was a long and painful silence. At last, Kate's tongue leaped forth like a dagger from its sheath, and stabbed the air.

"Ye're a liar, ye little ould devil! If ye don't show me the pig in a minute, Oi'll smack yer teeth down yer throat; Oi'll nail yer dhirty lyin' tongue to th' roof of yer mouth. D'ye hear me; where's me pig?"

During the profound silence that followed Kate's remarks, an old darkey pushed his way through to the professor's side.

"Scuse me, boss, but is you-all lookin' fer a black and white hawg?" he asked respectfully.

"Yes," gasped the professor.

The old fellow cocked his head on one side, and looked quizzical, as he said:

"Boss, didn't yo know that was one ob dem onery, blue-gum niggahs from de Souf what yo' hiahed last week? Why, I seed dat niggah, way early this mawnin', wheel-in' dat there hawg on de Baltimo' boat, an' I reckon he done sold him by this time."

A WAYSIDE POOL

TWAS a sweet little picture of girls in a pool;

Just out from the closeness of life in the school.

A barefooted lot, skirts drawn close, and tongues loose.

And happy? Oh don't! What! Tears?—

I'm a goose.

Ellen Sergeant Rude

FLINT, MORELAND & JUPP, AND MRS. FLINT

A REMINISCENCE OF LAST CHANCE

By A. G. Clarke, Jr.

FLINT studied the map feverishly. Then he turned his attention to the steamboat card—still preserved by him as a memento of his trip down the Missouri the previous fall—and scanned its table of points and distances.

So far as he could determine he had, since leaving St. Joe, performed a journey of some 500 miles. Thus about one-fourth of the entire distance to Last Chance had been traversed in three weeks' time, and without mishap of any sort. Even at this slow rate of travelling he could look in upon the other members of his firm and Mrs. Flint by the middle of March. But would he then be on the spot in time?

Jupp's letter, written in a trembling hand and with evident reluctance, hinted strongly that the plot might be carried out at any moment. And this letter, which had reached him, Flint, on Christmas day, coming by way of Denver and the Pony Express, bore date November 1st, 1864. Three months had therefore already elapsed since the taciturn junior partner had penned his information. And three months, with mischief brewing—it was a lifetime!

Flint stowed away his map and card, and eyed the dreary stretch of prairie with impatient glance. The apparently endless expanse was thinly covered with snow. Save his riding and pack horses picketed near, there was no sign of life between horizons. It was a somber, forbidding landscape; an open treadmill. For had it not been for the shifting appearance of the partly frozen river on his left, Flint would have taken oath that he made camp in exactly the same spot every night. Little wonder, then, that no white man had ever chosen to break trail along the Missouri to its source in the Rocky Mountains. No explorer would have attempted it—not even a Merriwether Lewis or a Cap-

tain Clark. Boating up the stream was vastly different, as then one had diversion, and the broad, even bosom of Dakota impressed one less with its atmosphere of maddening monotony.

Yet Flint had made his choice of routes for various subtle reasons. Briefly, the emigrant trails leading Westward via Denver and Salt Lake City, and along the Platte and Powder Rivers to the Bozeman Pass, were Indian-haunted. The lone traveller stood one chance in a thousand of pushing through to his journey's end in safety. But what Sioux or Cheyenne would be apt to keep watch and guard upon his own immediate territory in the dead of winter? What white man would dare to invade the sacred hunting ground? No one possessed such temerity.

Thus Flint had reasoned. Then again, the great river, far up near its headwaters, wound past a point not a dozen miles from Last Chance. Here only a valley, devoid of human life, intervened between it and the camp. By cautiously skirting the few isolated forts and trading-posts along the way, therefore, it was possible for him to arrive at this valley and thence cross over to his destination without his being seen. And his was a secret mission. He had a grim surprise for the plotters of Last Chance. Hence, above all, he wanted no announcement of his coming to precede him.

It was cold—bitter cold. Yet, as the days and nights wore on, only the horses suffered. At the stopping-places they obtained but little rest, as the occasional clump of grass, their sole sustenance, was only to be searched out from beneath the icy snow by diligent pawing. Nor was Flint of much assistance, although, during his sleepless nights, he would rise from his blankets and put in the time gathering such additional provender as he could find. The country, too, was being

swept by strong gales, which sapped the strength of the poor beasts, and sent them staggering weakly to the river's bank. More than once, at the late evening camps, Flint, absorbed as he was, would turn instinctively to find them gazing at him through their sunken eyeballs with a curious, almost human, expression of inquiry.

Yet, Flint, in his rimless cap, which resembled an inverted sack, his buffalo overcoat, and his thick boots, was but little inconvenienced. Moreover, having always Jupp's letter mentally pictured before him, whether asleep or awake, he found his pulses beating high. The intense cold merely neutralized the abnormal warmth of his blood. And besides, the severe state of weather had entered into his calculations, and was therefore gratifying. The wild things of the prairie would not brave it in quest of food, and, knowing this, the Sioux would keep to their snug tepees. And by the close of the succeeding month he would be well beyond them.

But with the coming of February the temperature erratically changed. The sun became visible. The smooth surface of the plain, moreover, began to lose itself in a succession of little knolls. The banks of the river grew higher, and scrub brush and low thickets abruptly appeared. At intervals, Flint encountered the bones of some departed warrior, perched atop his four-post grave, and surrounded by his hunting paraphernalia and the skeleton of his favorite horse. And then, at Paradise Point, where the river made its great bend, he saw in the distance a dark moving blot. Thus early—the buffalo!

Flint's first act was to sacrifice his camping outfit, thereby relieving the tired pack of the bulk of its burden. Then, having alternate mounts, he went forward at a gallop. After that day he rode till the horses gave out; then he abandoned them also. A mile distant a faint whinny was borne to his ears, and, looking back, he saw them attempting to follow him. It was a pathetic sight, and Flint swore aloud. Then Jupp's letter recurred to him again, and his lips closed in ominous calm.

Now, too, being on foot, his danger increased. The buffalo, appearing at last in countless thousands, made wild rushes in his direction. The spectacle of a man on foot was to them not only strange, but it smacked of defiance. So Flint, aware of these facts, kept to the thicket-strewn river

bank, avoiding the tempting cut-offs, and thereafter travelled by night. In this way he came to the Tree.

He could recall the Tree clearly. An isolated landmark, it was down on the steamboat-card as one of the river's chief points of interest. And all hands aboard a stern-wheel were wont to stare at it in a sort of hushed wonder till it dwarfed to a mere atom before their receding view. Flint, on his journey East to buy for his firm the previous fall, could remember having stared as hard as anyone. Now, however, the Tree held for him a morbid fascination. For it had in the interval of his glimpses borne fruit. The skeletons of a dozen people, among which he beheld those of a woman and a little child, were swinging listlessly from its sharpened limbs. The story was easily read. Homeward-bound in an open boat, the party of whites had been taken by the Sioux. Thus briefly the chapter had opened and closed. Flint, finally ceasing to look, wondered vaguely if he had known them. Then a strange suggestion entered his mind. Had one of them been Moreland? Was the skeleton of the woman that of Mrs. Flint? The thought induced him to return his gaze, his brain cunningly striving to pierce the identity of the mute objects before him. Then he chuckled. He was growing irrational. Could it be that Jupp's letter had inoculated him with the germ of madness? Although it was daylight, he pushed ahead.

At Bearpaw Creek, he slept in a thick willow coppice. When he awoke towards nightfall, it was with the full consciousness that others were by. Scarce stirring, he peered about warily. Ten feet away a blanketed figure showed on the river bank, while a companion, invisible to Flint, appeared to be engaged in cutting willows on that side. For the soft swish of the knife and an occasional sibilation from the latter reached Flint's ears. Then he understood the purpose of their visit. There were merely gathering the sumac to dry later on into kinnikinic, and consequently, so far, his presence was unsuspected. He lay back, reassured. The abundant growth of willow would prevent the kinnikinic-gatherer from coming too close. Night was almost at hand, and shortly he could proceed. Then came that abomination of the hunted, the Indian dog. Right at his very feet one had paused, its back bowed aggressively, its ugly lip lifted, its

hair bristling. And too late was Flint's quick effort to silence the pest with a knife-stroke. A succession of snarls, a warning yelp, and as Flint rose from his work of killing the brute he saw the taut bows of four Sioux turned full upon him.

A little later, he was lying on the prairie, stripped and bound. One of his captors had taken the picket-pins of their horses, and, giving the animals their liberty, was driving the stakes into the ground. Another was bringing up driftwood. The remaining two were perpetrating squaw-torture upon their victim; plucking his beard at the roots, sticking splinters under his nails, and cutting from the tender portions of the body.

However, Flint was passive. His thoughts wandered to his own intended victims at Last Chance. And presently, by a trick of fancy, he imagined that these same intended victims were undergoing this cruelty at his hands, and that therefore he himself was not enduring, but was inflicting, pain. Soon his mind was diverted by the prospect of an approaching storm. For his ear, being flat upon the ground, had caught a far-off rumbling sound. Yet, aside from the gathering darkness, the sky at all points showed clear. And Flint thought it rather strange. Then he found a new subject of interest for his wool-gathering wits in the fact that the little band of horses had shifted far down the river bank. And he was about to acquaint his tormentors with the knowledge, when he suddenly felt himself lifted and carried to where the stakes were driven. Busy hands stretched him at full length upon his back, fastened his wrists and ankles to the pins, and next piled the driftwood upon him.

Flint paled. This, then—this belly-burning diablerie, this fiendish deed—was to be his end. He almost groaned—almost, for he stifled it at the very outset. As the four prepared to strike fire and set the drift-wood alight, he bent a defiant look at each hideous face in turn, and awaited their final act. A few moments later the wood was aflame.

But the rumble—the distant thunder—was approaching fast. The Sioux themselves had heard it at last, and between whiles were casting surprised looks at the heavens. For a brief space their soft gutturals were uttered calmly. Then, as a vague trembling of the ground began to add its uncanny sensation to the ever increasing thunder, one of them sprang to his feet with

a startled cry. Flint saw him point to the horizon whence the sound came, and then towards the river bank down which, and now mere dots in the distance, the horses had strayed. Instantly they were all on their feet and were rushing headlong in the latter direction. One of them, after a moment's hesitation, returned to Flint, and, stooping, swept the burning fagots aside. Then he hurried after the others.

Flint was astonished. By slow degrees, he grew enlightened. The ground was shaking now, and the deep rumble had increased to a roar. There was no element of electricity about that; no thunder of the heavens. It was the buffalo.

Flint had once been witness of a cattle stampede, and the memory of that thrilling sight had ever stirred his blood. But compared with the terrible and resistless on-rush of the myriad army now showing against the darkened horizon, that memory became a mere incident, was blotted out. And he forgot for the time the burns, the pains, the tortures, from which he had just been suffering, in watching, awed, terrified, yet fascinated, the swift, thunderous advance of that mass of living flesh. As the mighty vanguard struck the river, Flint's head sank back beneath the strain. God be praised!—they were passing him by.

Thus he lay, staring at the stars, hearing the dull pounding of hoofs and conscious of a rhythmic swaying of the ground about him. Then a suggestion, dim at first, abruptly took form. The constant jar might have loosened the picket-pins. And so reflecting he tugged at the ropes. The sweat appeared on his forehead, and the blood started from his wrists and ankles. But the stakes held firm. Flint smiled—grimly amused at his own helplessness. He wondered if the Sioux, who had merely postponed their cruel drama would not soon return. A discerning instinct told him, no. Beyond a doubt they had been caught in the forward surge of the frantic beasts and been crushed like snails.

After a long wait, Flint tried again. To his joy something was giving way. An odor of burning rope greeted him. A piece of the hastily scattered driftwood, brightly aflame, had become dislodged from a little pile of its fellows and had fallen squarely across one of the ropes at his feet. For a second Flint experienced a vertigo of emotion. He eyed the sizzling, sputtering cord in a sort of con-

fident calm. For with one foot free it would prove a matter of small difficulty to push some one of the burning fagots to where the neighboring rope stretched taut. He glanced about him in search of his clothes and weapons and saw them nearby where the Sioux had stripped him. As the burning rope parted at last, and thus left him free to put his theory touching the rest into practice, he began once more to think of Jupp, and of Jupp's letter, and of Moreland and Mrs. Flint.

A space later, weak, scorched and bleeding, but with purpose undaunted, he stood on the river bank, a mile beyond the scene of his capture, and looked back. The dull pounding of thousands of hoofs continued without cessation, and the eyeballs and nostrils of the charging throng, red-speckled in the darkness, appeared like a myriad of fire-flies darting sportively about the plain.

* * *

From the vicinity of Painted Woods, one may, on a clear day, catch his first glimpse of the lordly mountains. A hazy line, of an indigo blue, extending far to the North of the Missouri, marks the jumbled hills and low peaks of the little Rockies. And Flint, like all true Western men, exulted at the sight. The depressing thought of his mission was abandoned, and for the moment he felt like breaking into song. But the feeling of transport soon vanished, and, going to extremes, he grew moody and dejected. His was no ordinary home-coming.

Nor was all the danger passed. For now he was in the country of the Blackfeet, the Blood, and Piegan. And although their methods of torturing victims were not so ingenious as those of the Sioux, still they burnt at the stake, and practiced other deviltries peculiarly their own. And so Flint, wherever the tall bluffs placed no hindrance in his path, still hugged the river bank.

There were sharp turns and windings along his route now, and there were times when sheer walls confronted him and he could see but a few feet ahead. And thus one morning at barely daybreak he rounded a projecting cliff, where, within a yard of him, and wrapped in his blanket to his scalp-feather, was a Piegan buck, lazily fishing. Flint's heart jumped. The other, doubtless thinking him a companion, addressed Flint softly and without turning his head. Flint's

answer—he knowing no other—was to grasp his knife firmly and then lean over the Piegan's shoulder. And he struck hard. It was murder, no doubt; but his cold-blooded treatment by the Sioux had exhausted his sentiment. After rapid thought, he toppled the body into the river, and, seating himself assumed the dead man's blanket and fishing pole. Perhaps the Piegan's companion was due to appear. Evidently so, or the other would not have spoken. But again, there might be more than one. Still, Flint took the chance. Thus he waited for some minutes. But as time pressed, he finally cast the things aside and hurried on.

At Squaw Man's Ford, where the icy river broadened and fell low, he crossed to the opposite bank. On that side the bluffs were less precipitous, and he found he could see an occasional horseman, or a group of tepees, on the bank he had quitted, and he smiled at his own cunning. For once the Sioux country was passed, the South side of the river became neutral ground, and was only to be invaded when the opposing tribes desired a conflict. And here, too, he encountered Ingram, mail-carrier for Carroll and Fort Benton, the first white man he had seen throughout the whole of his terrible journey. It was a natural surprise, and both had their revolvers out in a twinkling.

"Where going, friend?" said the mail-carrier.

Flint put away his revolver. Oddly enough, he thought, this acquaintance had failed to recognize him. He was glad.

"Up river—Three Forks and Bozeman."

"Where from?"

"Below the Yellowstone."

The mail-carrier whistled.

"Sure you're no squaw-man? Nor steam-boat wood-chopper? Trader, or hunter, eh? When did you eat a square meal last?"

"God knows!" said Flint.

The mail-carrier laughed.

"I see," he remarked. "Anything that came to hand. Dog meat, even."

Flint nodded.

"Well, try some of this whiskey, and then a bit of this buffalo. And here's some hardtack.

Flint, exerting his iron will, tried to eat sparingly. But even then he tore at the food like a wild beast. Presently, the other spoke again.

"Gently, my friend—gently. Not too much at one time. I'm going to share my grub with you, and you'd better make it last awhile. And maybe you'd do well to look sharp along about Hound Creek and the Little Arrow, as I saw a few bucks trying to cross over to this side. Here's your grub. Good luck!"

In a jiffy horse and rider were gone, and Flint resumed his way, the one going down the river, the other up. And this brief meeting, many miles distant from a habitable point, did Flint abundant good. The color tinged his sunken cheeks, the wild light died from his eye, and his step grew firm. The exchange of greeting, short as it was, had enlivened his spirits.

Following Ingram's advice, Flint warily eyed the low hills lying between Hound Creek and the Little Arrow. The bucks had crossed, so he found, and had camped at the latter point. Flint crawled past them, in the dead of night, finding himself hemmed in by the river on one side, and by high-rising steeps on the other.

On the 15th of March—a week behind his calculations—he had likewise left the Teton and Marias far in his rear, and had successfully skirted Fort Benton. But a hundred miles lay between him and Last Chance—a mere step. The Rocky Mountains themselves, white with recent snows, loomed in sight. And just beyond, just across those imposing barriers, were the plotters. Or had they gone?

What irony if he should arrive too late!

Flint grew feverish again. He cursed himself for sleeping. And now, too, as if to further thwart him, the snow lay deep upon the river's bank, and great drifts in the intersecting gullies obstructed his advance. It was maddening at this late day to find himself thus hindered. For at times he would sink through the frozen crust to his waist. Then he would gaze despairingly ahead. His bones ached; his muscles seemed paralyzed. His hand shook as he wiped the cold sweat from his neck and forehead. Yet to his joy, the mountains ever grew closer, and their silent approach revived him. And so he struggled on. Now, the blue haze that hovered at their apex wavered and dissolved, and tall trees, snowhung and motionless, began to detach themselves from their mist-encumbered surroundings and to stand apart. But still the terrible drifts!

Twice Flint fell exhausted. And both times the trio of gray wolves that had been patiently following him for two days and nights, came close enough to snap at him. Helpless, Flint could only eye them. But his steady look prevented further result. Then, subtly aware of his returning strength, they skulked again to the river, impotently licking their lips, and once more took up his trail.

At Bear Tooth—that landmark visible to Last Chance—Flint found the river frozen. He crossed over for the final time. And here, but a single spur of mountains interposed between him and the valley which sloped gently to the little mining camp. Yet it took him one whole day to toil to their summit. Resting there, he fixed his gaze upon the fast-darkening ravines and gulches of the mountains across the way. For among them the smudge of huts and cabins of Last Chance could be thus distinguished.

In that rarified atmosphere he could make out the two cabins on the hillside—one of which was his home, the other being that of his friend, the sheriff. Flint, his heart thumping and two great tears halting at his wasted cheeks, strained his eyes hard at the former, in particular, and tried to pierce its low log walls for a glimpse within. Was it occupied still? Was Mary—Mrs. Flint—yet a tenant? Flint bowed his face in the snow and groaned. He was weak—weak as a child. But presently the icy contact soothed and calmed him. He lifted his head and glanced slyly about him. Elk were wonderingly watching him through the openings amid the trees, and a band of vagrant coyotes, moaning and howling, had approached to the nearest benchland and were evidently making him the sole object of their regard. But no human eye had witnessed, and Flint felt relieved.

When he looked again, the scene had become blurred. The scattered cabins and low squat frames had sunk back into the hillsides, and the rambling shacks of the camp's one business street had submerged themselves in darkness. A flaring red light suddenly showed at the foot of the gulch, and Flint smiled. It was the bonfire nightly set ablaze in front of Pete's Place, next door to the quarters occupied by the firm of Flint, Moreland & Jupp.

And Moreland? Flint's smile vanished, and his eyes contracted to pin-points. Was this handsome scoundrel still in camp? Was this human viper, this ungrateful cur, whom

he, Flint, had picked up and set upon his feet, still within reach?

Flint eyed the flickering bonfire moodily. His own brain was ablaze. Yet he must control himself, must be patient for another day. There was still the valley, and then—God save him—home!

At dawn, and moving slowly, Flint began upon the last stage of his journey. The snow lay four feet on the level. Here and there was the roof of a ranch-house, the sides being hidden in high drifts. In the clear cold atmosphere the smoke of the rock chimneys over at Last Chance was visible—black threads against a gray expanse of sky. No sound of brawl or revel reached him. Peace reigned. Oddly enough, in view of his rage and emotion of the night before, Flint felt vaguely touched and soothed. Strangely, too, tired, worn, starving, as he was, he experienced a desire to linger, to put off his invasion of the camp and the consequent knowledge which that invasion would bring. He wanted to believe in Peace, in Purity, in Innocence, in Good, yet a little while, for if it were all a delusion, at all events it freed his mind of troublesome thoughts and left him tranquil and so he rested through long intervals, boyishly delighted at the beautiful pictures his fancy magically produced. But again came the bitter reflections, and before their resistless attack his placid contentment fled. So he pushed on.

A mile from camp, where he stood awaiting nightfall, Flint met with an intrepid freighter, who, despite the intense cold and the deep snow, was pulling out his three wagons and twenty mules for Benton. Flint addressed him.

"Is Moreland still here?"

The freighter started. What ghost, what scarecrow was this? And it required much reflective chewing of his quid before he fully recovered his equanimity. Then he queried in turn:

"Saloon man?"

"No—merchant."

"Don't know him." And the freighter went on.

From a newly-built cabin at the extreme foot of the gulch there came a succession of faint roars. Flint mechanically listened. Singularly enough, there was something in those deep, hoarse bellowings that reminded him of Jupp. For Jupp had just such a voice,

but being morose and taciturn, he employed it only on extraordinary occasion. And thus recalling his junior partner, Flint thought of the letter. It still reposed in his inner coat-pocket, not once disturbed throughout the whole of his remarkable journey. But was it there? Flint absently searched and found it; then, although he had no need, he slowly read it over again:

LAST CHANCE, NOV. 1ST, '64.

DEAR JIM:

Better come out. They's a plot afoot. Heard Moreland and—though I hate to say it—Mrs. Flint discuss' it. He's been doin' the gallant durin' your absence, and, though I hate to hurt your feelin's, I'm afeard—I'm afeard! The plot is for Moreland to steel the firm's money, and then them two are to elope. I'm watching Moreland, of course, but I hain't no call to watch the other thing. You must see to that. The thing may happen at any minit. Times is good.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM JUPP.

P. S. Better come at once

Flint slowly replaced the letter, and shut his eyes wearily.

He recalled the fact that a year or so previously Jupp's own wife had eloped, and Jupp, acutely sympathetic in consequence, had meant to forestall a second desertion in the firm, by giving him, Flint, blunt but kindly warning. Yes, Jupp had meant well; yet it had been a terrible stab. A wife deserting! Flint wondered how Jupp could have borne it. He, himself, would have followed the eloping pair to the Pole.

With the bonfire before Pete's Place at last alight and dying out, Flint, tottering slightly, but grim and with set jaws, made his way up the gulch. A volley of harsh and incoherent speech greeted him from the new-built cabin as he went by, and he threw a glance in that direction. There were bars before the high window of the cabin. Last Chance had, then, erected a jail. His friend, the sheriff, had exhausted his patience at last.

As he thus reflected, a huge bulk bumped against him at the turn. Flint, helplessly weak, reeled and fell. In an instant, the bulk was leaning over him, pulling him to his feet again. Flint recognized the sheriff.

"Pardon, friend," said this old acquaint-

tance. "Had no idea I'd capsize you. Must be devilish weak—or drunk! Let's have a look at you."

He stood in the shadow, permitting the spasmodic blaze of the bonfire to play full upon Flint. Thus were reflected a wan, pinched face, partly hidden in a beard that seemed to grow in scattered tufts; a pair of hollow eyes, surmounted by a matted tangle of hair, and a thin form enveloped in a buffalo overcoat many sizes too big for its owner.

The sheriff fell back a step. His jolly face grew grave.

"In God's name," he said slowly, his voice inflected with pain; "it's Flint!"

Flint nodded, gazing at him dully.

"Is Moreland here?" he asked.

The sheriff put a bottle to his friend's lips.

"Why, of course he's here. Where should he be? But where did you come from?"

"Then I'm in time! The Lord be praised!"

He started on, his eye lighting up with an expression of intense satisfaction. His awful journey, well worth the hardships he had suffered, had, after all, then, culminated to his liking. Moreland was still here, and within his reach.

The sheriff peered at him closely, and then in a twinkling his practiced arm had stolen to Flint's belt.

"Steady, my friend," he said, quietly. "Let's have a little talk first. Now tell me what all this means. What are you doing here, coming in this queer and unexpected fashion, three months ahead of the steamboats? And what is your very evident grudge against Moreland? Tell me, Flint."

Flint, disarmed and rendered helpless, gazed at him angrily. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he produced Jupp's letter. "Read that," he said, "I reckon it will explain."

The sheriff scanned it; then laughed outright.

"Another one of Jupp's," he said finally. "Then I must have caged him a bit too late to prevent some of them from being posted. For it was only after he tried to kill Moreland, along about Christmas time, that his insanity actually showed. Family troubles, you know. And he imagines that everybody's wife is about to elope with Moreland. And when he ain't cussing and shouting, he's writing letters. It amuses him. I was just on my way to get his nightly batch. And

half of 'em will be addressed to me, telling me that my wife Kate—bed-ridden, poor soul, as you know, for years—is about to desert. So you see, Flint, you've simply been a victim—"

The sheriff's voice sounded from afar. Flint, his senses failing him, heard vaguely. Jupp—crazy! Was it possible? The intelligence stunned him. The sheriff went on:

"And poor Moreland, though Jupp surprised and almost killed him, has been sticking to his post, working himself sick, like the faithful dog he is. As for Mrs. Flint—man, I'm ashamed of you! A more noble, self-sacrificing, faithful little woman—"

Flint was not hearing. A multitude of conflicting emotions was battling in his brain. He was staring stupidly. There was a final clash of the bonfire, illuminating the sign-board of Flint, Moreland & Jupp, and showing Moreland himself in the doorway, and then all grew dark. He was groping about, his hands outstretched, and crying his wife's name. Then he felt himself lifted and borne away.

A number of days later, Mrs. Flint tripped lightly over to the adjoining cabin. Her beautiful countenance wore a radiantly happy smile. And as the sheriff responded to her knock, he understood at a glance that Flint had kept the story of his deadly jealousy to himself. And he approved; any lying explanation was better than the truth.

"Rational, eh?" he repeated. "Rational all morning! Good, my dear, I'll go right over."

As he approached Flint's bedside and solemnly shook the invalid's hand, he bestowed upon him an intelligent nod.

"I see," he said; "and I'll not give your cock-and-bull yarn—whatever it was you told her—away. That would be a crime. So you've come to your senses again, eh? Well, I'm glad of it. For I've been wanting to tell you that more injured husbands are getting in. And they're all after poor Moreland, too. I'm hanged if they ain't!"

Flint smiled and reddened.

"Don't!" he murmured deprecatingly.

"If you only knew what I have had to endure since I got that letter—"

"Well, that's just what I'm curious to learn. You must have had a regular devil of a time. And when you're equal to it, you can begin at the beginning and give me, at all events, the real details of the story."

THE BOSTON BUST COMPANY

THE STORY OF A SCRAMBLE FOR A NAME

By Frank Conway

JOY said: "As I proposed, kid, let's tear away from the Bay State bunch, and kidnap their subsidiary corset concern on the way. Of course, if we turn the trick, Barter will wax onery enough to step to the street, punch a policeman, and push a trolley car off the track, but we'll survive his spasm—though he may not."

The noon of a bright day in Indian summer had swung around, and I had plowed into Joy's private office. He was sales manager of the Boston Bust, and I his assistant. I should further identify him as a man with an underground voice, a face pretty enough to freeze sweat, and a body that made him look like a little Italian barber.

I had great faith that Barter and his cronies of the Bay State Company could no more have trapped Joy and folded him up, than they could have caught lightning with a basket, and tied it in a knot. They would, however, guess his game the moment he gave them one whiff of it. I remarked something to that effect, and added: "If we sneak over our first hedges, we'll chop the dickens out of things, and scare Barter out of a year's growth. On the other hand," I continued, "for a while we'll all but fall around the streets like starving Cubans, without clothes enough to dust a fiddle, should Barter incorporate the Boston Bust Company first."

Joy sighted still another probability. "And if Wiglum backs out or sells out," he said, "what we've done will be nothing but truck for a lawyer's files—yes. But Wiglum will do nothing of the sort—he so awfully wants the Boston Bust."

He had every reason to want it awfully, as I shall explain. The corsets of the Bay State Company may have been healthful—they did no harm—but when they were called ill names by the professors of the corset colleges (who, in the main, charged on them a failure of the virtue to effect beautiful distortions in the feminine shape), buyers threw them back as lifeless stock. Immediately President Bar-

ter floated a selling concern under the name of the Boston Bust Company. The last-mentioned had never been incorporated. Speaking in a raw way, it was fake through and through. It simply sold the same old corsets under a new combination of letters. Reputedly, it had a factory outside the city; but it was to a purely bogus office in those parts that its mail was delivered, and thence shot over to Joy and myself in the general offices of the mother company. Barter knew as much about our conduct of the counterfeit corporation as a hog knows about rubber shirts. We practically were the Boston Bust. That company, by the way, was no unimportant sideshow; Joy and I stood symbolical of a business of ten thousand dollars a month. This business we could wipe up for ourselves, by incorporating under the good-natured New Jersey laws. Afterward it would be as easy as a Sunday afternoon walk for us to hold the Boston Bust salesmen and its trade and get our orders filled by the factory that gave us the best price, the best goods, and the quickest delivery.

Wiglum, of Wiglum & Squigels, a lady-ware sales firm of New York, was not to finance our venture and thus gain the upper hand in it; he had affirmed his willingness to farm out to us, on soft terms, money enough to start the music. We had had, too, an offer of a loan shoved at us from a different quarter, but had, as the fellow says, passed it up.

There, as will later be observed, we jointly made the magnificent blunder at thought of which either of us now could, in self-disgust, bump his head against the wall.

Joy said something else about Wiglum's wanting the Boston Bust awfully, and then I out with the confession that, while I respected my sales captain as a world-wise goer, I couldn't help feeling pink at the prospect of a raid on Barter's bank-roll. At that the sales manager, staring right through me, slid down into his chair. He presently remarked, in an off-hand way, as he switched

his glance to the framed greenback on his desk, "You're scrupulous, eh?" and added, as though to dissipate my scruples, "Barter's no poor plug. He has put in pickle sufficient to keep him for the rest of his life."

I hadn't desired to draw him out in that reference. In an effort to get from it gracefully, I inquired, with a foolishness for which, a moment afterwards, I could have kicked myself in the face: "Well, why, then, does he want more?"

"On the ground, I suppose, that he may need it after he's dead."

Desperate from that box over the ears, I told Joy, point blank, that I hesitated to join him in incorporating the Boston Bust because I kept my noodle ringing with the reminder that I got a nice envelope from the Barter bunch every Saturday night, "and if I leave them, Joy, and fail with you, I may even have to hock my hat and go to bed, nights, bareheaded."

The sales manager released a laugh. "You've got to take a chance, son," he drawled, and, just by flipping the ashes from his tailor-made cigarette, he made his say-so decisive for me. "Unless you're contented to stand outside the banks and listen to other people's money drawing interest, you've got to run a risk."

Five minutes later, I decided that, as a good American, I would not step over the grandest opportunity to cut a pie that I had as yet met in my zone.

* * *

Five days later, I had to gasp. Barter, or Wiglum, or somebody, had picked up for a slow fool the man whom I thought quick enough to turn and step on his own shadow. Poor Joy! It would cure him of his happy name. When I read it, I shouldn't, on a request at the moment, have been able to supply a friend with my post-office address. When Joy read it, I knew, he'd collapse after the fashion of a folding bed.

"It" refers to an article in a local rag that a newsboy forced on me as I boarded an early-morning car for the office. It told, in fewer words, that Haverstraw, or Have-A-Drink, one of Wiglum's bookkeepers, had slid down to the capitol of the Jersey state, and had there incorporated the Boston Bust Company! My lands!

Both Joy and Barter, that day, were out

of town. In the afternoon, by long distance telephone, Joy queried me about the weather in our municipality. "Raining so pleasantly," I answered, "that I shan't go home for dinner tonight." He directed me to meet him, for that meal, in the cafe of the Dunrobin. Then I knew that he knew.

Like the people in the high-keyed romance, we met at the appointed place. As we entered it, heads were bowed, and friendly faces grinned greetings, but we noticed them not. We neither sighted things nor heard noises: the babble of he-talk and the twinklings of he-sized, ring-set diamonds were wasted on us. Not that we had time for only the reflection that we had been rung out, and that, for each of us, developments yet might mean a trip back to the original trade. Oh, no! for we were fairish salesmen, and had ever a living in the world. We simply felt full of the fact that, while we had been hemming and hawing, like awkward slob, and going through the fancy processes of cautious thought, a brighter brother, backing up a truck, had carted away the Klondike that Dame Fortune had laid at our feet.

"Things love to go wrong, don't they?" Joy asked me, and, without waiting for my answer, he upset buckets of curses on Wiglum, on Barter, and on himself. It was the first and last time that I ever heard him so much as intimate in a discussion, that there's such a thing as luck.

While that discussion of ours was dragging along, who in the world broke into view but Barter! His coming was slower than the wrath of the gods, but he came at last.

He picked his way around the tables with the short, sporty steps by which, with the additional help of his Daniel Webster face, I shall recognize him if we meet in time or eternity.

He must have heard that we were at the Dunrobin, and must have hurried to us on a pony gallop; beads of sweat like snowballs rolled down his face. I noted, too, that he looked to be in rotten humor. He was. As he seated himself near us, I heard him order, and heard him, later on, kick about the grub, and peevishly direct the waiter to go back to the kitchen and learn if the chef had been out all night.

The waiter gone, Barter sat there and made believe that he didn't know we were within distance. Joy and I, shamming, too, pre-

tended that we were unaware of his bald-headed presence. All the while, I felt that he was sharpening the big knife for us. I looked for a bad scene—with the dialogue done in no fine French.

He finished his food, and then gave us a broadside of glances. Joy, nodding, reminded him that he was sitting under the electrolier. Gestures went with his words, but they can't be classed with the sort that deserve to be recorded, for Joy, balled-up and fearful, displayed about as much grace as would a dead turtle in a duck pond. "If that aggregation of lights drops, President—"

"If it drops," the big Barter person remarked, "it will knock the bottom out of this joint, as you have tried to knock the bottom out of the Bay State Company."

Yes, we had tried, and had failed, and so felt like thirty cents in red money. Joy mumbled a nothing. He was talking with evident difficulty—as though there were a blister on his guzzle. As for me: I had no more ambition to eat than would have a man with ill-fitting false teeth, frozen gums and an artificial tongue.

Barter flung his napkin down, and then himself into a chair at our table. "Who's the reason for this move?" he asked, at the same time letting fly a choice piece of profane diction. We kept mum. He looked at me. I thought of my Saturday envelope, shivered, gazed into the untouched beer before me, and finally took an interest in the exercises of a lone guest who was trying to pry apart a piece of chicken that a sinewy woodsman could not have cut with an axe.

Barter insisted on my contributing a little language to the symposium. "Where do you stand with reference to the coming spat, Mr. Bright-Eyes?" I was asked.

I thought to seem natural, and opened my face on pu. pose. "I hope it ends a drawn battle," I gurgled—like the liar that I was.

"With both of us dead?"

"He d'dn't say that," said Joy.

Then they fenced. "Will you say it for him?" asked Barter.

"I haven't time to speak for other people."

"Well, I have, Mr. Joy. I'll talk for Wiglum. I'll say for him that he'd like to see you and me put into a closet to eat each other up."

"If we two were put together, before I left I'd have borrowed money from you," said

Joy. That last joke of his affected neither of the two who heard it. Barter had his own thoughts to sift, and I was wondering about Wiglum. Had the latter asked himself into the company of the Barters and there treacherously hatched plots and plans to trim us to the last feather? Had he jobbed us? He had—by Barter's next declaration, which was: "Wiglum has shown me your hand, and has, besides, advised me how to use my own. I'm now the majority stockholder in the duly incorporated Boston Bust Company. Wiglum blanked you out."

"Tell that to your Great Dane dog," said Joy. "Maybe he'll believe it. I can't."

"Well, if that isn't so," Barter earnestly thundered, "may I go to the dickens."

Joy smiled. From the beginning he had been as cool as cold cream. Barter, on the contrary, with every word had grown wilder and more red-headed. Now he taunted us—chucking most of the gall into Joy's teeth. His tickler told him, he said, as he pulled out his memo-book, and looked at a blank page, that the cabby-hack man was to bring Wiglum to the Barter mansion that very night. Well, Wiglum was clever. "And to think that I gaited you for an intelligent guy!" to Joy. "I did. I believed that you could teach fish how to swim. I'm afraid that if you had a little more sense, Mr. Joy, you'd be at least half-witted."

"That," said Joy, "may be your wit, but it ain't making me laugh."

"You can't laugh very well," and Barter then explained why. "The joke's on you. Don't you see? The joke's always on the man that pays for it."

Joy might have declared, at that point, that it was not in his line of business to play the child of wide wisdom, but he didn't. I guess he realized that Barter was in a position to knock the bottom out of any bluff that he might spring. He did as I did—and I sat there looking small enough to serve as a watch-charm. We two—Joy and I—composed a committee whose duty it was to admit, by troubled expressions on our respective mugs, that we were the chief chumps of the universe, and deserved the regalia of the world's soft marks. Consequently, Barter did all the talking—and mussed his mane, and dislocated his necktie, in the operation. Twisting the English language in all directions, he told us what he thought of our hav-

ing plotted sixty ways for the Sabbath to put the Bay State Company on the bum. He carried on as does a character in one of those silly moving picture scenes that wind up an evening's racket in a vaudeville house. In short, he soon became intolerable, and Joy had to issue the oral statement that presently reached my ear-drums, namely: "I dare say you understand, Mr. Barter, that it's part of my religion to get ahead whenever the gods give me a chance." Barter, I can't deny, gloriously rose to the situation. He rose to it with this remark: "No matter what a man's religion is, I respect it if he practices it. However, please don't practice yours too strongly in your dealings with me. That's all."

However, it was not all. He continued to blaze away with uplifted head, firing heavy denunciations, forebodings and lamentations skyward, as though wailing a psalm from the Good Book. At last Joy cut him short with the query, "What do you think to do?"

It would not have been a good chance for a civil man, but vexed Barter made it one. "Think?" he repeated, inquisitively. "I never waste time thinking. I do things. Things will be done to you and to your youngster there." Then he gave us a small invitation to get out. "When your senses return to you," he said, "write out your resignations and send them to me. They'll look pretty."

"Will they reach you if we ship them to the devil's domain?" asked Joy, who didn't mind being beaten, if he was not stepped on with both feet. Barter, in reply, let fly a few exquisite cuss-words, and waddled out of the cafe.

* * *

"I'd give a hurdy-gurdy virtuoso a real, white dollar to come around and play something sentimental," Joy confided to me. "I want to cry." Instead, he sounded a hearty ha-ha, and joked about the mess he was in. True, he had eyes mostly for the green certificates of our country, but he was at the same time a man who looked for laughs. He soon let me see that Barter's behaviour had been for him, in the main, an overdone skirt dance, or a light, quick-and-devilish sketch between the acts.

He let me see, too, that he somewhat wanted at the moment, an onion breath that would have sidetracked my gaze. From his re-

marking that the skies were sweating heavily, and that, since neither of us had either mackintosh or umbrella, surely neither of us were yearning for a rain-water bath or a quest for a sea-going hack, I judged that he felt he was in front of the dreadful necessity of staying longer and justifying himself.

To put that necessity well before him, I said, "Well, I guess we'll be read out of the Boston Company in due, ancient form."

"Oh, we've yet to give a hearing to Rain-in-the-Face Wiglum."

Mention His Hoary Nibs, and he appears. In walked Wiglum.

"Now," whispered Joy to me, "here's where the sacred orator takes the pulpit on a beautiful inspiration. I mean to give this rogue a polite piece of my thought."

Mr. Wiglum! As to his appearance: he was, like many men, about as pretty as one of the grotesque faces that a fever patient sees in a half-sleep. So, too, was Joy, and I myself wasn't much better. Had any of us been awarded a prize at a beauty show, there would have been a riot among the exhibitors. And, therefore, enough as to his looks.

He trod to our table. Reaching it, he smiled a prolonged smile.

"Barter's been here," said Joy.

"Barter, eh?" and Wiglum seated himself.

"And he spilled as much guff and wild whiskey-talk as could an old pie-woman," added Joy. He superadded: "We've been told."

Wiglum nodded, to indicate his perfectly understanding that a disposition had been made of us twins, and then began to talk about himself. As a result of his action in the Boston Bust matter, he apprized us, a certain girl was getting ready to swear that she'd love, honor and obey him.

"There it is!" said I, in an undertone, to myself. "Somebody has mixed romance with business. Wiglum has."

That gentleman went on with his absorbing tale. "I owe to you the information that I never received a very strong invitation to go to Barter's on a social errand." (We didn't know for what reason he had not been strongly invited, nor did we care).

Oh, he talked freely. After a period of grand conduct and careful conversation, he declared, he saw that Barter was agin 'im. Barter, in a word, didn't want him for a son-

in-law. We got, right after that, from Mr. Wiglum, the chestnutty story of how, with the odds against him in his battle for the one girl, he started out with determination in his eye, a patch on the seat of his pants, and a cud of tobacco in his cheek. (Verily, a tale as old as the ice around the North Pole!) Our plot to steal the Boston Bust Company from Barter, he used to make that old Indian come to terms. What could we say? Wiglum had us nailed down with the old proposition that when a man's after a girl, he isn't honor bound to be on the level with anybody.

Of course, we heard more. We had to hear it. "Now," he said, comfortably, "I rub my hands and gloat—now that at last I shall own her."

"His gloating's doing us no good," I could imagine that Joy privately reflected.

"I was ambitious to take care of the girl, and I've carried my point. (Oh, our poor, patient ears!) Gentlemen, I'm engaged to be married to Miss Barter." And we forgot to congratulate him.

Joy's first thought was to justify himself. "We would have won, all right!" he boomed, "but a love affair wasn't in my books." That to me; to Wiglum he said, wistfully: "As I before stated, Barter has spoken, and I'm a Was-It. What? Haven't you stayed at a halt long enough to realize that you've busted our dear scheme? Well, you have busted it—and you've fixed me, Wig. There's nothing for me to do now but to make my funeral arrangements. Bury me on the housetop with my heels to my native Western land."

Wiglum guffawed. Then, rising, he flourished rhetoric to the following tune: "Cheer up, children, for Barter was but showing off. He knows that you two are worth while as workers, and that, inasmuch as he has incorporated, and so made it impossible for you to misbehave yourselves again in the thieving game, you may as well be kept in the family. Anyway, did you think me capable of getting behind you and leaving you on the green, after I had thrown a ruinous kick into each of you? No, sir, you didn't, and you and your young friend are to stay, Mr. Sales Manager. Yes, and the Boston Bust Company is to be greater and stronger than ever. Likewise, our salaries. As a pledge of that"—and he pushed a paw at Joy—"here's the right hand of friendship and brotherly love." Joy gave him his left—either because he forgot himself and fumbled, or because his left was nearer his heart.

After a savage handshake, Joy spoke his little piece. "Well, Wig, each fellow has tried hard for his'n, and I dare say there isn't one of us that will not concede the other the glory of being a harmless fellow." It seemed to occur to him, there, that he couldn't say much more without making a liar or an ass of himself.

While he was feeling for words, something happy happened. A graceful waiter, sailing around the tables with a tray on high, stubbed his toe (struck a rock, so to speak), and cap-sized with his cargo. We three laughed, had a drink together and—and so the curtain dribbles down on a picture of Peace.

PROMISE

WITH a hint of summer graces, through the tangled woodland spaces
Comes the spring, delaying, straying all the pleasant paths along;
And the cedars' stalwart masses, and the dark glen where she passes,
And the willows by the brookside are alive with wing and song.

Oh, I hear her voice a-calling where the laggard snow is falling,
And a jay his wild love-matin trumpets loud and trumpets clear.
Sweet, the darksome days are over! welcome back each feathered rover
And forget the nights of sorrow,—spring, the blessed spring is near!

Sarah D. Hobart

WHEN THE TREASURE SCORED

By Zelia Margaret Walters

STANLEY glanced sidewise at his companion. "Raymond, sit down," he said sharply. "If you stand up again, I shall put you out, and let you walk the rest of the way."

"I won't walk," said Raymond, "I'll sit right down here, and wait till you come back."

Stanley watched the road gloomily without arguing the matter. He had enough to think of. It seemed likely that this boy would keep his happiness from him. He recalled what Lois had said only two days ago, "If you and Raymond loved each other, I shouldn't hesitate a moment. But you don't. He thinks you try to rule him, and I can see that he makes you impatient. He is my one treasure, John, and I don't feel that I ought—" Stanley had started to explain that there was another treasure right at hand, but the boy had burst right in and spoiled it all.

No, he was afraid he didn't like the treasure. He had brought him out today with some vague idea of conciliation, and already the boy was bristling with defiance.

When Stanley turned into the club grounds, his friends were waiting for him. He had just returned from a two years' cruise, and the old fellowship was to be renewed. With a few general injunctions, Stanley turned his charge loose.

But he tasted that afternoon the woes of step-fatherhood. First there was a farmer who came to complain that the treasure was chasing his chickens, then, in rapid succession, Rider discovered that his paper had been used to make sail boats, and Woody wrathfully exhibited his broken eye glasses. There was a lull, during which he hung on the back of Stanley's chair, and teased to be taken for a row on the lake. When it dawned upon him that Stanley's decision was unalterable, he was quiet during the time it took him to shred to bits half a dozen of Ashe's choice cigars. He slid over the railing, and disappeared, before his guardian could call him to account.

"I don't like to disturb you, Stanley," said someone a little later, "but that kid of yours is out alone in a row boat. I don't know that you care much, still, his mother might object if he were drowned."

Stanley rowed out and brought the treasure in, leading him up the walk with a determined hand on his shoulders. The boy looked up into his face, and tried to evade the wrath to come.

"I want you to take me right home," he demanded.

Stanley reflected that the imp was probably young enough to cry, but nevertheless, he answered, "We're not going yet, and you're not going to make any more trouble."

The boy did not cry, and Stanley felt his first impulse of liking for him when he drew in his under lip and winked back a gathering tear.

"Put him in the cellar," suggested Woody, when he saw Stanley looking about for some means to enforce his dictum. "It's empty since they moved up to the new building, so there's nothing for him to meddle with, and he'll be quite safe."

Stanley examined the cellar, and, finding it both dry and light, he locked the treasure in for safe keeping. It was the first time in the boy's life that punishment had been meted out to him, and he had something to think of as he sat on the lowest step. This was what happened to boys who had fathers. Billy West had told him of such happenings more than once, but Billy was very proud of his superiority in possessing a father.

At half past six Stanley stopped his auto at Mrs. Gail's door. She was going out to dinner with him.

"Where's Raymond?" she questioned, looking out on the driveway.

A look of horror overspread Stanley's face. "I forgot him," he said, with desperate calmness.

"You forgot him! Oh, John! Where is he?"

"I left him at the old club house."

"But who was with him?"

"No one. I was the last to leave."

"Oh! but he'll not stay. He will run up to the new house, and there is sure to be someone there who will look after him until we come."

"You stay here, Lois. I'll go and get him."

"No, I must go. I can't trust you. You might forget him again."

There was nothing for it, but to confess his crime, and Stanley confessed as they were flying along the road to the club house.

"Oh, my baby!" wailed Lois, "shut up in that dreadful cellar alone, in the dark. John, you might have had pity on him, no matter what he did. He's only seven years old."

"But, dearest, you know I never meant to leave him there. I just forgot all about him."

"That shows that you have no interest in him. A father wouldn't have forgotten him. And he'll be hungry, and perhaps he'll die of fright. Oh, my baby! How could you be so cruel? No, I cannot forgive you, not now. Oh! why did I trust you with him?"

At length Stanley gave up trying to comfort her. It didn't matter now what he did.

The old club house was dark and deserted. Stanley felt a creeping fear, as he unlocked the cellar door. Suppose—

"Raymond, are you there?" he called.

"Yes. Can I come up, now?"

"Sure, old chap," and Stanley sprang down to meet him. He came back with the boy in his arms, and Lois waited, checking her sobs, for the light from the auto showed her that the child had his arms around Stanley's neck, and Stanley's voice had a caressing note.

"I never meant to leave you there alone, my boy. I forgot you, and went home. You see, I haven't got used to taking care of you yet. But I won't forget you again. Can you forgive me?"

"Sure," said the boy grandly. "And, say, I didn't cry. When I couldn't hear you talk-

ing any more, and it got dark, I didn't like it very much; but I wasn't going to cry, 'cause I'm too big."

"Of course you are; you're nearly a man, and we're going to be chums, because I like a fellow with grit."

"Are we, honest? Billy is his father's chum, but you're nicer."

Lois kissed her son, but she was not tearful over his recovery, nor did she express pity for his suffering.

They got into the auto and drove to a little country inn that served famous fish suppers, and Raymond's hunger was soon a thing of the past. He chattered gaily, his perversity all gone, and Stanley answered him, but Lois sat strangely silent during the supper, and all the way home.

When they reached the house, Stanley came in uninvited, but quite as a matter of course.

"Now, old chap," he said, "it's late, and you've had quite an exciting day, so I think you'd better kiss us good-night and go straight to bed."

"Yes, sir," said Raymond, with a new note of respect in his voice.

"I'm going to take you out for a swimming lesson tomorrow. It's time you were learning some of these things."

"That's dandy," said Raymond, with feeling emphasis.

"Lucy will help you with the buttons, dear," said Lois, kissing him good-night.

"Aw, I don't need anyone to do the buttons, unless my shoe strings are in a knot," he added, in prudent if rather confused afterthought.

"And now, Lois, what will you do?" demanded Stanley.

"Why, I don't know what I can do. He's counting on having you, and he was all that made me hesitate. You know, John, I cared—"

"Bless the treasure!" said Stanley, without waiting for the rest.



THE WOOING OF LADY ELENA

By Edith Tatum

DUKE JOHN sat in his chair of state, and looked down upon the revellers in the hall below with a smile of great contentment upon his fat face; and as he reflected upon the occasion for the revel, and all that had led up to it, his smile grew broader, and he even patted his fat little foot in time to the music of the viols.

Tonight marked the making of peace between Duke John of Frémur and Robert the Bold of Helchemane. Not that they had ever been at open war, but the duchy of the bold duke was Frémur's strongest neighbor, and the knights of Helchemane were continually harrying and tormenting the people of Frémur; and old John had not the power—and now, not the energy—to protect them. So, when Duke Robert promised Frémur peace within its borders, and protection from his wild knights, if Duke John would give him the Lady Eléna in marriage, the old duke eagerly consented—without so much as saying, “an it please you” to the Lady Eléna. She was his orphan niece, and of great beauty, but until now she had met with but slight consideration from him.

Tonight, the knights and ladies of Frémur partook of the feast spread for them, and danced to the music of the court viols; for, tomorrow, Duke Robert would come with his train, and marry the Lady Eléna.

In her brocaded robe of sea-green, her copper-red hair making a glow of light about her head, Eléna sat in a great carved chair by her uncle's side, and watched his fat smile, and her heart was as lead within her breast. For had not old Ursula told her often and often dark tales of the cruelty of Robert the Bold?—this very evening her lady-in-waiting had said that she had talked with a knight who had once seen the fierce duke, and he was old, with grizzled hair and beard. The husband of Eléna's dreams had not been fierce, nor old nor grizzled. She looked down upon the merry-makers; her eyes—green like the sea—roving restlessly from face to

face. Was there not one among the smirking throng to think of her, and to sympathize? Suddenly she leaned forward, and her long, slim hands clasped tightly the carved arms of her chair. Away down in front of her, standing just inside the great door, were two figures, who seemed to take no part in the revel.

The taller of the two was slender and boyish in appearance, with a dark face of exceeding beauty, and the Lady Eléna saw that his gaze was directed unchangingly upon herself. They were stranger knights—or so she judged by their dress—and as she looked at them, they both made her low obeisances. She leaned back in her chair with a sigh. No romance had ever come to her in her seventeen short years, and tomorrow her freedom would end! She tried to watch the dancers; she tried to converse with her lady-in-waiting, but ever and ever her thoughts and her sea-green eyes returned to the stranger knight by the door. There was something in his attitude and steady gaze that affected her most strangely. She put her hand over her heart—ah, blessed saints, how it beat!—and now she could not take her eyes from his. The blood throbbed in her ears; it seemed to sing over and over: “Thy liberty will soon be ended!”

“My lord uncle,” she said, turning to the fat old man at her side, “all my life has been ordered as you have willed it, and I never have made a request of you.” She paused from fright and want of breath. “And there is something—something I would ask of you tonight,” she continued, controlling her voice by an effort; “it will be my last request of you, lord uncle, for tomorrow I am to wed.”

“Something you would ask of me, eh?” repeated Duke John, his little bead-like eyes looking good-humoredly from the folds of his face, “for tomorrow you are to wed?—aye, that's it, tomorrow you wed. Ask anything you please, girl; you may have your one wish.”

"It is this," she said, speaking hurriedly, "that for once I may lay aside all state, and go down into the hall, and dance as one of the courtiers."

Duke John looked at her in amazement, as if doubting that he had heard aright. Then, at last, he said, "Mingle with the people, eh?—and dance? Well, well, and why not? Tomorrow the pretty bird's wings will be clipped, indeed, and the cage will never open again." And he laughed his little fat laugh.

The Lady Eléna, waiting no further bidding, gathered up the train of her brocaded robe, and, with stately step and slow, descended the steps of the dais, and made her way down the hall. The lights shown on her red hair, and the shimmering green of her close-fitting gown. She held her head proudly, and her face was strangely pale. The music ceased suddenly, and the dancers stood still, looking in wonder. She waved her hand to them impatiently.

"Dance on!" she commanded; "I have come to join you for this one time in my life."

As the music and the merry-making began again, she walked straight toward the great door, and the two stranger knights. With lowered lids and slender fingers tightly clasped together, she addressed the one whose eyes had so compelled her:

"Sir Knight," she said, "I have come to request that you would dance with me one measure." Her face had grown rosy red, and for an instant she raised her glance, but the radiance of his expression, and something away down in the depths of his dark eyes made her look away again in confusion.

"My lady," it was the older knight who spoke, "my lord is under a vow of silence until he has performed a certain *dévoir*; so think not strange that he speaks not to you."

But as they trod the stately measure—the whole company looking slyly on—the Lady Eléna learned that there were modes of conversing other than with the tongue; the young stranger's eyes were eloquent to a marvelous degree, and the clasp of his strong, brown hand spoke in a language new to her, but wondrously easy of comprehension. That one half-hour opened to Eléna a new world, and when the silent knight had led her back to the dais, bowed over her hand, and departed, she had forgotten the morrow and the fierce, grizzled duke she was to wed. All through the long

night she sat by her casement, dreaming of the young stranger; and mingling with her dreams there came a half-defined fancy that perhaps in some way he would save her from the hateful marriage of the morrow. The window overlooked her own garden, and the sea that encircled it. The fragrance of the flowers came up to her, wafted by the salt breeze. She looked down into the moonlight, half expecting to see a boat skim over the shining water, and a figure scale the garden wall and come to carry her away. But the night and its dreams passed away, and with the morrow came Duke Robert and his train. Eléna refused to see the duke until the hour for the marriage; but remained in her own apartments, inaccessible to all save her waiting women.

"Oh, my lady, I have seen him!" cried one of the women, rushing into the room in great excitement.

Eléna's cheeks paled. "And is he—" she began.

"Old and fierce-looking, my lady," was the reply, "with such bushy, overhanging brows that one can see only a glimmer where his eyes should be."

"And have you seen aught of two stranger knights?" questioned her mistress, tremblingly. "The one with whom I danced?"

"They have left the court, my lady." And Eléna's heart sank with despair. The marriage hour came and went, and all was as had been planned. The Lady Eléna in her bridal robes was beautiful as the dawn, but cold and still as an ice maiden. One glance at the stern old Duke of Helchemane made her shudder, and she dared look no more. It was only an hour now until her lord would carry her away from Frémur to her new home, and this hour Eléna begged that she might spend alone. Dismissing her women, she went out upon the balcony, and, still in her bridal white, her copper-colored hair hanging in great braids, she descended the steps into the garden. Leaning against the low wall, she looked out across the sea, and her thoughts were full of the silent knight who had looked love into her eyes and left her to her fate. Then she thought of her wild lord, and a long shudder shook her from head to foot.

"My Lady Eléna!" The words were spoken very low, but Eléna started in fright; but fear changed to amazement as she saw

standing in the garden path the two stranger knights.

"Fear not, my lady; my lord and I have come to rescue you from the bondage that is hateful to you." Eléna pressed her hands to her heart, and her sea-green eyes looked despairingly at the younger knight.

"Too late, too late!" she gasped, "I am wedded—not an hour ago. Ah, holy saints!" she added, wildly, "why came you not sooner?"

The two knights looked earnestly into each other's eyes; then the older spoke again to Eléna:

"My lady," he said, "my lord bids me say that he loves you—loves you with his whole soul, and that it is not too late; even now he can steal you away, and hide you where neither Frémour nor Helchemane can find you, and your days shall be one long bliss."

With a cry Eléna held out her arms toward the young stranger. "Ah, my lord, my lord," she cried, "you have broken my heart! I thought you true knight, and I loved you." Then, drawing her slender form up to its full height, she pointed toward

the outer wall. "Go!" she said, and her face looked like the dead. "Go! for though you be not true knight, yet am I true wife to my lord of Helchemane." And, turning, she leaned on the wall, and her face was hidden in her hands. How long she had stood so, she did not know, when here, in the garden she heard the voice of Duke Robert, her new lord, calling her.

"My Lady Eléna," he said, "the hour is gone, and it is time to depart."

"I am coming, my lord," she answered, wearily; she raised her head and stood transfixed—there was no one in the perfumed garden but herself and the stranger knight! His dark face glowed with a wild beauty, and his deep eyes looked love into hers.

"You—you!" she breathed, and the beating of her heart well nigh choked her.

"Yes, I, Duke Robert of Helchemane, have come to claim my true wife. Eléna! Eléna!" he cried, holding out his arms to her, "can you forgive my masquerading? I wanted to woo my bride for myself; and ah, my love, I have found you purest gold!"

With a glad little cry, she went to him. The Lady Eléna had been wooed and won.

IN THE FAR COUNTRY

(THE RUSTIC SPEAKS)

NAY, Lord, take back this golden harp—
Its strings are full of sadness:
For I would hear the shouting winds,
The linnet's song of gladness!

Thy fields, O Lord, are all too bright:
Give me again my meadows,
My little hills with grassy slopes
All dappled with the shadows.

What shall I do without my plow,
When April wakes the valleys,
And I look down on my old fields,
And lonely orchard alleys!

Edward Wilbur Mason



THE OLD FARM HOUSE IN TOWN

By Anna Huber Kent

IT stands alone upon a hill;
Tall, stately trees surround it still;
While zephyrs whisper low and sweet,
And birds their roundelays repeat.

I ope' the door and enter in
The long, wide hall that lies between
Great, spacious rooms on either side,
With doors and windows high and wide.

I walk so softly up and down
That big, old hall, now in the town,
And wonder, as I dream and walk,
What I would hear if walls could talk.

In fancy, old-time forms I see,
Of high-born dames of modesty;
And Southern knights come trooping by,
While happy maidens laugh and sigh

In silken robes of richest sheen,
'Neath which beat hearts all pure and clean,
And blushes play at hide and seek
On every dainty maiden's cheek.

I feel their spirits hov'ring near;
Their low-toned voices almost hear;
I peer behind each big, wide door
For forms that come to me no more.

I see the children at their play,
And hear their carols sweet and gay,
While watching o'er these little ones,
Is "Mammy," sprung from Afric's sons.

To her they go with every pain,
For "Mammy" makes it well again;
And when night's shadows softly creep,
'Tis "Mammy" rocks them all to sleep.

Ah! dear old farm house in the town,
When money's greed shall pull you down,
There'll fall with you some mem'ries sweet,
Of hope's reward, and joys replete.

And forth will go the forms so dear,
Which oft, in fancy, meet me here;
For strangers' feet will press the sod,
Of this ancestral farm abode.

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME DRESSMAKING

IN making up cloth suits, be sure to have the cloth sponged at the store before it is sent home, if possible. If you must do it yourself, first try a small piece with a damp cloth laid over and a warm iron passed over it, till it is dry. If all is satisfactory, proceed with the piece of goods, a half yard or so at a time, till all is sponged.

When making circular skirt, put together and hang on by band two or three days in the closet, when it will sag all it is going to. Then trim around the bottom and face up.

If possible, keep a skirt in a trunk or on a shelf. In cutting a skirt by gores, cut gores separately, as many a sharp shears' slip has cut off *too short the under gore*; lay pattern on each gore, and cut carefully.

Be sure to press all bands, ornamental points, or trimming before stitching, (with a cloth the color of the goods if possible; dark for dark and light for light). This will mean careful basting, but it pays. Press on the wrong side if you wish, but never on the right side unless you have something between the goods and the iron, and sometimes not then. Be careful not to make it shine. Sometimes it has been very satisfactory to take a whole suit after you have it finished at home to a tailor's establishment and have it pressed, at small cost and with good results.

When cutting a skirt, allow one inch at least for the stitching of seams; this is take-up. Let the skirt strike the floor after it is on the band. Then cut it off one or two inches from the floor, as the case may be. Another way is to put the skirt on band, put on, and measure all around with tape measure just the length required, mark with chalk or a pencil, not forgetting allowance for seam at the bottom.

For a girl of twelve or so, measure from the floor up to the skirt, allowing for hem.

When cutting a neck of a dress round or square, do not cut out until the waist is tried on, and then cut it according to the contour

of the face and neck. Sometimes the bust brings the line higher at the throat, and the back must not be lower than the front.

When cutting the front shoulder next the arm, pull the cloth about two inches forward and pin down. After all the front is pinned this gives a fulness where the sink of the shoulder comes.

Set the sleeve about two and one-half inches forward of the under arm seam, the gathers well forward of the shoulder seam.

For ladies troubled with the showing of dress shield, I cover them with white lawn—thin Persian—and edge them with lace. Tie across the arm with narrow white ribbon, and “there ye arre.” *E. A. H.*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

HASTY DRESSING—FOR MEATS

By Winnie F. Dutton, New Sharon, Maine

When serving pork roast, a delicious dressing can be made much more quickly and easily than by the usual method. After removing the meat from the baking dish, place the latter upon the top of the stove and put into it thinly sliced biscuit; moisten with water; add some of the fat that has baked out of the meat; and season to taste. As soon as all is well mixed and hot, the dressing is ready to be served. Stale biscuits are better than crackers for dressing, but yeast bread should not be used.

CLEANING STEEL KNIVES

By Mrs. Peter Winston, Richmond, Va.

Have a small waiter on which put a mixture of two-thirds powdered Bristol Brick and one-third powdered Sapolio. Keep this in a convenient place, and rub the knives with it after every meal, using a large cork as a rubber.

NEAT CENTERPIECES

When centerpieces are freshly washed, do not fold them, but keep them rolled round a cardboard mailing tube. Kept in this way, they occupy a smaller space and never get creased and mussed looking.

HELP THE EYESIGHT

By M. L. A., Portland, Me.

If you wear eyeglasses or spectacles, try this treatment. Wash the glasses using a very soft tooth-brush, and plenty of white soap and water. Rinse well and while wet rub over both sides a very little tooth powder, and rub dry with toilet paper. This occurred to me one day while cleaning my teeth. I was pleased with the result of my experiment, for I found my sight much improved by the aid of polished glasses.

RELIEF FOR SORE FEET

Callous places on the bottom of the feet may be greatly relieved by wearing banana skin through the day, placing the soft side next to the foot. Don't let it come out at the side far enough to crowd the foot; keep in place with the stocking. It is surprising how easily one can walk when the skin is properly adjusted; this remedy has been of great value to me.

USE POTATO FLOUR

Elegant sponge cake can be made by using potato flour. All grocers keep this flour; it comes in different colored papers. For sponge cake get the kind that comes in one pound packages enclosed in light blue paper; a little booklet of recipes comes inside such packages. In making sponge cake with this flour, an even teaspoonful of baking powder is sufficient; too much powder causes a foamy crust on the cake.

TO CURE HAMS AND SHOULDERS

By Louis T. Pallon, Oakryn, Pa.

To one hundred pounds of meat, two quarts of fine salt, three ounces salt petre, five ounces granulated sugar, half-pint New Orleans molasses. Take all of these ingredients and put them in a wooden vessel; mix thoroughly with the hands until the product looks like a very light brown sugar. Have a board or table and sprinkle lightly with coarse salt. Take each piece of meat and rub well on both sides with the prepared mixture, rubbing well into the joint. Lay skin down on the board sprinkled with salt. This will use a little more than one-third of the mixture. Save the remainder, and rub meat again in seven days. And in seven more days repeat the process, making three rubbings in all. When the salt is all absorbed, meat is ready to hang up to dry.

UNSIGHTLY WARTS

By Miss B., Bryan, Ohio

This is a sure and painless remedy for warts on man or beast. Rub the wart with an Irish potato from which a slice has been cut. Repeat this two or three times a day, each time cutting a slice from the potato. Continue this until a potato or two has been used, and the wart will gradually disappear.

EGG-O-SEE COOKIES

By L. J. K., Chicago

One egg, one cup sugar, one-half cup lard, one-half cup sweet milk, one teaspoon cassia, one saltspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one cup chopped raisins, two cups sifted flour, two and one-half cups Egg-O-See. Drop by teaspoonful onto greased tin and bake in medium oven.

ONE WAY TO ECONOMIZE

By E. J. P., Ipswich, Mass.

After washing an article in gasoline, instead of throwing the gasoline away, pass it through a filter paper and it is ready to use again.

REGENERATING WATER

By S. Milo Broune, Blufford, Illinois

The flat, insipid taste so many find objectionable in drinking hot water, may be removed by pouring it from one jug to another.

FOR INFLUENZA PATIENTS

Equal parts of new milk and lime water as a diet for influenza patients is very much superior to whiskey which is so often given.

TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR

Those who are troubled with hair turning gray prematurely will find this an easy and excellent remedy: One ounce of sugar of lead, one ounce sulphur, half-ounce ammonia, and one gill of alcohol. Mix and let stand over night, then add one gill of bay rum, one teaspoonful of common table salt and one pint of soft water. Apply once a day.

TO RENOVATE BLACK SILK

A little crystal of ammonia dissolved with a lump of common soda in a half-pint of boiling water makes a splendid renovating fluid for a rusty black silk.

TO OBTAIN CORRECT SKIRT LENGTH

By Mrs. F. M. Eastland, Bellevue, Wash.

After fitting the skirt, slip it on. With a yardstick resting against the body and the other end on the floor, indicate with a pin how far the other end is from the band of the skirt. Without changing the vertical position, move the yardstick a little, placing another pin. Continue until a row of pins indicates a complete circle around the hips. If the skirt is to touch the floor, turn the hem one yard from the pins; if walking length, measure thirty-four and one-half inches.

FOR MOTHERS

By Mrs. A. W. M., Chelsea, Mass.

If powdered alum is put in rinsing water on wash day, clothes will not burn easily if a child or adult is unfortunate enough to be exposed to fire.

If a little powdered alum is put on the end of a knife, and the same quantity of sugar mixed with it, perhaps one-fourth of a teaspoonful, or a little more, of each, given to a child with croup, following by a little luke-warm water, relief will be instantaneous.

DELICATE TOILET PERFUME

By Mrs. L. A. Prever, Westminster, Vt.

Take a bottle and fill with the petals of any delicate flower or perfumed geranium leaves; press lightly; and fill the bottle with glycerine. In a few days the perfumes will be extracted from the flowers, a few drops of which add a delicate perfume in the water for bathing.

NEW USE FOR TOBACCO

By H. A. Lesure, Keene, N. H.

For a cut, or any wound, where the skin is broken, nothing equals tobacco, bound on, and kept moist for a day; left on several days, it will stop all soreness and heal quickly.

MAKES EPSOM SALTS TASTE GOOD

By H. K. L., Frankfort, Kansas

If Epsom Salts are to be taken, dissolve them in fresh milk, with a little sugar; try it; it is fine.

TO KEEP CHEESE

By Mrs. C. A. Kemmerer, Independence, Iowa

To keep cheese after it is cut, take a paint brush and coat with melted paraffin all sides except where you are cutting from, and in a store this is very convenient, as it keeps off all dirt and flies and prevents mold. Leave side next to cutter without any, and there will be no loss in cheese. When cheese is all cut take off the coating on the last piece, and you will find it moist and in fine shape for sale.

ANOTHER WAY TO WASH CURTAINS

I find a very satisfactory way to do up lace curtains in the spring is to wash and starch in the usual way, and take on the lawn where grass is evenly mowed. Sit down and with a box of toothpicks straighten the curtains and points all out, and stick a tooth pick in each scallop through into the ground. Leave them in the sun to dry, and lift off or remove the picks, when your curtains will be beautifully laundered. This is especially good with Nottingham and net curtains, where scallop is even.

A SUNNY SMILE

By Mrs. Edward B. Hunt, Ovid, N. Y.

The editorial in the September number of the National recalls to my mind this pleasing little verse, which I am sure will find an echo in the hearts of all the Happy Habitors:

"How strange that in this world of ours,
When Nature wears a smiling face;
When rosy-lipped are all the flowers,
The crystal streams with laughter race,
When lark and linnet pour their song
In stirring lays that fill the air;
How strange that in the press and throng
A sunny smile should be so rare!"

TO CLEAN A BURNED GRANITE DISH

By Carrie L. Sprague, North East, Pa.

Put two tablespoonfuls of kerosene oil and one tablespoonful of Pearlina—or plenty of soap—with one or two quarts of cold water in the burned dish. Let it boil thirty minutes, then scrape carefully with a thin knife—till you have removed the black. Then take gasoline and bath brick, and scour, and your dish will be white and clean as new.

A STAINED SINK

By Caroline Briar, Des Moines, Iowa

Pour oxalic acid on spots, let stand a few moments, and the stains will disappear.

MERINGUE

In making a meringue for pie, if powdered sugar is used in place of granulated, the meringue will not be watery.

FOR BITE OF RATTLESNAKE

By Belle M. Williams, Gazelle, California

Sal-ammoniac moistened and rubbed on is an immediate cure. It is well to carry a piece of sal-ammoniac in the pocket where there is a liability of meeting one of the reptiles.

TO FRY EGGS WITHOUT TURNING

By Mrs. C. F. E., Stockport, Ohio

Just before lifting the eggs from the frying pan, dash in a little hot water and cover with a tin lid. The steam generates from the water and will nicely cook the eggs on top and make them white, soft and fluffy.

NOVEL USE FOR OLD CALENDARS

By L. M. Hutchins, Lacon, Illinois

Utility seems universal. I have lately found a new use for the beautiful calendars, after their year's work as "date makers" has ceased. I take off the tiny brass or tin nail fasteners, thus removing from the calendar the pretty individual colored designs used to cover up the month printed behind each design. I use these exquisite little pictures as place cards for parties, dinners, or any social affair where place cards are required. The holly wreath and "Christmas bells" calendars are especially good for such purposes, as a separate bell or bunch of holly covers up each individual month.

DELICIOUS MACARON SOUFFLE

Scald one dozen macaroons in a cupful of milk. Pour gradually upon the beaten yolks of three eggs, and cook over hot water until thickened slightly. Fold into the mixture the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and bake in a buttered mould; set in hot water for about twenty minutes. Sprinkle the top with French candied cherries, chopped fine, and eat with whipped cream.

TREATMENT OF A WOODEN SINK

By Mrs. M. E. Kimball, N. Dixmont, Me.

If any of the sisters of the National are so unfortunate as to be obliged to use a wooden sink, for dish and hand-washing, let me tell them of my manner of treatment, so it will be sweet and easily cleaned. First give it a good cleansing with strong soap-suds. Let it dry two days; then heat boiled linseed oil, and, with a woollen rag, go over it, rubbing hard. After two days, if none rubs off on the fingers, give it a second coat. Do not use the sink until the oil hardens, which will be in three or four days.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

By Mrs. Thomas Jones, Port Williams, Wash.

One gallon of vinegar, twenty lemons, one ounce of salt, one ounce of garlic, one-fourth ounce cayenne pepper, half an ounce of black pepper, one ounce of mace, two nutmegs grated, two ounces mustard; peel the garlic and put the pieces in the lemons whole; mix the other articles together. Cut each lemon half-way through, divide the ingredients equally in the twenty lemons, put them in an earthen dish, cover them with a plate, bake them till they are quite brown. Then turn them into the vinegar which should be in an earthen jar; cover tightly; stir often. This will be ready to bottle in ten days. (Taken from an old English cook-book of 1715.)

USE THE ENVELOPE FLAPS

By Mrs. S. E. Thomas, Columbus Junction, Ia.

We get a good many circulars in unsealed envelopes. I cut off the flaps, and use them to label bottles of medicine, cans of fruit, cups of jelly, etc. They are easily stuck on, and large enough to hold all I want to write. If I wish to do up a small package, I put a flap around it. It holds it nicely, and is easier than tying it. The flaps from large envelopes will hold quite a good sized package.

HEMMING TABLE LINEN

By Mrs. W. E. Woljunden, Chicago, Illinois

When hemming linen in the French or old way, if you will rub the place where stitches are taken with any good white soap, you will find the work much more satisfactory; the soap removes the starch and softens the goods.

VARIOUS USES FOR SODA

By Mrs. L. S. Hosteller, Rush Lake, Canada

1. If butter that has an old or rancid taste and smell is thoroughly washed in cold water in which some soda has been dissolved, say one teaspoonful of soda to a quart of water, it will be sweeter and almost entirely free from that disagreeable odor.

2. A pinch of soda beaten briskly for a few minutes with mashed potatoes, just before serving, will render them white, light and fluffy, and also remove somewhat that old taste that potatoes sometimes have.

3. When cooking wild fowl, throw a bit of soda into the kettle when the meat is about half done, and you will not notice that "wild" taste.

4. Beans or meat of any kind which will cook tender more quickly and evenly, if a little soda be added, when about half done. Never add cold water to beans after they have commenced cooking, as it hardens them.

5. Beef that should have been sold sooner, can be restored to its original freshness by soaking over night in soda and water, to which a little salt has also been added. Wash in fresh water next morning, and cook slowly, adding some soda when beef is about half tender.

AN EXCELLENT STARCH

By J. J. Wadsworth, Nevada

Dissolve one tablespoonful of corn starch in an equal amount of cold water; pour over it a quart of boiling water; stir until transparent. The clothes iron smooth and stiff.

FOR VEGETABLE STAINS ON HANDS

Rub stain on hands made from vegetables with tomato. If out of season, use a little canned tomato. This is better than lemon.

TRY THESE

By Mrs. M. M. Dudley, Coggon, Iowa

To remove a porous plaster quickly, and painlessly, use an application of alcohol.

To cleanse linoleum, first wash in cold tea, then polish with linseed oil.

To slip the rod of a freshly-starched curtain into place, dampen the hem.

SOUR MILK

By Lucy A. Leist, Lancaster, Ohio

In winter it is almost impossible to have sour milk without a bitter taste. By the following method, I find I have no trouble to have a supply at all times, and it is as well-flavored as in the summer time. Fill self-sealing glass jars with good sweet skimmed milk, fasten the cap down tight, without the rubber ring, and keep in the cupboard or any warm place in the kitchen, and in twenty-four hours it will be ready for use.

A NEW WRINKLE IN APPLE PIES

By Mrs. G. O. Hatch Belfast, Maine

After lining a plate with pie paste, put in a small cup of sugar, two heaping teaspoonsful flour, a little salt, a spoonful of caraway seed—or any spice preferred. Mix these ingredients lightly with the fingers, and spread all over bottom of plate. Add a few dots of butter, and fill plate with sliced apple, over which pour a little molasses, and cover with top crust. Bake slowly for an hour or more, and you will have a delicious pie.

BORAX USEFUL TO THE HOUSEWIFE

By Lila I. Dunbar, Mason City, Iowa

1. Borax will exterminate cockroaches.
2. When washing lace curtains, use a tablespoonful of powdered borax in the rinsing water.
3. To whiten palm leaf when it has turned yellow, scrub well in water softened in borax; then rinse in borax water, using a teaspoonful of powdered borax to a basin of water.
4. To polish nickel plate, scour with pulverized borax, using hot water, a very little soap and rub dry with clean cloth.
5. To wash red table linen or red flannel, use a tablespoon of pulverized borax to every pailful of water.
6. To remove stains from table linen, use borax when washing; do not boil but bleach in sun.
7. For discoloration on infants' teeth, clean every day with borax. Apply with soft cloth dipped in borax either dissolved in warm water or pulverized. It will also heal and harden the gums.
8. For moth patches on face, add teaspoonful of pulverized borax to a basin of water when washing face morning or evening.
9. To whiten porcelain sauce-pans, throw in tablespoonful powdered borax and let boil.
10. For cleaning paint or woodwork around doors, throw two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax into a pail of hot water.

ROLLED OATS COOKIES

By Mrs. Earl Paxton, Hayesville, Ohio

One cup of granulated sugar, one cup of butter and lard mixed, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, two cups "rolled oats," two cups flour, one cup chopped raisins. Add nuts if you wish.

FLAVORING FOR SOUP

The tender leaves and small ends of celery should never be thrown away. If dried, they are found excellent for flavoring soups.

VIOLA CREAM

By Mrs. S. G. Brock, Macon, Missouri

One of the most delightful preparations for softening and healing chapped hands, and for other toilet uses is made as follows: Nothing excels it. Three cents' worth of gum tragacanth, five cents' worth of bergamot, ten cents' worth of glycerine, ten cents' worth of bay-rum. Dissolve the gum in one pint of soft water over night, then mix all together and pour into small glass jars. This leaves the skin soft and velvety as soon as applied.

A DUST PREVENTIVE

By M. W. D., Whitebear Lake, Minnesota

To sweep up the dirt under a carpet without raising a cloud of dust, remove the carpet with care; tie a cloth securely around the broom, as for sweeping down walls; then sweep carefully, occasionally beating the broom out of doors. The cloth will take up and collect the dirt, without causing dust.

ECONOMIZING GAS

By N E D., Lawrence, Mass.

In using a gas stove, if one wishes to economize heat, a few bread crumbs put into broths and soups will cause the liquid to boil, when otherwise it would not. When using the simmerer, a paper folded around the kettle will aid still further in utilizing the heat.



STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK IN CULEBRA CUT, SHOWING LARGE ROCK IN MOUTH OF SHOVEL

“MOVING MOUNTAINS”

“THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL”

THE faith that “moves mountains” referred to in Holy Writ is certainly expressed in visible form on the Isthmus where steam shovels remove the *“evidence of things hoped for and the substance of things not seen.”*

It was at Pedro Miguel I first saw a train-load of dirt dumped. There are probably from thirteen to fifteen large flat cars with the side-boards used only on one side, and between the cars are iron aprons, making them “vestibuled,” as it were. Since the regular flat cars have been put into use, workmen have not been content with the original equipment, but have added an eighteen-inch apron, cast in shops on the Isthmus, increasing the capacity of the cars.

At the foot of the lock the Bucyrus steam shovel equipment was at work. The great shovel is a plough-like contrivance which digs into the side of the mountain like the snout of a big alligator, and then swings around and dumps its load of dirt and rock on the flat car, shaking itself like a monster licking its chops, to get rid of the mouthful and be ready for the next bite. These shovels, four times full, fill one of the great flat cars, and a record has been made, I am told, of having a car filled in two minutes. Shovel Number 114 is pointed out as the one which the President mounted in order to have a chat with the steam-shovel man. The way they handle this “big dig” is a caution, though

they seem to dip into the strata as easily as a child lifts a spoonful of porridge from his bowl.

On Shovel 205, I stood for some time with its operator, John McGovern, watching him

chine. There are ninety-five ton, seventy ton, and forty-five ton shovels. There were twenty-four of them at work that day, and the rest were waiting for flat cars. An attempt has been made to use the old French



THE STEAM DRILLS AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO CUT

dig out the walls of trap rock, into which the machine seemed to burrow like a great plough.

Shovel Number 215 made one straight run of three miles by its own power through the Culebra Cut. The shovels are fixed for the next drive while the loaded cars are being switched, so as to allow of the shovel getting a new purchase and being ready for another train. Bucyrus shovels have steel teeth, and while I stood watching, a great rock got in between them. Superintendent Loulan came along and showed us a new trick in dentistry; by hooking the chain around the stone which defied the use of mallets to dislodge it, with its own power, the steam shovel drew the stone from between its teeth.

* * *

Later, I met Mr. Sampson, superintendent of the Bucyrus Shovel Company, who had just finished setting up the sixty-third ma-

chine, in compliance with the first instructions to utilize as much as possible of the French equipment; but when the American flat cars arrive, and the full efficiency of the plant is demonstrated, bulletin records may be expected that will be a surprise, and will prove that lost time is being recovered. At every turn there is that air of brisk, quick action so characteristic of American methods which realizes that to gain is often to "throw away."

Mr. Sampson has had a wide experience of work throughout the tropics, and insists that nowhere has he found work being done with more thorough system, or better results. A comparison between what was done with steam shovels at Hayti and South American points, and the speed secured by the Isthmian shovels was exhilarating. Mr. Sampson seemed to have no doubt but that the 50,000,000 yards would be taken out at the rate

of nearly a million yards during each dry month. The slides on the Culebra cut, which caused some apprehension, were simply a matter of more dirt to dig, and getting back to the rock,—doing a little more digging than was originally scheduled. The French began on the top and hoisted out the dirt, bucket by bucket, whereas the workers are now beginning at the center and digging down and hauling the dirt away on minimum grades.

The shriek of the whistle, the lines of signals, and the improvised towers and mounds of the railroads all spoke of activity and the American ambition to keep moving is certainly animating and expediting the work on the Isthmus. The Jamaicans with red bandana handkerchiefs did effective flagging.

We stopped some time in the pit at Pedro Miguel, and looked at the toe-wall stakes,

French did centrifugal dredge work, because they considered it would be easier than to excavate dry dirt. The pictures of these scenes in the Culebra cut had a wonderful effect in interesting investors, by proving to them that there was already actually "water in the canal," to say nothing of what was in the "stock." The French policy differed radically from that now followed; they were determined to rush on for results, and threw preparatory prudence to the winds; but with us careful preparation is made for the workers so that the work may be pushed forward without hindrance, when once fairly begun.

* * *

There are five dams, and it is interesting to go along the prism of the canal and look at the different elevation stakes. "How



A STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK IN BAS OBISPO CUT

which show where the dam is to be located. In some instances the red-covered slope stakes on either side are set twenty or thirty feet behind the regular stakes, in order that the shovels shall not disturb them. Here, too, one of the little lakes is located in which the

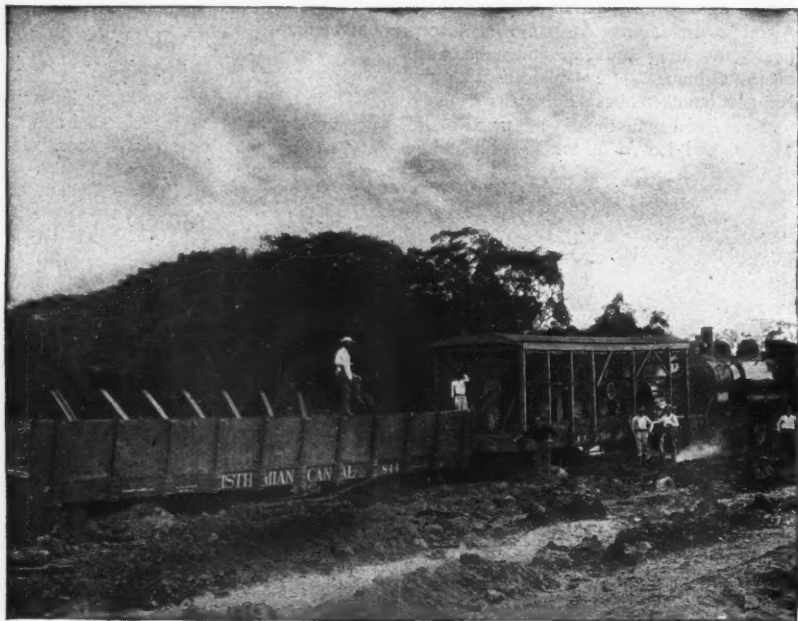
much more must they dig?" "Are they down to the bottom yet?" are the common questions. The visitor usually wants to see the holes from which the dirt has been removed, and this is why the interest circles just now around the Culebra Cut.

The picture showing the line where the French left off digging and where the Americans are now at work satisfies any sane person that the work has proceeded with vigor, showing concrete results even at this early date.

* * *

Grass has grown high around the lakes, and on every side lies the unused machinery left by the French. A number of Belgian loco-

signal." The wonder is that so many trains are handled with so few accidents. The locomotives of the "200" type are used until a certain point is reached, when the trains are doubled, and a locomotive of the "600" type is attached, to take the heavy train to the dump. The whole trackage is arranged with a view to having all the heavy trains come down grade, and the empties up grade. The more one studies the system used in the Canal Zone, the more impressed he is that



VIEW OF ENGINE WHICH COILS THE CABLE THAT DRAWS THE SCRAPER OVER THE DIRT CAKS AT PEDRO MIGUEL

motives are being used, but they are of much less value than those of the "200" type sent in by the Americans, which do the work in practically half the time, and almost make one believe that he is amid the tracks at Pittsburg, instead of on the Isthmus.

On the Panama railroad every locomotive engineer is practically his own dispatcher, for the trains are run with all the speed and simplicity possible; the keen-eyed conductor has to do his own dispatching at the rear; while at the curves, on a high point, there is usually a Jamaican stationed with a bandanna handkerchief, which serves as a "block

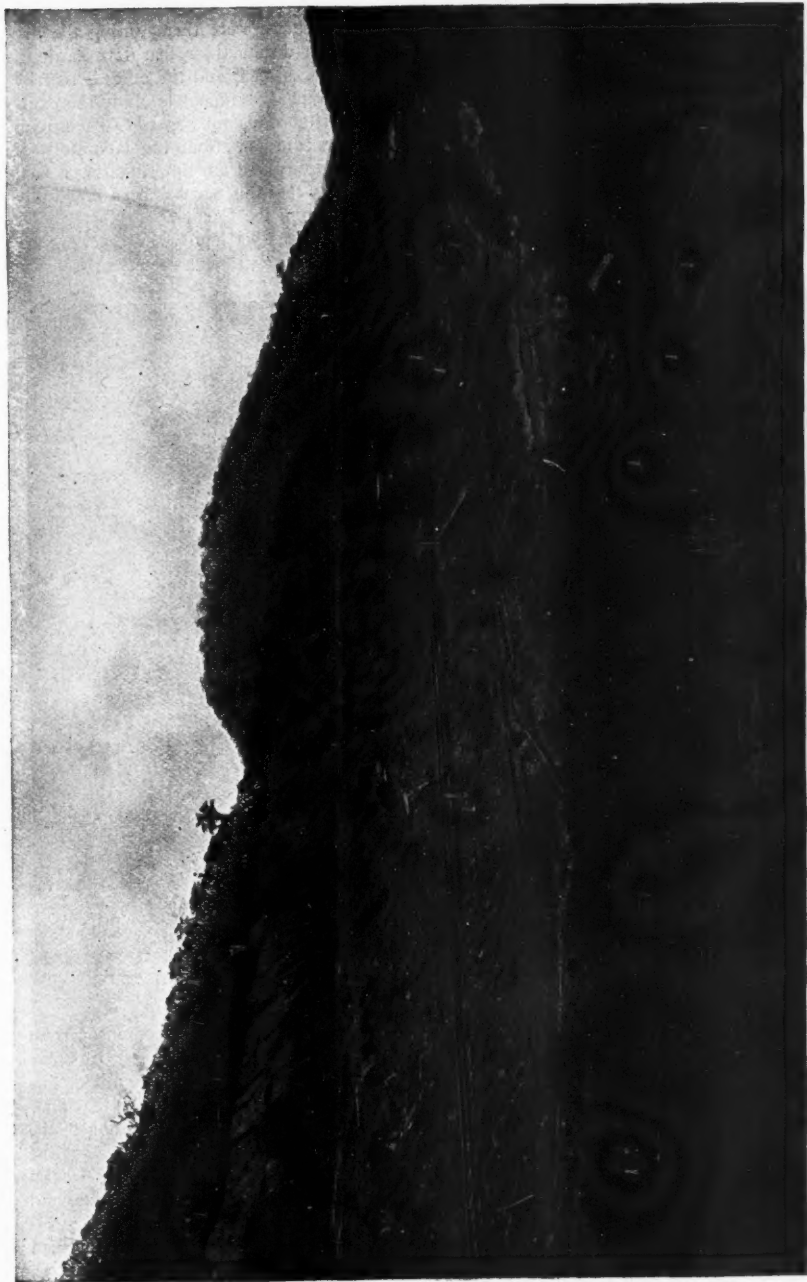
the genius of railroading is digging the canal. As one engineer expressed it:

"It is no longer an impossible engineering proposition—the Panama Canal is now reduced to a great, easy dig."

Dirt trains, dirt trains everywhere, and if all this dirt represented red hematite from the Gogebic Range, the workers could not seek to dispatch it with more celerity.

* * *

At Pedro Miguel I "messed" in one of the bachelor quarters. Giving up a ticket, I passed in and sat down to as good a meal as



AND YET THEY SAY THE AMERICANS HAVE DONE NOTHING. IN THIS VIEW THE DEPTH OF THE WORK DONE BY THE FRENCH IS INDICATED BY THE POSITION OF THE MAN IN WHITE STANDING ON THE BANK. THE BALANCE OF CUTTING HAS BEEN DONE BY THE AMERICANS

I have ever eaten. On the table was a large pitcher of iced tea, and there were soup, beef, three kinds of vegetables, rice pudding and coffee on the bill of fare.

Here I learned that for the American workers the bakery turns out every day over 40,000 loaves of sweet and wholesome bread, though I understand that these are not eaten until the following day, the men using bread twenty-four hours old.

Quinine is always accessible; for there

Of course we were there during the dry season, but during those five days hardly a mosquito was seen, and the officials sent by the Peruvian government to study the extermination of the dangerous species of mosquito had to secure one from the laboratory of Colonel Gorgas. I am simply stating a fact, when I say that this pest has been practically banished from the Canal Zone.

The sun was yet high when the work for the day was over, though some work is done



ITALIANS RUSHING OUT ROCKS TO REPAIR BREAKS IN PANAMA RAILROAD

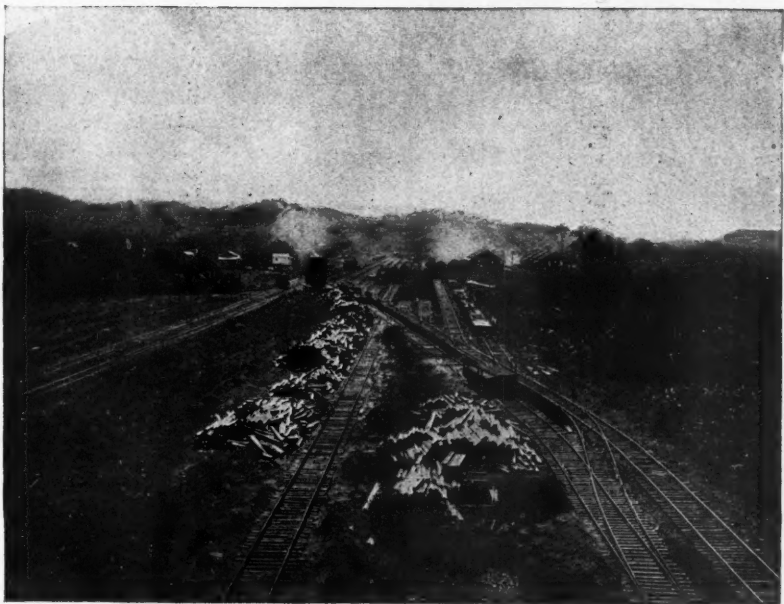
is no gainsaying the fact that the malarial mosquito culex is sly and it is well to be careful. August is considered the most unhealthy month of the year; but the year's health record and death rate would make a favorable comparison with any American city.

The late Dr. Finlay of Cuba, discovered the fact that yellow fever was spread by mosquitoes. He expounded his views, but was laughed at as the "crazy Cuban," though he lived to see his theories recognized as facts. The splendid tribute paid to him by Colonel Gorgas must have been gratifying.

in the cool of the evening, when an overcoat would not be uncomfortable.

Returning with the evening, and looking out over the beautiful waters of the Pacific—"the sapphire spangled, marriage ring of the land"—one could not fail to notice that the crescent of the new moon hung horizontal instead of perpendicular, and how bright and large the stars were! The "dipper" stood perpendicular, and the splendid Southern Cross replaced more northern constellations.

Like most tropical races, the people on the Isthmus are very fond of music, and it is said



VIEW OF SECTION OF RAILWAY YARD AT LAS CASCADAS. THIS IS THE CLEARING HOUSE, ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE, FOR THE TRAINS OF SPOIL FROM THE CULEBRA CUT
VIEW OF SECTION OF RAILWAY YARDS AT PEDRO MIGUEL. THIS IS THE CLEARING HOUSE ON THE PACIFIC SIDE FOR THE TRAINS OF SPOIL FROM THE CULEBRA CUT

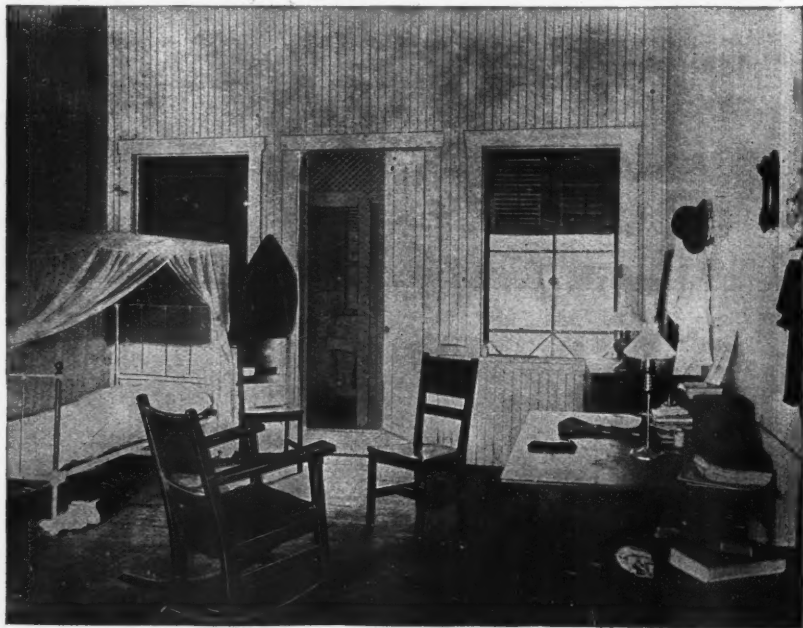
in many of the South American revolutions—in times of political agitation the people are called together in the park by means of music, and while this appeal is being made to their emotional side, the leaders of the insurrection are quietly captured and hustled off to be shot to the ghastly accompaniment of musketry.

* * *

Catching a dirt train, we went up to Paraiso, which is the Spanish for "Paradise," where the married quarters are located. It

white, at Camp Elliot, while the band played the stirring music of the Star Spangled Banner.

After a long and strenuous walk through the cut, we boarded the pilot of a locomotive, to go back to the mess-hall at five o'clock. There in the bachelor quarters, we saw the young men returning from their work. They jumped for their razors and brushes, and then, after a good shower bath, and a change into white suits, shoes and hats, they went off for dinner, and afterward dispersed about the verandas for a quiet smoke or a



ROOM IN BACHELOR QUARTERS AT CULEBRA

was fascinating to go in and have a chat with some of the young people during the noon hour, and the quarters of the older Benedicts were distinguished by the liberal number of baby carriages on the verandas.

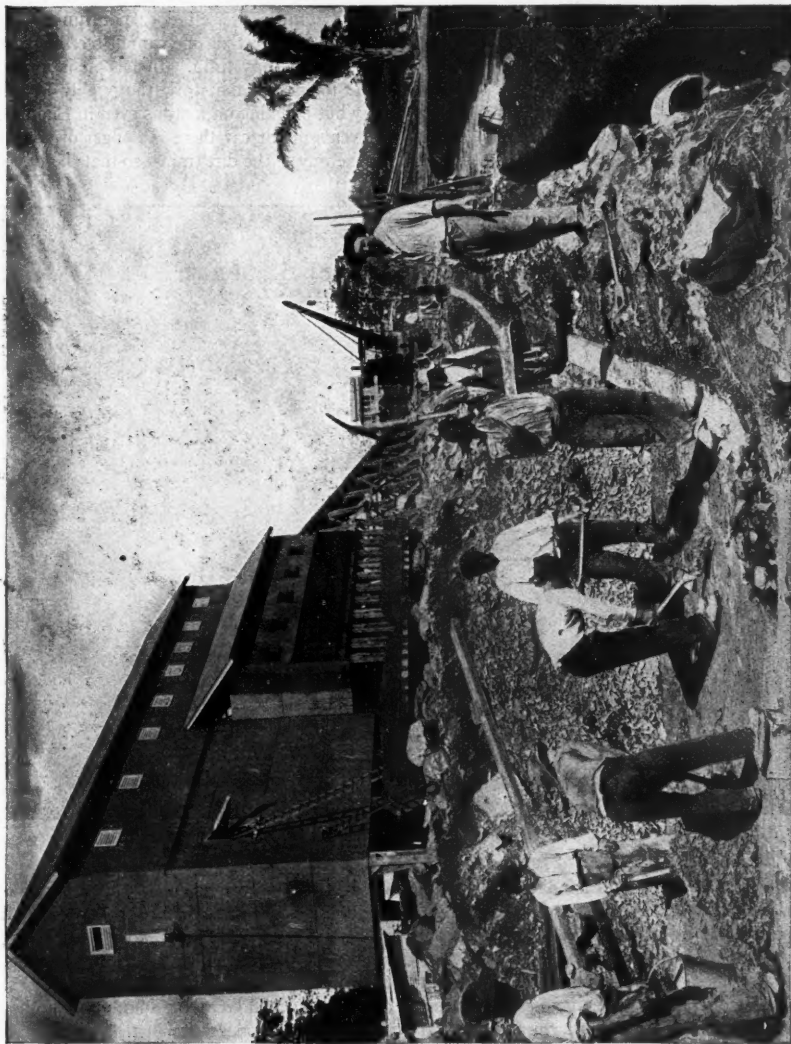
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Up through the cut we passed, and saw the narrow places where they hung out the American flag, when greeting the President's arrival. A scene that will never be forgotten by the boys on the Isthmus was the review of the marines by the President, attired in

chat behind the screens. Everybody was reading, of course,—while the picture was being taken. A wealth of periodical literature is kept on hand, and one might suppose that the magazines were the National, but that was not so in all cases. After an evening on the veranda, they retire to the bachelor quarters, and that is where the boys have good times—you can see that by their faces. If you look closely at the picture presented, you will notice a bottle on the bureau. It is not whiskey, but bay rum, used after shaving; and the owner of the bottle told me that

it was almost impossible to keep it filled when a Jamaican negro was anywhere near. Before he knew this, he noticed with surprise how his bay rum steadily diminished and diminished,

On a rack you may observe a bunch of neckties and collars. Every man buys neckties of varied hues, as fancy dictates, but the boys appear to be like the early Christians and have



SPANISH LABORERS AT LAS CASCADAS. ITALIAN FOREMAN IS SEEN FACING THE CAMERA ON THE EXTREME RIGHT

no matter how tightly he corked it to prevent evaporation. But after a while he "got intelligent," and filled the innocent-looking bottle with kerosene—he has not since been annoyed by the vanishing of the contents.

"all things in common," so that each one has an unlimited variety of collars and neckties to draw from. I heard one young fellow remark that it was impossible to keep a supply of clean collars, because everybody bor-

rows from everybody else, and all have the impression that someone else has some to lend.

* * *

We also visited the negro quarters in the old French cottages, but remarkable improvements have been made illustrative of twentieth century advancement.

* * *

Our attention was held by laborers returning from work, some in Spanish attire—bright

noon, and then began at one and was continued until five. We came upon Mr. Brown, one of the track superintendents. He was on his way up the Cut, with a hand-car, so in we jumped, and made the trip with him. The Panama railroad itself does not run by the Culebra Cut, so that one cannot see the work from the railway train. In fact, it is impossible to inspect the work thoroughly in any way but by going on foot, as even in Engineer Steven's motor car there is danger of getting in the way of the dirt trains, so that the motor



NEGRO QUARTERS AT RIO GRANDE

colored shirts with yellow handkerchiefs, blue-banded hats and white corduroy trousers, baggy at the knees—because if you keep the knees cool you will always be cool—at least so they tell me. They look like the chorus in a comic opera, or like brigands or gypsies, but these Spanish workers have a close rival for picturesqueness and industry in the Italians.

After making the rounds at a rapid pace, with Supervisor Jeffreys, I began to feel "bushed." The work began at seven in the morning, and ceased at eleven in the fore-

noon. However, Superintendent Brown's hand-car answered all purposes. As we went up the Cut, passing by the shovels on either side, I noticed that they were working on four levels, and that one shovel would be on the summit of another and the lower one went just as quickly as those above. The way in which Superintendent Bierd's track hoisters did the lifting of the track was a caution. Instead of laying new tracks, they move them around like a boy playing with a toy circular railroad. Watching the work on the Culebra Cut, it

seemed as though every color under the sun was in the formation of the earth at this point. There was a gray rock, which looked like granite, but in the rainy season a strata which now looks like stone steams like a fermenting vegetable formation. Then there is a trap rock, which gives a great deal of trouble in drilling, but the work was being pushed in indurated clay.

We passed up to Contractors Hill. Here, on November 10, was made the famous blast in which twenty-six tons of dynamite

came crunching along, like a mighty monster hungry for its prey.

* * *

The summit of the hill at Culebra Cut is 650 feet, and in order to get to headquarters, it is necessary to climb the side of the cut.

I scaled the hill with Superintendent Jeffreys, and from him learned an important fact in hill climbing—keep the feet flat. Breathless and perspiring, like Trojans, we reached the summit, passing the club house

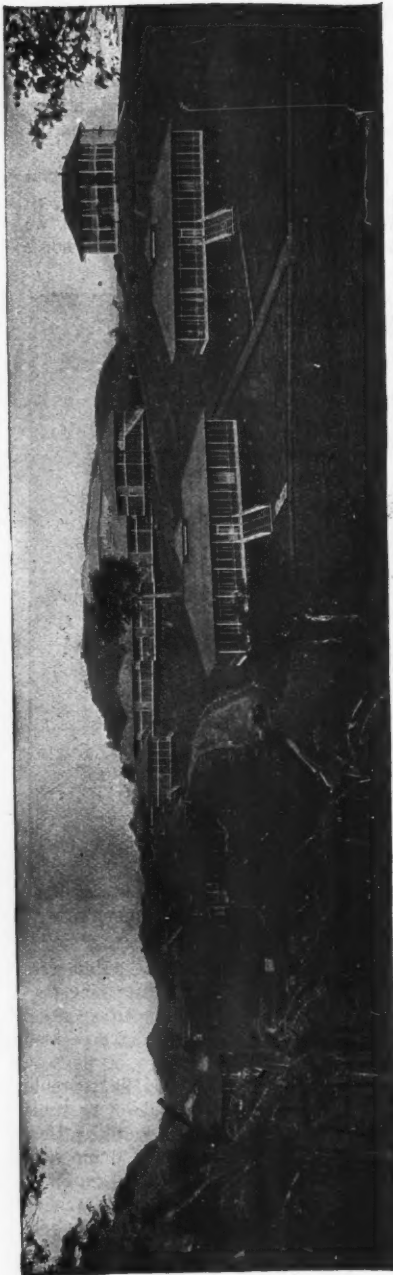


PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT INSPECTING STEAM SHOVEL NEAR ENTRANCE TO CULEBRA CUT

were used. The blasting is chiefly done after five o'clock at night, and after eleven at mid-day, when the men are away from the place, so that accidents are avoided. Holes are drilled for the required charge and dynamite put in for a drill, and it is wonderful how a whole hill can be shattered by carefully regulating the quantity of explosive. Once shattered, the shovels come along and pick up masses of stone and earth which four or five men could not possibly remove, so that fine blasting is not required as in the old days. I stood on the earth just before the shovel

and the Administration Building. Here were also the executive offices. Everything suggested the buildings of some great exposition—and the Canal indeed will be an exposition of American achievement.

From the summit of Culebra Hill, we could see the old town with one side of its street already eaten away by the cutting. Here were the old French "tipping" dump cars, and here also we saw the hospital car on its daily tour over the Isthmus, but there were no passengers that day from the various receiving hospitals.



GROUP OF OFFICERS' RESIDENCES AT CULEBRA—CHIEF ENGINEER'S HOUSE ON HILL AT RIGHT

In the modest home of Superintendent Stevens, at Culebra, I found a man who, even when enjoying the diversion of *solitaire*, or looking over his birds and butterflies, never forgets the work on the Canal. Night and day his mind appeared to run on propositions that would bring out more dirt.

In old Culebra, too, I ran across old Monsieur Desnay, who came there a wild young man, and still remains, rather enjoying the isolation of his life, and now, an old cobbler, he taps boots and shoes and talks about the distinction of his family name, for he is of the family which Jeanne d' Arc ennobled with great deeds, and probably the only man of his name on the Western Hemisphere.

While every move made on the Isthmus is calculated with a view to the greatest economy consistent with good work, yet everything is done with an eye to the fact that it must last out the *next six years*, which gives an air of permanency to the arrangements. At Culebra, I secured my psychological clue; for in six years from the day and date in which I was walking out and down the prism, I calculated that I should be able to ride in a steamship on the finished canal in practically the same spot; for if the present plans are utilized, it will mean fifty million cubic yards more to move, which includes the dirt to be taken from the land slides and other contingencies of a like nature. On close figuring, the actual work, utilizing the full and present efficiency of the plant, may reach 1,000,000 yards a month. Its removal must take four years, add another two years for the rainy seasons, and the many other delays that are sure to crop up, and you have a period of six years. This prophecy was endorsed by everyone with whom I talked, and also by those who planned the temporary structures; for there is a general understanding that everything must be built to last at least six years or until the canal is opened.

* * *

Superintendent of Buildings, Mr. Belding, is a busy man, and as soon as his orders are issued for a structure, the clang of the hammer is heard in the land, and the dwelling goes up like magic.

The roofs of all the buildings are usually of corrugated tin, but a quantity of other roofing has been ordered. During the rainy season the roof is an important consideration



BACHELOR QUARTERS AT CULEBRA—NOON HOUR

Many people on the Isthmus insist that work really began on February first, when they began to pour proteids into the workmen, and Jackson Smith inaugurated a vigorous commissary campaign. The houses are built bungalow style, and have large living rooms, and each house has its pantry and shower-bath and is equipped with water and electric lights. The bath is a daily necessity in Panama, and neglect in regard to it is one of the reasons for the great fatality from pneumonia among the Jamaican laborers. They persist

It is generally agreed that pavements and sewers are at the foundation of improved sanitary conditions, for in the rainy season they will carry off the filth with the water, so that this wet season will be regarded as a sort of house-cleaning time, rather than a period to be dreaded in future years.

* * *

I saw a native family of six children, with their father and mother, all living in a one-roomed hut, but they were a picture of contentment and unity. The good mother could



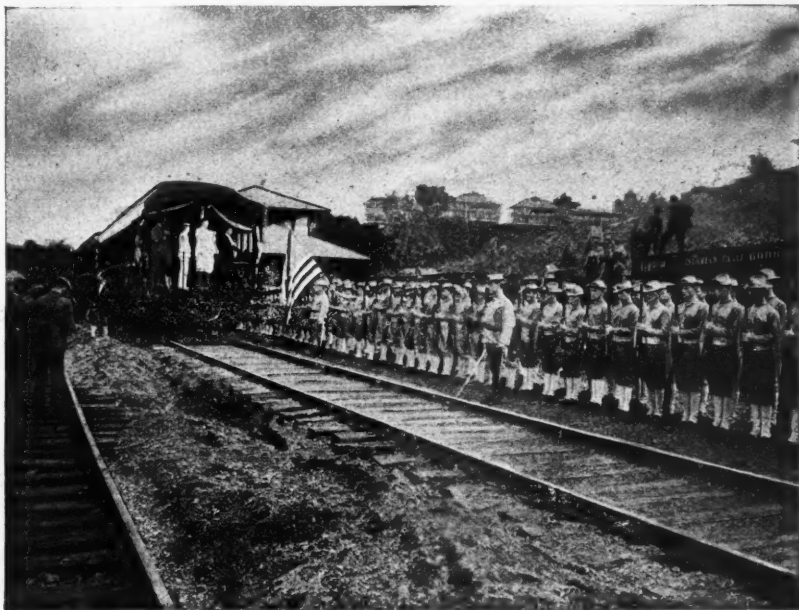
MESS HALL AT CULEBRA, IN WHICH MEN ARE ALLOWED TO EAT WITHOUT THEIR COATS

in sitting in the damp clothes they have worn during working hours, and refuse to bathe daily. Of course quinine is used, and is necessary, although many claim that they have not taken any. There may be a time when you can get along in the Isthmus without medicine—but not yet. The one great thing to remember is that you are in the tropics, and in order to keep your health it is necessary to be careful—dissipations and indulgences that may be harmless in moderate latitudes, are not safe here, but to the temperate there is no danger in the climate.

speaking but little English, though the children were able to explain to me that out of their father's earnings they had already saved some money. The smaller children were playing with bottles and tin cans, labelled "Campbell's Soup" and "Devilled Ham"—dainties probably never tasted by them,—and lo and behold in appropriate admiration, a "Whitehouse Coffee" can was given a post of honor. They were having a delightful time with these improvised toys; everything in the way of bottles, cans or chromos charms the natives. A red handkerchief is a treasure.

Empire is situated on one of the most beautiful town sites I have ever seen. It was originally Emperado, the Spanish form of the word Empire. Here the disbursing office is located, and the street leading up the hill, with the well-kept lawns and sprinkling of royal palms, is certainly a scene to delight the heart of the seeker after the picturesque. We walked up the hill with Lieut. Foley who was looking out for news or mosquitoes. The handsome club house building was nearly finished, and the street circling the bachelor

Just a moment in the Panama jungle. Stepping from the beautiful Americanized town site into the forest, lo! on every tree hung a curtain of moss, reaching from the topmost limb to every outlying branch and twig. Above was a tall water vine, about two inches in diameter. In order to obtain the water, it is only necessary to cut at the top and bottom, when the liquid flows out, clear and cold. Here orchids and rare air plants may be seen which, in comparison to those he cherishes in his best orchid house,



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT REVIEWING THE MARINES AT CAMP ELLIOTT. THE BAND IS PLAYING "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"

quarters indicated that the engineers had an eye to beauty even if it were only in a temporary dwelling. It was necessary to have board walks on nearly all lawns, on account of the wet seasons, and it was wonderful to see how much could be done with a machete, an implement which is used for all purposes by the natives. Turn from all these improvements, and contrast them with the jungle near by and at once it is apparent that rapid advance has been made in sanitation. The day will come when the Zone towns will rival Palm Beach as a resort.

would drive the orchid fiend to despair. These air plants fasten on every available spot; on every stick of timber, or anything that will give them a hold.

The soil here reminded me of the hematite hills of the Gogebic Range, or about Birmingham, or the battle fields of Virginia.

The jungle is not all beauty. There are dark pools where the alligators hide, and sunny swamps where they bask, opening their cruel jaws to swallow—no, they don't get men, but they are obliging, and consume many mosquitoes, which seem attracted to

their destruction as moths fly to a candle. The bold native method of catching alligators is adventurous. A strong stick is sharpened to a fine point at both ends, and when the creature opens its jaws to snap, the stick

were a few "too frequent" beer saloons, referred to by the President, and the entrances put forth a tempting invitation to the eyes and hearts of Americans in the form of the Stars and Stripes. Out on the hill, outside



DISPLAY OF AMERICAN FLAG ACROSS CULEBRA CUT, WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIN

is thrust in, and as he closes his mouth the points pierce the roof and tongue, and after that he has certainly "got the hook."

It is said that many a veteran alligator reposes in the little lakes on the canal, having something like forty feet of water in which to dwell for the present time, but they are already doomed; for they will be destroyed when these places are drained.

* * *

Speaking of alligators—every able-bodied American feels bound to kill one, and they promise to disappear from the Isthmus as completely as the bison has vanished from the West, but, unlike him, they will not be regretted. Alligator skins are not considered worth a great deal, though I remember that I paid a good price for an alligator bag in Boston.

Empire is a busy place. Of course there

the town, is an old French house in which Superintendent Bolich lives. It has a history, and speaks of the early days when the French dreamed of luxuriant life in the tropics—dreams that were so rudely shattered, though they left behind them many footprints of real progress and enduring work.

* * *

The superintendent is a little man, full of activity and brimming over with energy, and his dwelling affords a good view of the important work which he superintends.

We climbed over the cobble-stone pavements to the summit of the hill, and a beautiful view met our gaze as we looked down toward the Culebra Cut. It was interesting to have Mr. Bolich point out to us where the mountains of earth had already been removed, and his enthusiasm concerning the prospect for the future was contagious.

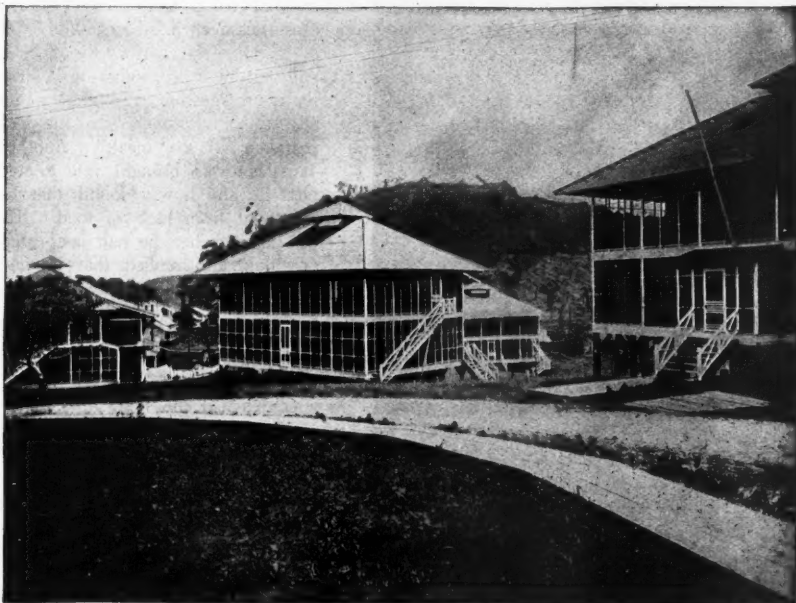
Down the river from Empire are the shops at Gorgona, where twenty-one sheds shelter the shrieking iron horses. Here is also a large brass foundry in operation, and on up the cut a compressed air plant furnishes power for driving the drills. It is even thought that the time will come when compressed air will also be used for operating the mammoth steam shovels.

At Empire we saw "House Number Fifty," where the President alighted from the train and rushed immediately to inspect some of the abuses on which reports had been made, but three months is a long time on the Isthmus—since then great changes have been made, and many more improvements are progressing.

On Bas Obispo hill the government calculations were somewhat disturbed. A tank had been carefully provided to test the rainfall for information on the reservoir cal-

his rays directly down on the tank, but the evaporation continued at a rate that not even the torrid sun of the tropics could account for. It became so singular that the man in charge decided that something must be done, so he watched and discovered that a solitary mule found his way to the summit of the hill night after night, and calmly quenched his thirst, aiding evaporation very materially—so the mystery was explained.

When it is realized that fifteen feet of water fall in one season, it can be understood that there is certainly a rainy season in Panama, where the fall is not measured by inches, but by feet. One solid foot of rainfall is a good deal, but fifteen feet is almost unimaginable. This is the season when mud and rain coats form the topic of conversation, but I was told that the showers come regularly and usually occur in the afternoon.



MARRIED MEN'S QUARTERS AT CULEBRA

culations. It was necessary to ascertain the rate of evaporation exactly, and the gentleman in charge was astonished to find remarkable records being made over night in this matter, but for some time thought that probably the sun was becoming hotter and shot

Across the Isthmus extends the Oil Pipe Line of the Union Oil Company, an indication of pipe line activity. This work was certainly rushed to completion.

Over hill and dale, through swamp and lake, the pipe line runs, its contents crossing



VIEW OF CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING TOWARD THE PACIFIC. ARROWS INDICATE DIFFERENT LEVELS

the Isthmus in a steady stream that would defy even a minimum canal water rate. Every mile or so there are water gates, which offer material for the exercise of the wit of the humorous traveler in passing, who speculates as to whether the water is in the stock or in the oil or in both. Whatever else may be said of the new Un'on Company, it must be admitted that it has made a record in laying this pipe line across the Isthmus, which has been done at a rapid pace.

* * *

Previous to the making of arrangements by the United States government for the feeding of the laborers on the Canal Zone, some curious cases came to the knowledge of the hospital corps and other officials. One Jamaican had been in the habit of buying five cents' worth of lard, and, putting a little sugar on it, licking it up from his hand, announcing after this performance that he had partaken of a "meal." Another Jamaican was brought into a hospital ill, and it was found that he was faint from lack of food. He was asked when he had last eaten anything, and replied that he had fasted for forty-eight hours. His pockets were searched, and twenty dollars discovered. The natural inquiry was: "Why did you starve with so much money about you?" which elicited the reply: "I could not bear to break it, sir."

* * *

These instances, and others, came to the attention of the authorities, and they realized that, if they were to have work, they must "pour in the proteids," meaning beans and other substantial foods. It is said that the government's interest in the feeding, housing and general care of the workmen has done much toward obtaining the best class of labor direct from Spain and Italy, and encouraged the interest of the authorities in these countries.



STREET SCENE IN PANAMA. SHOWING TYPICAL CONDITION OF STREETS BEFORE PAVING

HISTORIC EPILOGUE *of* PANAMA

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

WHEN, in 1513, Vasco Nunez de Balboa with infinite labor, poled his crude batteaux up "El Rio Lagartas," or Alligator River, for such was the primal christening of the swiftly-flowing Chagres, and, crossing the ridges of the western Cordillera, saw before him great savannahs and the majestic Pacific, he pressed onward until he entered its shallows and claimed that fair land and the great South Sea as a fief of the crown of Castile. Two years later, Captair Tello de Guzman was sent to explore these shores from the Pacific, and finding a little Indian fishing village, called in the native tongue Panama, (abounding in fish) gave that euphonious name to the new country. Don Pedro Arias Davila, governor of Castilla del Oro, by which term the whole Isthmian territory was then known, settled a colony here,

in 1518, which became so important a haven and mart of commerce that the emperor, Charles V, made it a city, in 1518.

The early travel to and from the Gulf of Mexico was chiefly by canoes and barges, poled up-stream against the swift Chagres to Cruces, whence mules and horses traversed the fifteen mile trail to and from Panama. In due course of time, the mouth of the river was fortified, and a garrison detailed from Panama to protect the trade. Puerto Bello, further east, was however, a better harbor and more easily defended, but so very pestilential that it was known as "the grave of the Spaniard," and only a remarkable traffic in gold, silver, pearls, cinchona, and like valuable merchandise carried by caravan from Panama to meet the galleons of the yearly plate-fleet reconciled merchant and

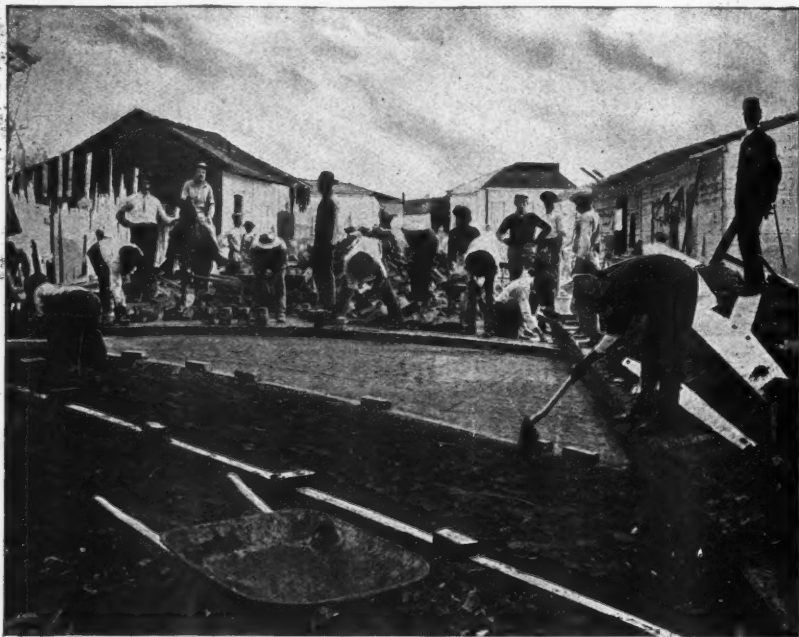
mariner to a brief season of great profit and wild hilarity, such as men can enjoy and appreciate even when their comrades are dying by scores and hundreds.

* * *

On the Gulf Coast the land was called Darien, and many now living will recall the time when the geographies spoke only of the "Isthmus of Darien."

For a century and a half, Panama grew in size and importance, worried at times by the English captains, who, like Drake, threatened

a lofty hill commanded the estuary and roadstead, and Morgan, leaving here his fleet, took to his boats with some 1,200 picked men. Unable to row against the rapid stream, and unused to poling their heavy yawls and long-boats, they took to the river banks, and for nine fatal, terrible days fought with the jungle, its insects, tropical heat, and starvation. The Spaniard had stripped village, field and granary of food and cattle, and only an occasional and deadly flight of arrows from some impervious ambushade proved that relentless



PAVING WITH VITRIFIED BRICK IN PANAMA. LAID ON A CONCRETE FOUNDATION

her Pacific coasts and captured Peruvian plate ships, and even the great Manila galleon, or with Hawkins and others harried Cartagena, Puerto Bello and Nombre de Dios along the Caribbean; but it was not until 1670 that Henry Morgan gathered at Hispaniola the Brethren of the Coast, French and English corsairs and it is said half a dozen cruisers from New York and New England, and, with twenty-four vessels and 2,200 men, essayed to reach and capture Panama. Captain Bradley, with five ships and 800 men, took Chagres, or rather the stone castle and twin batteries which from

foes knew of their coming and would show no mercy. On the seventh day, a few stray calves and dogs were slain and devoured, and on the ninth, from a hill, still called "El Cerro de los Buccaneros," they saw the great South Sea, and rich meadows abounding in herds, and far away the strong walls and tiled roofs of Panama.

* * *

The Spaniard, instead of awaiting attack, and trusting too much to a numerical superiority of at least five to one, attacked in the open, and, under the deadly aim of the long

guns of the buccaneers, the attack became a repulse, the repulse a rout, and the rout a massacre. That very night, Panama surrendered, and after rapine and pillage had done their horrible work, the greater part of Panama was destroyed by a conflagration. Two million dollars in money and bullion, beside pearls, costly drugs, gems, etc., were carried back to Chagres, and there divided among Morgan's followers. Panama was

money and life, "A man to every tie" was the local estimate of the victims to yellow fever, cholera and malarial poisoning. In 1853, it had only penetrated to Babicoa, whence, after a stay of one night, the Indians poled the great canoes up to Gorgona, whence a fifteen mile ride on mule back brought the traveler into Panama, no longer the entrepot of Peruvian and Colombian commerce.

Later on, Panama became a state, and



NORTHERN AVENUE, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE COMPLETED INCLINE

rebuilt, and in 1737 was again swept by a great fire.

Rebuilt in 1741, it boasted of many stone buildings, governmental and otherwise, of which a branch of the Lima Inquisition was a prominent feature. The business and methods of transportation remained much the same until, in 1849, the exodus to California made "the Isthmus Route" a favorite one. The New York steamship line established landings and offices at Colon, or as it was then called, Aspinwall. Hence a railroad was slowly constructed up the Chagres Valley at an awful expenditure of

Chagres and Aspinwall were forgotten in the new name Colon.

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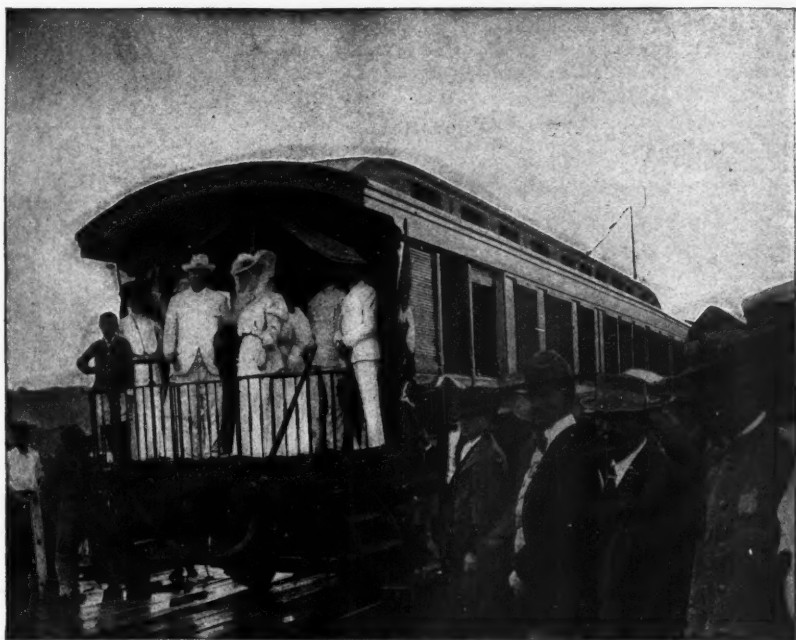
Little was done in the way of canal exploitation until, in May, 1878, Lieutenant Lucien N. B. Wyse and his associates secured from the government of Panama exclusive privilege to construct and operate a canal. The International Congress of 1879 gathered 135 delegates, mostly noted engineers, eleven of whom came from the United States. M. Ferdinand D. Lesseps, then at the zenith of his fame, was the leading spirit, and it was decided that



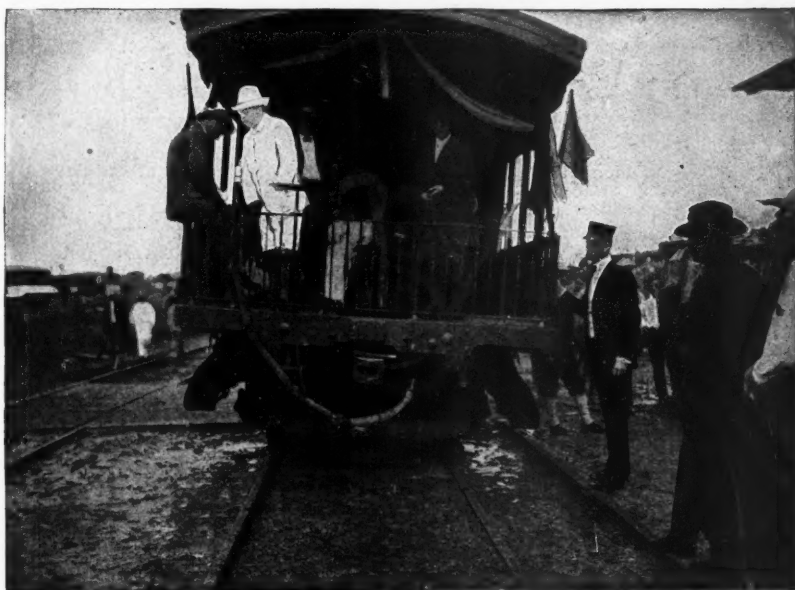
A GROUP OF TYPICAL SPANISH LABORERS ON THE CANAL. THESE WORKMEN ARE THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION IN THE CANAL ZONE

a sea-level canal between Colon and Panama could be built in eight years, at a cost of \$217,000,000. The "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Inter-Oceanique de Panama," organized under De Lesseps as president, and paid Wyse and his associates \$2,000,000. Work began in 1881. In 1892, \$260,000,000 had been expended, only a small part of the

work done, and the live assets were only set at \$140,000,000. The company re-organized in 1894, with a capital of \$13,000,000, had its concession extended to 1910, the cost being then estimated at \$102,400,000. On June 30, 1899, the company having expended \$8,000,000 to little effect, looked to the American government as a purchaser for \$40,000,000.



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY ON THEIR SPECIAL



"THERE'S A CHIEF AMONG US, TAKIN' NOTES; AND FAITH, HE'LL PRINT 'EM."



RESIDENCE OF THE SURGEON AT COROZAL



THE PRESIDENT ON A PANAMA OBSERVATION CAR



HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS, ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, CULEBRA, CANAL ZONE

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—1, J. F. Stevens, Chief Engineer; 2, H. D. Reed, Executive Secretary; 3, W. G. Comber, Division Engineer, La Boca; 4, E. P. Shannon, Secretary of Chief Engineer; 5, W. G. Bieri, Manager Panama Railroad; 6, Jackson Smith, Manager Labor Quarters; 7, Captain Shanton, Chief of Police, Canal Zone.

SECOND ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—1, J. G. Holcombe, Division Engineer, Municipal Engineer; 2, Colonel Gorgas, Chief Sanitary Officer; 3, Joseph Ripley, Assistant Chief Engineer; 4, F. A. Maltby, Principal Assistant Engineer; 5, W. G. Tubby, Material and Supplies.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT—1, E. J. Williams, Disbursing Officer; 2, D. W. Bolich, Division Engineer, Culebra; 3, R. Arango, Division Engineer Met. and River Hyn.; 4, H. L. Stuntz, Local Auditor; 5, G. D. Brooke, Superintendent Motive Power and Machinery; 6, W. M. Belding, Master Builder.

The PERSONNEL on the ISTHMUS

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL"

IN reviewing the impressions of a trip to the Isthmus, after returning home, the one thing that has left a lasting impression is the splendid personnel and *esprit de corps* of the workers on the Isthmus—for workers indeed they are.

The following is a list of the present members of the Commission:

Mr. John F. Stevens, Chairman and Chief Engineer; Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. Army; Rear Admiral Mordecai T. Endicott, U. S. Navy; Brigadier General Peter C. Hains, U. S. Army; Benjamin M. Harrod, Civil Engineer; Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U. S. Army, Chief Sanitary Officer; Mr. Jackson Smith, Manager of Labor and Quarters.

Upon the re-organization after the retirement of Mr. Stevens, it is understood that the

following will be the composition of the Commission:

Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. Army, Chairman and Chief Engineer; Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U. S. Army, Chief Sanitary Officer; Major George Du. B. Gaillard, U. S. Army; Major Wm. L. Sibert, U. S. Army; Mr. Jackson Smith, Manager of Labor and Quarters; Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn.

In addition, there will be appointed a naval engineer whose name has not been announced.

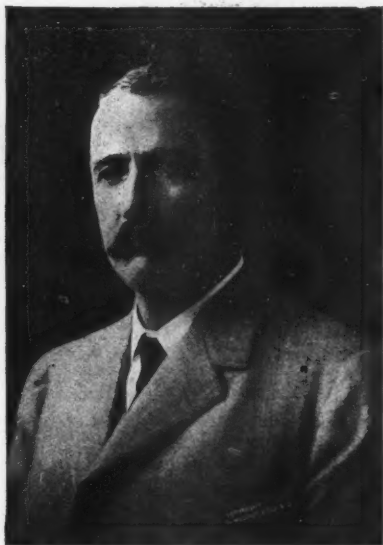
His long life of activity in railroad construction and the management of men, fitted "Big Smoke" Stevens to be a leader and to inspire the work spirit on the Isthmus. His popularity was of the kind that finds results in work, rather than in words. He found an organization in the condition of a hastily-re-

treating army on the Isthmus, but he re-organized his lines with practically the same men and rallied one of the most effective working forces to be found anywhere. The Jamaican labor with which he had to deal when he arrived in Panama, calls up memories of Kipling's stirring description of the drill ser-

transportation, and this problem is of vital importance in canal construction. A Western railroad man, who has been accustomed to driving snow ploughs over a single track in the Rocky Mountains, came to the Isthmus and organized a train service that is second to none in transporting dirt from the shovels to the dump. His name is M. K. Jones, and he is superintendent of transportation.

A tall, lean, lank Irishman, an honored graduate of the Boston Institute of Technology, and a practical engineer, the man who led and organized the dumps—though he is no "Jim Dumps" by any means—is L. K. Rourke, superintendent of tracks and dumps. With the tracks and dumps in order, the transportation problem is simplified, and digging goes on apace.

The sixty-three alligator-mouthed shovels, steadily munch away and devour ledge and



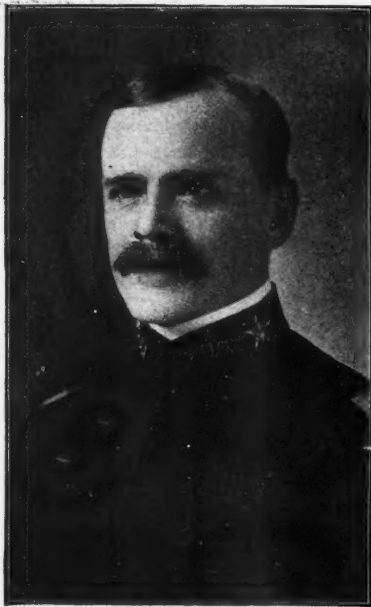
CHAIRMAN JOHN F. STEVENS

geant in Egypt who made "rifle men from mud," and "Held 'em, held 'em, held 'em in the charge that won the day."

With characteristic modesty, Mr. Stevens always tells you that the credit is due to his predecessors for the work which they accomplished, and also to "the men behind the shovels."

There is that little quiet-looking man, who might easily pass unnoticed in a crowd, but who has charge of that most important division the Culebra Cut, and wears the title of division engineer, Mr. D. W. Bolich, and yet when he stands on a knoll and looks out, up and down that cut, he seems to know every rock and crevice and take mental measure of every shovelful of dirt. When he said "*the canal will be finished in six years*," I felt that I was talking with a man who knew whereof he spoke.

No less an authority than James J. Hill said that the great problem of the age was



MAJOR GAILLARD, ONE OF THE NEW ENGINEERS

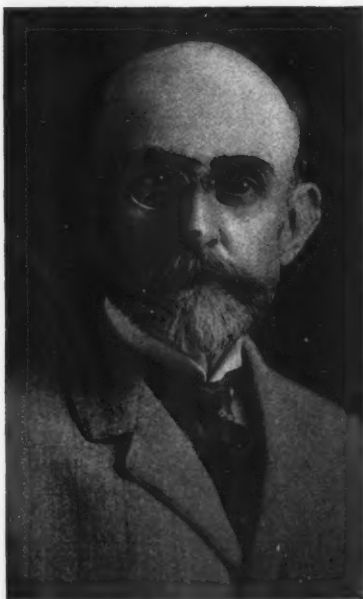
appetizing provender from the ditch, with the assurance that what they have bitten off will be duly taken care of, and the excavation goes gaily on in charge of Joseph Little—little only in name—who has charge of all the shovels.

When a worker has been on the Isthmus



VIEW OF ANCON HILL.
VIEW OF PANAMA AND BAY FROM ANCON HILL

for over a year, he is accounted a "pioneer," and one of the early men who loves to talk of the previous canal work is F. B. Maltby, the division engineer of the Colon district, recently promoted to be assistant engineer. He came direct from a Mississippi river improvement campaign, and with hard, dogged



SECRETARY JOSEPH B. BISHOP

work has placed the survey and appraisal on a firm basis. During the absence of Mr. Stevens, he had charge of the work, and when I saw how the work is inspected on the new traveling crane, I made up my mind that Mr. Maltby might be a man from Missouri, for, climbing over the tall iron beams, he seemed to have a glance for every pole and rivet.

William Gerig, who suggested the Sosa-Corozal Lock that saved the government millions of dollars, goes right ahead with the work, and draws his modest salary with undaunted enthusiasm.

The man who paved the streets of Panama, completed the water system of the Isthmus, and established the splendid system of sewerage that enabled the sanitary department to push their work rapidly, is J. G. Holcombe, division engineer.

To transform the old square, box-like Bel-

gium locomotives into machinery that will move, was the task of George D. Brooke, superintendent of motive power, the master mechanic who provides the mechanical sinews for the activity on the Isthmus.

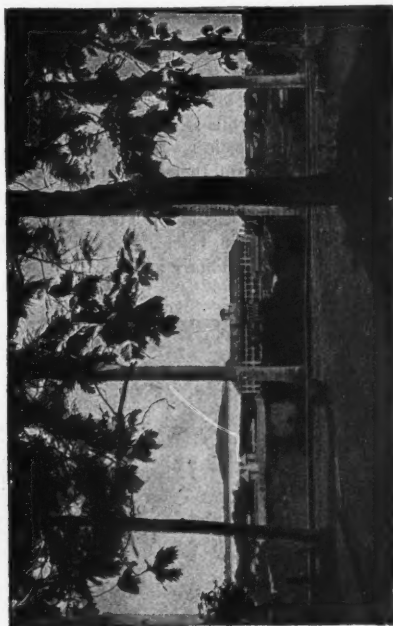
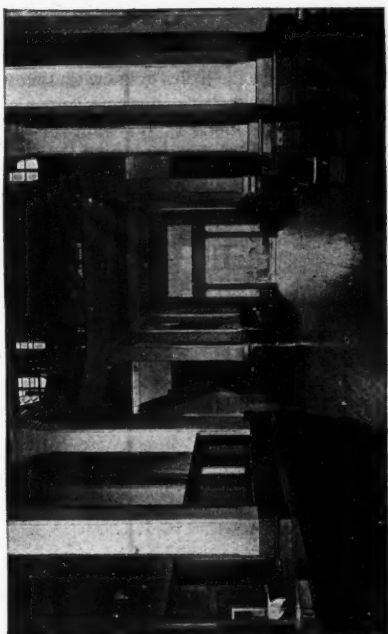
With villages springing up on the hillside almost as swiftly as the mysterious dwellings in the "Arabian Nights," William M. Belding, the master builder, is kept busy, and if he had the contract for King Solomon's temple, he could not be more exacting in the requirements for the thousands of good carpenters from the West Indian Islands, who have been educated to American methods; and wherever carpentering is done on the Isthmus you feel that the sound of saw and hammer are as eagerly listened for as the sweetest music evoked from the keys of the piano or organ.

Walking through the large warehouse on Mount Hope, one finds an assortment that rivals even the catalogue of Sears & Roebuck for variety, and if the government ever issues a list of what is provided for the use of the

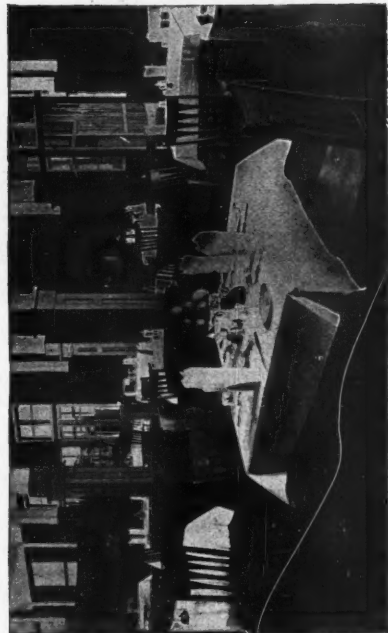
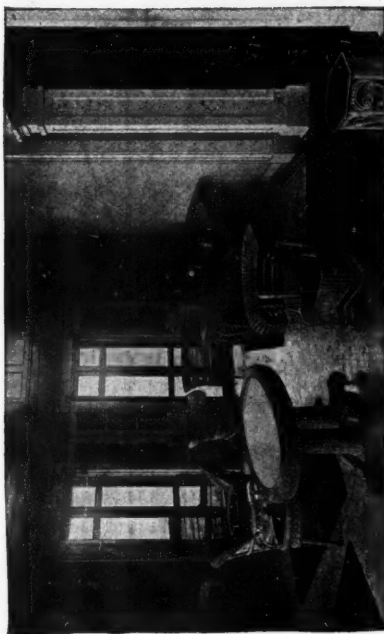


SUPERINTENDENT MCGUIRE AND WIFE

Isthmian workers, they will require several volumes larger than Webster's Dictionary. The man who accounts for these millions of dollars' worth of government property, and keeps the various divisions supplied with material, is Walter G. Tubby, chief of division of material and supplies.



ENTRANCE HALL, TIVOLI HOTEL
TIVOLI HOTEL



LADIES SITTING ROOM, TIVOLI HOTEL
DINING ROOM, TIVOLI HOTEL

The head of the department of law and government is Richard Reid Rogers, general counsel, who, with H. L. Shontz, has kept the legal department of the Isthmus in smooth working order, while D. F. Mutis Duran officiates as chief justice.

Dashing here and there, is a tall fellow, astride a small Panama pony, which necessitates curving his long legs at the knees,—Captain George R. Shanton, chief of the Zone police, and a picture of military activity.

—the two marked the differentiation of chewing taste.

It will interest the ladies to know that most of the young men have, in some corner of their domain a number of photographs of lady friends. They may be behind the most quiet canopy nettings, or in some other secure spot, but search long enough, and in every case, sooner or later, the little array of photographs will be found, indicating that most of the young men on the Isthmus let their



CLOSE VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT IN HIS PANAMA UNIFORM

Dr. H. C. Carter, director of hospitals, and Dr. J. C. Perry, chief quarantine officer, direct the efficient corps in charge of this branch of the work.

The local board of civil service commissioners, in charge of John J. Baxter, secretary of the local auxiliary department, is under the supervision of H. L. Stuntz.

As I sat watching the boys working, I noticed a young fellow from Mississippi, with a tin can near his desk, and seated close beside him was a Massachusetts boy chewing caramels and munching away as happy as if on a class party holiday on Harvard Campus

thoughts stray "far, far away" at times, a fact attested by the amount of mail matter that leaves the Zone on Monday mornings—those bulging mail bags tell a story of the Sunday letters.

When you find the spirit of comradeship existing so strongly among the workers on the Isthmus, you realize what an important influence the visit of the President had on the land work. By that visit, every worker was impressed with the thought that he was engaged in an undertaking which has an absorbing interest for the President of the United States, and for every American citizen.

THE MODERN RAILROAD

BUILDING TO MEET MODERN CONDITIONS

By Irving W. Humphrey

CIVILIZATION is enriched because men of active minds are sometimes forced by circumstances to idle dreaming. Some of their biggest ideas have come to them when they have been forced to lay aside their activities for a time and muse.

Men of master minds are averse to idleness, and would not from choice be in a situation which compels it, and were they not, against their wills, at times left alone with their thoughts, the world might be deprived of the best product of their brains.

A few years ago, a busy man was traveling alone. He had left New York early in the day, and his destination was Chicago. The monotony of the journey wearied him. He was tired of riding—tired of looking from the car window—tired of thinking of his affairs—he chafed under the enforced idleness. In his effort to beguile the time, he had exhausted the columns of the daily papers, and he longed to be at his office, where he might be doing instead of idling. He listlessly perused the time-table. At such a time, it is a sort of satisfaction to compare by the map the distance one has gone with the balance of the wearisome journey.

The train was speeding between Syracuse and Rochester, and the traveler's first thought as he glanced at the map was "Why should I be traversing country so far out of a direct line between my starting point and destination?"

This was the inception of the idea of a direct railroad between New York and Chicago, and the man was Mr. Alexander C.

Miller, now president of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad—a practical railroad man, who was and had been for thirty years connected with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

He fostered the idea, and it grew upon him. When it had taken definite form, he confided in a few of his intimate business associates, which resulted in a corporate organization to put the plan into execution. Many months were spent in preliminary work—planning, engineering and surveying. After some de-

liberation, a most unique and, as subsequent events have shown, a perfectly feasible plan of financing the enterprise was decided upon.

Today, this great railroad is no longer a visionary thing—it is in actual process of construction. Early in September the first shovel of earth was turned, and on February 2 of this year, the first spike was driven. Last summer, the announcement of the enterprise was first made to the public, and no project of recent years has aroused such widespread interest as has attended the first operations. When the plan was revealed, the railroad

world was agog. The idea seemed audacious—not because it was impossible—but because of its significance. It was startling because a thing of such necessity had not already been done. It thrilled when the boundless possibilities of the plan unfolded themselves as the mind dwelt upon the idea.

Every day people are becoming more and more impressed with the fact that there is urgent need of a direct railroad which will adequately serve the business interests of



ALEXANDER C. MILLER
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO-NEW YORK
ELECTRIC AIR LINE RAILROAD

THE MODERN RAILROAD

America's greatest centers—New York and Chicago. There are 4,000,000 people in one city, 2,000,000 in the other—still more millions in their tributaries, and these cities are adding hundreds of thousands to their populations each year, and yet there is no direct railroad between them.

The only lines in operation take long, winding courses, for the purpose of getting traffic from other cities. In fact, when they were planned, the city of Chicago was hardly

The commercial interests of America's largest cities demand something different, and the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad will meet that demand.

The conditions which exist today are appalling—the railroad facilities of the country—particularly those between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard, are terribly inadequate. Because of congestion, shipments invariably suffer delay, and our commercial activities, which are dependent upon transportation facilities, can see no progress until relief is found.

The condition is a serious one, and is known to officials and traffic managers, but the people at large, who are indirectly affected, have no idea of how the demands upon the railroads have exceeded the limit of their abilities. President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, says: "The railroads are simply swamped." In a recent letter he stated: "The railroads everywhere are taxed beyond their power. The people of the United States, therefore, are face to face with the greatest business problem that has ever threatened the nation."

Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, in a recent address to the students of the Harvard University, said:

"We have the best and largest railway system in the world, but it is not adequate. We need 70,000 more miles of track, in order to carry our freight." Harriman, the great railroad king, says:

"Within the last seven years, the railroad



THE DRIVING OF THE FIRST SPIKE

BY [PRESIDENT JONATHAN D. PRICE AT LA PORTE, INDIANA,
FEBRUARY 2, 1907

worthy of consideration so far as railroad traffic was concerned. And at that time, twenty miles an hour was considered high speed. The shortest line between New York and Chicago goes 161 miles out of a direct course, the next shortest 230 miles.



VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES 980 MILES

VIA PENNSYLVANIA R. R., 911 MILES

VIA CHICAGO-NEW YORK ELECTRIC AIR LINE RAILROAD, 750 MILES

traffic of the United States has doubled." Statistics show that during this time, when the demand has increased so rapidly, the percentage of increase in trackage has been the smallest for thirty years.

The organizers of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line seem to have the most advantageous plan for relief yet advanced, and it is being applied where it will be of the greatest good to the commercial interests of the nation. Their plan of financing the enterprise is to have the people build and operate the railroad. There is no preferred stock—there are no mortgage bonds, and all of the shares will be in the hands of the people. It is simply a great partnership—the organizers and the largest investors will profit according to their holdings, the same as the laboring man who owns a single share.

This great enterprise which is to span the country between its two greatest centers of population, has been made possible by the perfection of the electric locomotive, whose speed, economy and practicability have been demonstrated beyond all doubt. The electric locomotive is a reality, and it is safe to assume that within a few years all of the railroad traffic of the country will be moved by electricity—that the noise and smoke of the steam engine will be a memory—that motive power will come by wire direct from the coal mine or the waterfall.

The electric engine has almost limitless speed possibilities. It propels the heaviest trains at great speed, and starts and stops without shocks or jolts; but the most conspicuous benefit is its freedom from smoke, cinders and the suffocating gases inseparable from the steam locomotive, where coal is used. It is the consensus of press and public opinion that the future of railroading will be controlled, shaped and expanded by the electric locomotive. Railroad officials and engineers agree that nothing since the application of steam as a motive power has approached it in importance.

Some of the country's greatest railroad systems have installed electric engines in their service, and practically all have taken action looking to the ultimate adoption of them; but

the principal benefit they hope to derive is in the abatement of the smoke nuisance. They can never maintain with safety the speed of which the electric locomotive is capable, because their lines are not sufficiently straight. The wreck of an electric train on a sharp curve of one of the steam lines, which has recently installed electric engines, demonstrated this fact.

The trains of the Air Line Railroad will maintain a speed of from seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour, with far greater safety than trains now make thirty miles an hour on the present roads with numerous curves.



VIEW LOOKING EAST ALONG THE RIGHT OF WAY OF THE AIR LINE RAILROAD

A glance at the map printed on the opposite page shows how the new air-line route reduces the distance to 750 miles, which is 161 miles shorter than the shortest now in operation. Its trains will make the trip in ten hours—one-half the schedule time of the fast trains of today. It means not only greater speed, but far greater comfort—that the entire trip may then be made in daylight hours, or a business man may leave his home city late in the evening, be transported while he sleeps, and breakfast in the other city. He may there spend a full business day, attend the theater in the evening, and breakfast at home in the morning. It will also mean true sleeping car comfort. The straight, smooth road-bed, the absence of curves, of shocks and jolting, will insure such quiet, restful sleep as never has been known in the annals of railroad travel.

The new electric road is sure to have an enormous patronage. As soon as it is in successful operation, it will be the logical route for the United States mails, for despatch is of first consideration with the government. It will command all of the passenger traffic

it can possibly carry, because of its advantages of speed, comfort, convenience and the saving of time and money. There seems little reason to doubt that the success of this railroad is as certain as the permanency of the cities it will join.

The interests of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad are the interests of the communities through which it passes, and it has, therefore met with hearty support instead of opposition. The same force which has surmounted all obstacles so far, will also overcome any other difficulty that may present itself. Organized capital wields a tre-

to engage men for the work as fast as they can be secured.

The little city of La Porte, Indiana, which has been brought into national prominence by this enterprise, is an interesting place to the traveler of these days. Near this point the first shovelful of earth was turned, the first spike driven, and La Porte is now the division headquarters of the construction company for the first section of the Air Line.

The par value of the stock is \$100 a share, but in order to stimulate public interest, and thus facilitate the work of raising funds to push operations forward, the company

adopted the method of offering certain allotments of stock at prices much below its actual value. The present allotment is being sold at forty-five dollars a share, and it is being taken rapidly. The company is doing everything possible to make it easy for people in moderate circumstances to join in the enterprise; for it is the desire of the organizers that the people and not the millionaires should build this road. Shares may be paid for—four dollars

and fifty cents down, and four dollars and fifty cents a month, for nine months, and no interest is charged on deferred payments.

A most interesting periodical, *The Air Line News*, devoted to the enterprise and its progress, is being issued monthly, and it is distributed without cost by The Hancock Company, which is the general sales agent of the stock. Its offices are located in most of the large cities, the principal ones being in the Old South Building, Boston, The Flatiron Building, New York, and The Temple, Chicago.

Another distinctively novel and ingenious feature of the enterprise is that it will be earning profits long before it is completed. In this way:—At present the energies of the entire construction force are centered on the first division, a stretch of 100 miles of track, extending from Chicago to Goshen, Indiana.

As soon as it is completed, it will be put in operation, and will constitute a complete railroad in itself, apart from its more important function as a part of the great trunk system.



A CONSIGNMENT OF STEEL RAILS FOR THE AIR LINE AT LA PORTE, INDIANA

mendous power today, but it is dwarfed to insignificance by the mightiest of all earthly powers—the power of the people. This is a people's enterprise—the railroad is being built by and for them, and with the people behind the project no force on earth can stop it.

There is no bonded debt. As money is received from the sale of stock, it is put into construction work; and today the thousands of ties and the thousands of tons of steel rails which are either laid or scattered along the line ready to be put in place are owned free and clear. And this will apply as well to the large amount of machinery and steel bridge work for which contracts have been awarded. For miles, ties and rails are already laid, and as soon as the weather permits, the work will be pushed with greater expedition. The line of the road in Indiana which is now the center of operations, will present scenes of tremendous activity during the coming open season. Thousands of additional men will be added to the present forces; the company's orders being

Operations will then be commenced immediately on the second division, and so on, until the great railroad is completed from end to end. By this method, the railroad will help build itself; for the profits from the operation of the first division will go into further construction work.

No project of recent times, not excepting the Panama Canal, is of greater significance than the building of this first direct intermetropolis railroad; and that the people are alive to its importance is manifested by the widespread response which followed the announcement of its organizers. They offered the people the opportunity to join the enterprise, and they are seizing it in great numbers. The story of the great project traveled fast and far, and today it has stockholders in every state and territory of the Union, and in many foreign countries. The probable result will be that thousands of present-day wage earners will gain a competence for life, from the profits which their small investments will yield.

As an economic question, the control of our railroads has been the subject of agitation for many months. When Hon. William J. Bryan expressed himself as being in favor of government ownership of railroads, the view was endorsed by many of our citizens, irrespective of party. The reason of this support cannot be attributed so much to a confidence in the policy as to the readiness

of the people to grasp at any remedy for the prevailing inefficiency of our railroads. Whether Mr. Bryan's plan is expedient or whether this taking over of the railroads by the government would simply open up another avenue for political plundering and legislative corruption, without giving the needed relief, is problematical.

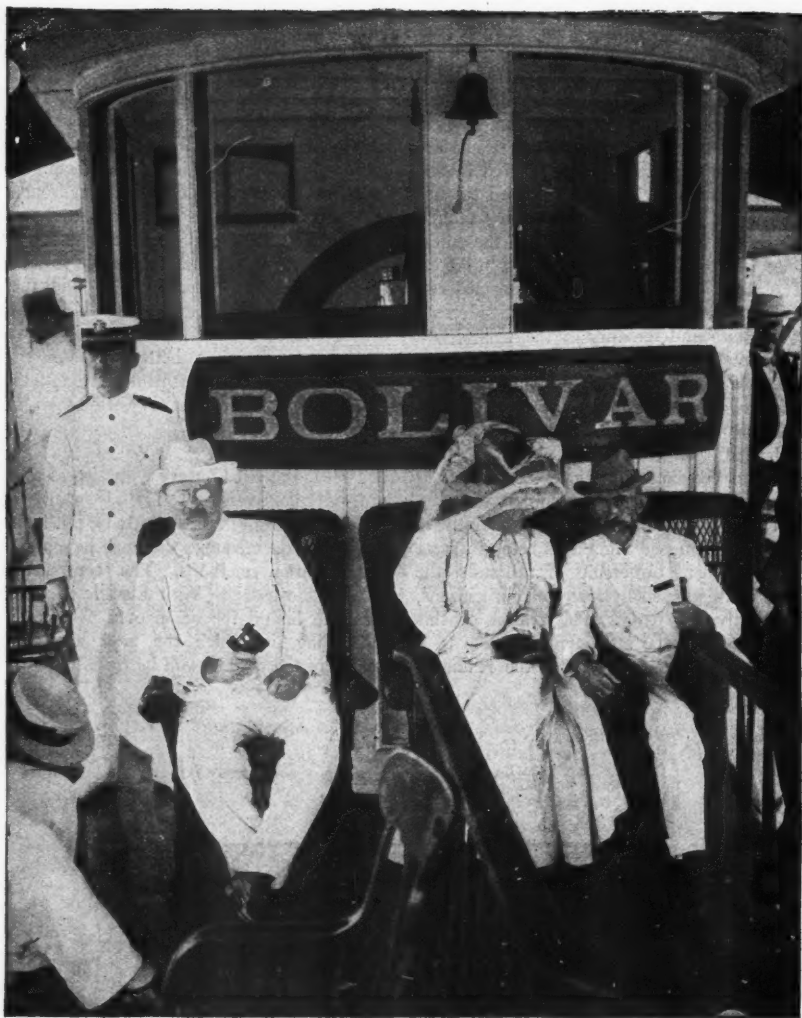
In a recent interview, Mr. E. H. Harriman expressed the feeling that there should be a closer bond between the people and those great corporations which serve them. He said "the people should own the railroads" and thus create a more intelligent interest in their management and profits.

The projectors of the Air Line have taken the initial step in this direction and their plan seems to be the most rational solution of the problem of railroad control yet advanced. It promises better facilities and service, and fairer treatment of the public than does either the present system or government ownership.

* * *

The Twentieth Century will witness great progress in our commercial development, and in every branch of human activity, but it will see no greater advances than will be made in transportation methods. The construction of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line seems to herald the dawn of a new era in railroading, in which the most audacious fancies of the traveler will be realized.





From Stereograph, Copyright 1906, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, "THE BUILDER," ON HIS INSPECTION TOUR OF THE PANAMA CANAL. PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AND MR. BISHOP, ON THE LAUNCH BOLIVAR, CRUISING THE PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL.

MAKING AN INGERSOLL WATCH

By Bennett Chapple



MAKING a close observation of Yankee ingenuity, and touring this country for information, a group of foreign business men were asked to name what they considered the most astonishing American achievement. The party was at that time en route on one of our magnificent fast-flying trains; it is said the leader solemnly pointed out of the window to a country signboard, nestling among the green trees beside the right-of-way. All turned to look: it was, "The Ingersoll Dollar Watch—Guaranteed."

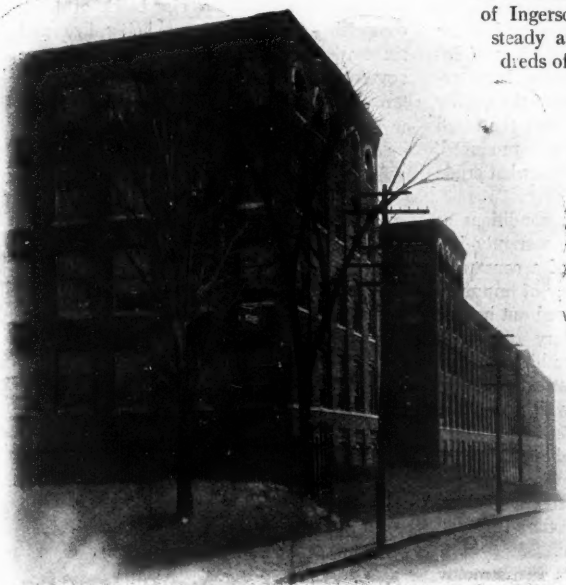
"We can understand," he said, "some of your great engineering feats and daring achievements in a land where old-time methods are brushed aside, and everything

gives way to the clink of the Almighty Dollar, but in this case you Americans have made the dollar 'tick' as well as clink."

It is an astounding fact that the output of the Ingersoll watch has today grown to such a figure as to almost equal that of all other watches combined. "The Ingersoll" has become a necessity in the marts of trade—it is no longer regarded as a fad, and the greatest problem that now confronts the manufacturers is to keep up with the growing demand. Ten thousand watches per day will not supply this market in another year, and the manufacturers have special machines ordered now, that cannot be delivered until the middle of 1908; and but for their foresight in ordering this delicate machinery one or two years in advance of the market, these manufacturers would be overwhelmed by the demand outrunning the production long before this. The essence

of Ingersoll success is found in the steady automatic operation of hundreds of these most elaborately complicated machines that perform, with human-like skill, the most delicate tasks.

The making of machinery of this type is highly specialized and cannot be expanded readily to meet such conditions of increasing sale as surround the Ingersoll Watch. Examples are pointed out where a single one of these machines is now performing the work of twenty-five or thirty simpler machines, each requiring an operator, and as a rule the automatics need only one operative to a group of three or six. Such an illustration goes a long way toward answering the oft-asked



There's only one way to "size up" the Ingersoll Factory,—that's to walk around it.

MAKING AN INGERSOLL WATCH

"poser":—How in the world can such a watch as this be sold for a dollar?

Consequently, by carrying the develop-

has produced such a voluminous product and requires such extensive and highly developed facilities, as to in itself constitute a bulwark against attack. This daily output of 10,000 watches, might be likened to the full load of a four-horse truck, which can be moved at a minimum cost, but those who are not in a position to load the wagon fully, so to speak, can neither make a profit nor do good work.

The steadily increasing output of Ingersoll Watches has made it necessary to frequently enlarge the factory. Each new building or wing is lettered according to the time of its construction. The first erected was letter "A," then came "B," then "C," and so on, until nineteen factory additions in all have been made, down to and including the letter

"S." It will be seen that the firm will come to the end of the alphabet before many years have elapsed. These various buildings now occupy a big tract—a city block of land, comprising two acres, and being five and six stories high, the aggregate floor space amounts to over eleven more acres. An interesting fact illustrating the vastness of this

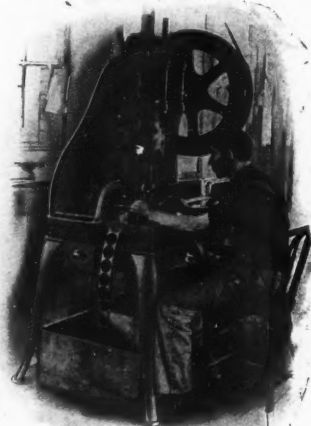
ment of its machinery and methods to more refined points, this factory has overcome obstacles of increased cost of material, which in other enterprises has frequently resulted in increased prices to the consumer, and in the face of these circumstances the prices of Ingersoll Watches have constantly been reduced, or what is more important, the quality has been vastly improved, so that the small and highly refined mechanism now produced, bears little resemblance to its somewhat crude and clumsy predecessors.

In this same process, labor conditions at this wonderful factory have constantly improved, not only in the way of a constantly increased wage, but the analogy of improved quality of the watches is followed out here in improved hygienic and sanitary conditions of the factory, which are of the highest modern type. This in turn has attracted to this factory a class of operatives, which might be likened to the "400" of society. "Jobs" in this factory are so much sought for that, as a rule, a comfortable waiting list is in evidence, and it is the rule that when other factories are searching for help, the Ingersoll factory is turning people away.

Again, the Ingersoll policy is seen strongly in reference to competition, because this policy



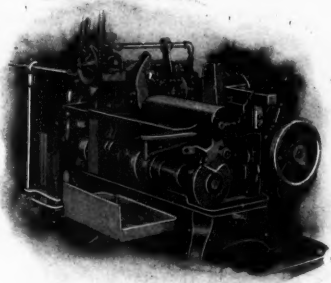
Showing one-half the room containing 100 automatic machines.



A stamping machine in operation, showing the "bites" it has taken from the metal strip.

factory, is that a watchman whose duty it is nightly to make one complete round, is required to travel twenty-two miles. The immensity of such a factory considered in connection with the smallness of its individual product—a watch—is naturally striking, but is readily accounted for by the collective immensity of its product, and the fact that absolutely every item of the watch's construction is made out of raw material in this plant, requiring immense presses, furnaces, vats, power machinery, etc., that one might expect to find only in the manufacture of bulky products.

At this factory in Waterbury, Conn., many designers, model makers and mechanical experts are always busy. No sooner do they solve one problem than they set to work on another, and each year sees many changes in the constant striving after perfection in the manufacture of the Ingersoll Watch, and not only the machinery but the watch itself receives the benefit of this constant study. In this respect the Ingersoll occupies a unique position, as it is distinctly an evolution, whereas other watches have followed substantially beaten paths for a decade, while the Ingersoll has made a constant warfare on conditions that to it were new.



A compact little automatic machine that does the work of a hundred hands.

It has been, and is today, advertised by certain watchmakers who have felt the pressure of Ingersoll competition, as a clock, and in

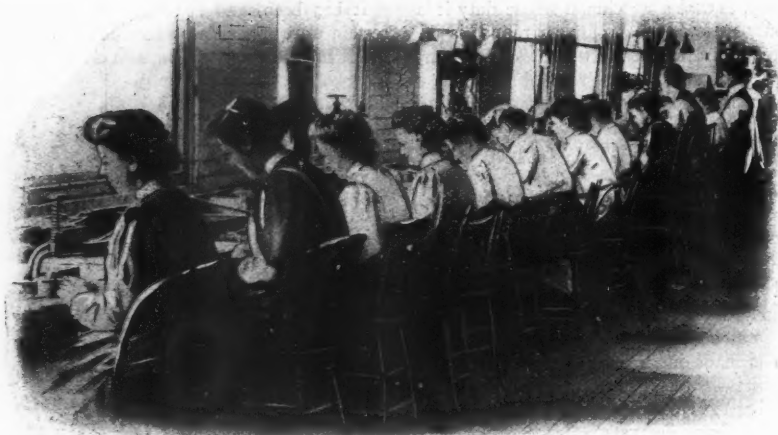


Eighty-eight Automatic Pinion Cutters in charge of ten operatives on "trolley chairs." These machines turn out complete polished cut steel pinions for the small size Ingersolls.

a sense the Ingersoll frankly pleads guilty. It was a clock when it was conceived that by clock methods a worthy watch could be made at prices that would surmount competition, but fifteen years of development have revolutionized these clock methods, retaining only the element of immense production and economical methods, but introducing all the refinements of middle-class watches, so that it can now answer conservatively and truthfully this argument: that whether clock or watch, the Ingersoll offers the only economical low priced watch opportunity, and leaves little room for those endeavoring to sell any but the really accredited high priced regular watches. The medium grades give no better performance or durability than the Ingersoll, while involving all of the expense for repairs, and a greater liability to disarrangement and dissolution than so-called regular watches.

It is a recognized fact that the smaller the watch, the harder it is to make, and this is especially true of a watch like the Ingersoll, yet it has been made smaller and smaller each year, until the climax was reached in the 1907 new "Midget" Ingersoll, a "lady's size" time-keeper, perfect in every detail, yet scarcely one-tenth the size and weight of the first Ingersoll watch which created so great

MAKING AN INGERSOLL WATCH



Staking Pinions. "Staking" is the watch factory name for riveting or swaging; one of the indispensable hand operations, with tools of the simplest kind. In the course of time the operators become very skillful and turn out vast quantities of product to keep pace with the "automatics."

a sensation in 1893 at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. A reduction equivalent to nearly ten per cent. per year in the size of the watch speaks much for the inventive and mechanical genius devoted to perfecting it, and as a result the output has increased at nearer ten times this ratio.

Because Americans are interested in all success, the description that follows of the Ingersoll factory and its thousands of whirring machines will appeal to their appreciation of achievements, even if they have never seen the inside of a watch. In the Old World, each man is sufficient unto himself or his work, and seldom knows or cares for outside interests, but this spirit finds little lodgment

in the breast of the strenuous American who, like the man from Missouri, wants "to be shown." American women, too, will be interested, for at least three-fourths of the skilled 3,000 operatives at the Ingersoll factory are girls who are independent and happy in their work, as they move about light, airy rooms, over floors clean as that of a ballroom. They don their blue gingham aprons for a good day's work at good wages at employment not too irksome for them, leaving the heavier and more exacting work to the men.

A great door slides open, and we step into the "Automatic" Room, where it seems that a million little belts are reflecting flashes of light, as they swiftly fly around wheel and shaft. This is the heart of the Ingersoll mechanical plant, because here are made all the turned parts, like screws, collets, studs, pillars, and stems, of which the watch is so largely made up. In this room is probably as great a concentration of investment as in any manufacturing room of its size; in it are many automatic machines of the most expensive type, varying in cost from \$300 to \$2,500, according to the intricacy of work accomplished. The plain turnings, requiring but two or three operations are relatively simple, but a machine to make an irregular piece with perhaps a slot in the end and an internal thread or an operation entailing the automatic transfer of the part to another portion of



"A third arm"—an example of one of the simple devices that are the very antithesis of the automatic machines—and yet almost as important. It is simply a hammer rigged to a foot lever, thus leaving operative both hands to feed and remove work from the "staking tool."

the machine—such a machine is equipped with so many cams, gears, slide rests, turrets and special tools as to be very costly. The principle of all automatics is to make the finished part complete without human interference, generally working from the round brass or steel rod, twelve to sixteen feet long, from the end of which the tools take successive bites, until it is all eaten. The "turret" is the essential feature of the most common type of automatics. This is situated in front of the work, with three to six tools shaped for their respective functions projecting from it; first one tool is presented to the revolving rod, quickly performing operation number one, and the tool quickly recedes, while the turret revolves slightly presenting the next tool, and so on to the final operation, which is to cut off the completed piece, after which the rod feeds through just far enough for a repetition of this series of operations. While some machines produce thousands of turnings, others more costly labor industriously ten hours and yield but a few hundred, and when the 126 parts of a watch are multiplied by 10,000, the number now made, daily, 1,260,000 is the result, and the demands on this department may be realized. Some of the pictures you might suppose were taken at



Truing a balance wheel, by an expert, skilled by years of practice.

noon hour, and that the few men were idling but you forget these are "automatics," and that, as the men are needed only to occasionally put in a new rod or fill an oil tank, they can care for from six to twelve machines.

Now, just a moment to contrast this with the old methods, as still practiced in Europe; this contrast at once answers the question, "How can you do it for a dollar?" and explains why Ingersoll Watches are rapidly spreading over Continental Europe. In Switzerland, for instance, the fountain head of watch making, these same parts are crudely turned, (where ours stand inspection down



Whose Cutting Room—Where millions of "teeth" on watch wheels are cut daily. Men and women operatives work side by side in the great rooms, with all the decorum of a social gathering.



Plate Drilling with gang-drills running at inconceivable speed and drilling eight holes at one instantaneous operation.

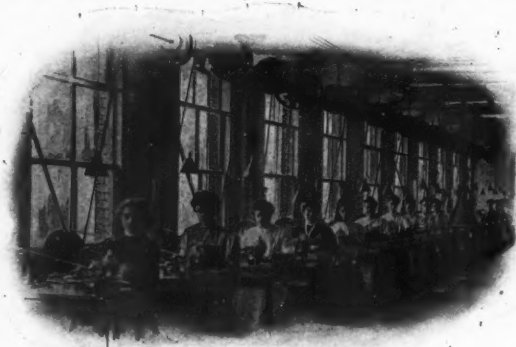
to one-thousandth of an inch) largely on foot lathes, with simplest hand tools. This, and later operations of fitting, are largely done in the peasants' homes, and from these the parts are collected and assembled and finished in what is called a factory, the largest of which could be placed in any of The Ingersoll "wings." There children are early trained to this work, in fact, this is a large part of the school education—and all from the viewpoint of hand work. There, each part is especially fitted, as perfectly as may be, to its reciprocating neighbor. Here, bushels of a single part are made so exactly alike that any of them will fit any of a similar number of another part; in other words, the American system of interchangeability is nowhere so highly typified as in an Ingersoll Watch.

In another room, the process of stamping is intensely interesting, as showing economy of effort in the accomplishment of results. Here are the great stamping machines, which eat up the long, flat metal sheets faster than a hungry boy devours bread and butter, and there seems to be as much enjoyment in the "bite." Underneath the machines are wooden boxes, into which the bands, fronts, backs, wheels, plates, and other parts of the watch drop with a merry clink, three

or four at a time. A man operates this machine, feeding the long metal strip into its champing jaws, while the debris is garnered into a large box at the rear, to be melted over and fed through again. There is no waste, and the particles too small to be picked out by hand, are separated by magnets.

In the Pinion Drilling Room are the machines for making the famous lantern pinion,

another distinctive and very necessary part of the Ingersoll Watch. These pinions are a part of what is known as the "train" of the watch, but I should prefer to call them the track upon which the wheels run. This constitutes by far the most concrete difference between Ingersoll Watches and any other. The lantern pinion is, and always has been, a feature of clocks, and when competitive advertising endeavors to fasten on the Ingersoll Watch the clock stigma, it is frankly responded to, admitting the allegation, and emphasizing it as a reason for the great Ingersoll success. The lantern pinion is only one-tenth of an inch in diameter, with needle-like projections on either side, but the outer edge of the disc, small as it is, is automatically drilled at one time with eight tiny holes into which are inserted eight tiny pinion wires fifteen one-thousandths of an inch thick,



Pinion Drilling Machines, turning out 50,000 pinions daily.

the whole resembling the old-fashioned lantern, with its wire protection—hence the name. Little brass trays resembling finger bowls, contain the pinions (a single tray was said to contain nearly 20,000) as they go from one operation to another, and, finally, when the fifteen different processes are complete, they are inserted upright in the holes of a wooden tray resembling a sieve, because they are so tiny and close together they might otherwise easily be lost.

The machinery of another room adjoining is a marvel of automatic development. Here we are confronted with a battery of eight little machines that are executing the most

contributed, even to the convenience of getting quickly to each of these machines, resulting in the introduction of a trolley chair, which switches the operative from one machine to another expeditiously, and saves him all effort in locomotion; thus he can take care of a larger number of machines (six or eight), putting in new material, watching closely the work of each machine, and remedying disarrangements that sometimes occur. As each part is inserted in the first machine at the same time he starts the machine, he pushes the sliding chair to the next machine, and so on, to two or three machines, or until the first machine has finished its operation—when—zip,



In the Mainspring Room where each girl knows exactly what she has to do, and here as elsewhere there is no lost time, as each girl vies with the other for supremacy.

accurate and intricate turnings, practically without human intervention. Without this little army, there would be needed fifty or perhaps one hundred times the amount of space, and, assuming the hand methods that would take their place, hundreds, or even possibly thousands, of working people; and the Ingersoll Dollar Watch would be no more possible than is a practical flying machine today.

The workmen sit in little movable chairs on a small, iron track, which is a good illustration of the elimination of hand labor to which the Ingersoll Watch has so much

slide—the operator whisks back to the place from which he started, and goes again down the line, repeating the action every minute of the working day. This collection as partially shown in picture (page 3) is one of the most concentrated factors in Ingersoll Watch manufacture, as these machines not only economize beyond all conception, but further do work of such microscopic accuracy as to present possibilities of quality in watch mechanism quite out of the question with hand work.

The long line of Upright Drills, which perforate the plates turned out by the stamping machines, are gauged with perfect accuracy.



Assembling Room where all the parts are taken from various receptacles and carefully placed in position between the plates and ready for the adjusters to perfect into running movements.

Here the plates come in cardboard trays, to the skilled operators, to be drilled and broached, and in the twinkling of an eye eight separate perforations in the back plate and nine in the front plate, as well as the bridge, are completed, and each one of these must not vary a fifteenth-thousandth of an inch. To appreciate this, the machine must be seen, as the little pivots or studs that revolve in these holes, are little larger than a hair. It is marvelous to contemplate this accuracy, considering the rapidity with which the work is done. One of the prime essentials in boring these infinitely small holes, is the inconceivable speed of each of these drills,

which by successive "stepping down" in the belting, are made to run at the rate of 23,000 revolutions per minute.

Important in the construction of reliable watches is the making of springs, and at the Ingersoll factory the Spring Room turns out an average of five miles of springs each day. Of course the source of power is the mainspring, which when wound up, has a strong tension that starts with the mainspring arbor, to which is hooked one end of the mainspring, and is communicated through the spring to the driving wheel, which is a part of the barrel enclosing the mainspring. The teeth of this wheel are meshed with the pinion of the center wheel, on which the hour hand is mounted; then, in the same way, on the center wheel to the second, third and fourth wheel, which is also called the escape wheel. This excursion from the center wheel, which carries the hands, is made through these various wheels making up the train, primarily to actuate the escapement mechanism which regulates this power, and produces the accuracy necessary to make the exact series of motions that go to make up a twenty-four hour day without the loss or gain, possibly, of more than one or two seconds.

Associated with this department is the balance wheel, which is placed on a little device and sent spinning around. If it "wobbles" or does not run true, a little tap here and there by an expert who has spent years in learning just when, where and how much to tap, sets the wheel true in an incredibly short time and prepares it for the attaching of the



SIZING CRYSTALS

The fitting of crystals is very intricate as they depend wholly on the exact fit of the sharp edge into a minute groove in the bezel; as neither glass nor bezel have any perceptible spring, the fit must be perfect, and as the crystals vary in diameter, they are sorted into different sizes by using a micrometer gauge and bezel grooves varied to match these sizes

hair spring. The "timing" of the hair spring, ensures the accuracy of the watch. Each little wheel, with the tiny hair spring for its motive power, is set in motion beside a master wheel, which has been set to run two hundred and forty movements to the minute, and marks the time for the operation. If the new spring moves too fast or too slow, it is shortened or lengthened until the two beat in perfect unison, even to the smallest fraction of time that the human eye can discern. This process is carefully watched by an inspector, who "O. K.'s" the work, and rejects all not found perfect. On one sheet which I saw him pass back to the operator all but five in the entire list were marked perfect, which speaks well for the Ingersoll accuracy in a matter so vital and important to a reliable watch.

The great Assembling Room marks the beginning of the new watch. From the various departments the finished parts come, to be put together, and the efficiency of the foregoing work is put to the test, in bringing forth the harmony of the whole. Here again the nimble fingers of the girls are employed in assembling the different wheels, barrel, main-spring, escapement, etc., between the front and back plates, and they set the tiny pillar screws that bind together the frame of the watch, leaving the whole watch complete in itself, without the case, ready to be taken to another department for the perfecting of the escapement and general adjustment, which must be attended to by an expert.



AFFIXING DIALS TO PLATES

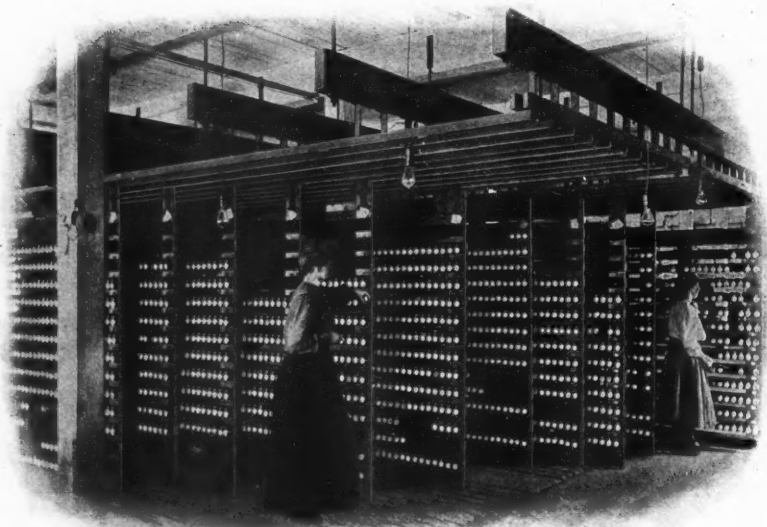
This interesting process cannot be rushed, as it requires much pressure with heat, and a moment's rest when pressure is on, to insure perfect work.

The adjusters and escapers are the first inspectors of the complete watch. They set the movement going, and note its working parts, remedying any slight defect or throwing it out entirely, if it should prove faulty. There is little consideration given by them to a watch which does not "come to time." It is ruthlessly thrown back to make room for others. Should a watch run too slow, or too fast, it is given a "try out" for twenty-four hours; how these men knew where a watch "was at" without dial or hands, was more than I could fathom, until I was let into the secret, which was a little timing hand attached to the front of the frame, which points to a little pivot, indicating the half-hour — any half-hour — and if it failed



Adjusting Room. These are the highest paid operatives. Their work is to impart the breath of life to the movement—to transform it from inanimate brass and steel to a living truth-telling thing whose span of life may be ten or twenty years.

MAKING AN INGERSOLL WATCH



Showing the corner of one of the timing racks where over 100,000 watches are being tested every day.

to point exactly on the half-hour, the movement was adjusted until the desired end was attained.

The Plating Room finishes all the metal parts before being sent to the Assembling Room. When the metal parts leave the mechanical operations, they are first dipped in acids to thoroughly clean off oil and other foreign matter. They are then placed in the large electro-plating tanks, and the metal, whether gold, silver or nickel, is deposited on the outer surface by the electricity which, passing through the anodes and then the solution onto and through the parts to be plated, carries with it small particles of the metal. Here are great vats that call up visions of the witches' cauldron, and with odors as unappetizing. Various parts of the watch are exposed in the different solutions—there are some for putting on gun metal, some for silver, and even for gold. Thousands of tiny wheels strung on wires look like clusters of golden grapes, and these are hung from rods across the middle of the tanks. The platers lift one after another of these wires, watching to see that the parts are taken out of the bath at the proper time. The watch cases

are dipped fifty at a time, and are piled high in drying racks. The next process is to polish the parts, making them bright and beautiful as when exhibited for sale. This polishing is done on rapidly-revolving wheels, called "buffs," made of many thicknesses of cloth, and using various polishing compositions, according to the character of finish wanted.

The Finishing Room brings to a climax the romance of the evolution of a perfect watch, for here the works and case meet for the first time, and are united for all time—it is the marriage of the watch case to its "better half," and they are guaranteed to dwell together in harmony for one year, under the Ingersoll guarantee—and that's a pretty good starter for their married life. Trucks are piled high with cases, watches and movements, and when properly "united," they are taken from the finishers to the Timing Racks, where the watch is put on its "mettle" to demonstrate once and for all its reliability under all circumstances and vicissitudes.

Approaching the Timing Racks is like coming near a great beehive. The hum of thousands of ticking watches can be distinctly heard, as they all tick in unison. Here they

are tested in the different positions in which they may later find themselves. First on their backs for twenty-four hours, then hanging up for five days, then on their sides for another twenty-four hours. When it is comprehended that 10,000 Ingersolls come out of this factory a day, all of which have received at least fourteen days' continuous timing, it will be seen that on the various timing racks there must be at all times at least 140,000 watches, which gives you an idea of the immensity of just one department. Having passed this rigid test, they are sent on to the packers, and from there out into the world.

Allowing the pencil a little license, see what is involved in the multiplication of the 10,000 watches made, by the number of distinct parts in each watch, viz., 126, and you find 1,260,000 different pieces to be produced daily in justification of having a big factory with three thousand people; and if you are not tired of figuring, consider that each of these parts has from one to twenty separate and distinct operations, so that, if this averages ten to each piece, you would have 12,600,000 operations per day; and this is rather conservative, because, taking a wheel with seventy-two teeth for example, the operation of cutting of these is counted as one.

In summing up, I ask myself, "What features of the Ingersoll factory are most strik-

ing as accounting for its success in beating the whole world in making low-priced watches? I would say first *expedition!* Everywhere, things seem to be on the jump. I can't say I saw anyone hurrying unduly, in fact, I was astonished to see work being so rapidly handled without the appearance of rush; on the other hand there were many at work adjusting machines and devices, but not the operatives; *they* were turning out watches! and things that I had conceived to be the subject of great care, deliberation and labor I found either quietly dropping from an automatic, or being put through by an operative on the "two in the air" plan. So after two days' wandering around this plant, I just begin to see how it's possible to make a little on 10,000 Dollar Watches a day, because everything is geared up so high—but all this convinces me that it couldn't be done on a smaller scale, or without a system so rare as to make system the second element in this success. The whole thing must pull together without a hitch, and this is not "automatic" work, but involves an army of employees, superintendents, department foremen, division foremen, bench foremen, etc., who divide this inconceivable responsibility so as to actually give this great industrial institution the general appearance, of one of the automatic machines itself.



The simplest operation is shipping the watches, yet 10,000 a day require several men and three double trucks to handle.

THE HAND AND THE HAPPY HABIT

By the Editor.

SOMETIMES it is well to step aside from the old ruts of contemplation and spend a little time observing some of the little things we are wont to overlook, or perhaps pass over as commonplace. It is often surprising what a wonderful significance such little things have. I know of no better place to prescribe for such diversions than on ship-board, where a busy man is, for the time being, completely marooned from his every-day affairs. One thing that especially impressed me on a recent ocean voyage was the aversion of most people to soiling their hands. Everyone seems to instinctively avoid dirty work, regardless of the fact that the good Lord who made the work permitted the dirt to go with it, for some good reason, and in order to accomplish the work, it is essential to handle the dirt also.

In conversation on board ship, one lady, speaking from her own experience, insisted that the real objection to housework was the innate dread of soiling the hands.

Then I recalled my grandmother's proverb, "Clean dirt is no poison," and how she told us, "The only dirt we need be ashamed of is the kind that soap and water won't wash off."

There is a story told of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the talented author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of whose hands was slightly larger than the other—a fact noted once by a young friend of hers.

"Do you know why?" said Mrs. Stowe, "well it is because in earlier days, before my books were successful, I was the family bread-maker, and I kneaded much more with the right hand than the left—I never regretted having to do that work, because while bread-making my mind was free to wander where it would, and I kneaded into those loaves a great many of the ideas and thoughts that later made the pages of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a success."

Many brain-workers find rest in using the hands when the brain is weary, and I am told that a great deal of nervousness may be worked off into intricate crochet and knitting patterns. Probably this accounts for the popularity of fancy work among women who have no settled occupation, and even among many active business women, who like to have a piece of embroidery or knitting to "pick up" in an evening when they are too tired to read. Who does not remember the charming picture of Grandma, the family referee and confidant, sitting peacefully knitting in the corner? Those wrinkled, beautiful hands! "They're neither white nor small," but what a story they could tell if they might write all they have done during the long and busy years of Grandma's life! Whistler's most famous painting, that won a prize in the Paris Salon, was the portrayal of his mother's hands.

Perhaps you are saying that all this has no connection with my topic, but you know the Happy Habiters have hands as well as dispositions. How often one finds elderly men, aimless and crochety for want of some occupation akin to Grandma's knitting.

* * * * *

EVERY pair of hands has a mission, and is cultivated, or adapted to the doing of some one thing well, and if you will stop to think, you will remember that there is something that your hands can do especially well.

There must always be a difference in individual hands, just as there is in individual heads. Two stenographers of equal capacity will pick up letters in a different way, one taking them deftly, and the other in a hesitating manner. Who has not

THE HAND AND THE HAPPY HABIT

noticed how much more neatly one clerk will do up a package than another, though both may be equally well trained in other ways. I often think that if these peculiarities could be followed up and investigated, we should find that one pair of hands had been trained, and the other not. You remember how, in his description of the inventor who sought to take out a patent in the "Circumlocution Office," Dickens speaks of the "plastic thumb" of the practical worker as compared with the idle white hands of the young aristocrats in that department.

The old custom of the cavalier kissing the hand of a lady, in token of respectful affection, was a tribute to the dignity of the human hand. It seems a pity that this indication of courtly respect to womanhood should die out; but the same fundamental idea has led to the decorating of the hand with rings or bracelets, whereas the savages use nose rings, ear ornaments and anklets. Nothing could be more useless than a bracelet, yet it serves to call attention to a beautiful hand, and wrist, and vouches for the fact that we have not outlived our love for the beautiful, but are always ready to pay tribute to it.

* * * * *

ALL honor to the hand; whether it be the horny hands of the workman who needs no other proof of the hours spent in honest toil, or the long, clever fingers of the violinist, the skillful hands of a Paderewski at the piano, or the light impress of trained fingers on the valve of the horn; all are needed to produce the symphony of everyday life.

No one will forget that the all-important event for this nation, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was "done by hand," a phrase that has come to be regarded as the hall mark of value for a product, because the term "hand made" simply means that it has had the careful attention of a human mind, as distinct from the general oversight given to machine-made articles.

The "hand" is found, even in business correspondence, "Yours of the 27th at hand," once meant that it had come from the hand of the writer, through the hands of the courier, and reached at last the hands for which it was destined.

* * * * *

IN the pages of Holy Writ what is more sacred than that touch of the Divine Hand, whether it was laid on the heads of little children, or used in the merciful healing of the sick—there was always the personal touch. This may be the reason why, in the institution of marriage, the hands play so prominent a part.

The signing of wills and all important documents must be done "by hand," and we always have a significant statement for something especially important, "Witness my hand," the human hand that carries out the human wish.

* * * * *

VISITORS from foreign countries remark on the distinctive American hand—the long fingers, the narrow palm that indicate the nervous tension of the new homogeneous race of the West, for what is true of the hand of the individual is true also of the hands of a nation.

In fact, hands—Heigh ho! I suddenly catch sight of the "hands" on the mantel clock, and they point to an hour long past bedtime. An admonitory voice is in my ear, and I hasten to shake hands with every Happy Habiter and say "Good night."

Which brings me around again to the Happy Habit idea—I often feel, in receiving so many letters from subscribers, that as I read what their fingers have penned I clasp hands with them all, and my chief wish is that I might jump up as I come to the end of each letter, and really feel the personal touch of the writer's hand in "the grip" of the Happy Habit order, whose members have determined to scatter sunshine and happiness in every possible corner of the earth.



WE have always felt the National to be a sort of democratic institution. The readers have done more to bring about the substantial success of today than any other one factor. I am going to lay a proposition before you.

We find that we cannot produce such a magazine as we desire and sell it on the news stands at the present cost of materials, at ten cents, because the more we sell the larger will be our losses each month. The price, beginning this month, will be fifteen cents. We were led to take this action after hearing from a great many readers, but we would like even a more general expression of opinion direct from subscribers.

Would you, individually, be willing, as a subscriber, to pay \$1.50 per year? Those who are paid in advance will not be affected by this change until the expiration of their present subscription, when the change of price will go into effect on their renewal. We have also been asked to give all subscribers the privilege of renewing for an additional year at the old price of \$1.00, and this we will do with the understanding that they send in this renewal before July 1, 1907.

From the letters of appreciation which we have received during the past three months, we believe that the value of the magazine is determined at \$1.50 per year, and we are a good deal in the position of parents with a swiftly-growing family. As the children grow and delight our hearts, we find they require more shoes and stockings, better clothes and more of them, and the family has to be educated and cared for in other ways, so now we feel that the time for the National Magazine

to provide for its growth is at hand. It is hoped that our readers will readily respond with this in view, which means a pledge on our part to continue the growth and improvement and give you what you are paying for. Send in your subscriptions and those of your friends at the old price before July 1, 1907.

* * *

How are you getting along with your Pleasure Book? Have you kept it up? Have you something on record for every day in the year thus far? Have you written about some little pleasure you have daily enjoyed? We hope to have a collection such as will not be equalled in the world. We are offering \$50 in prizes for the best diaries sent us for the year 1907, and from these we expect to make a collection that will be enjoyed when put into book form. Just look about, and find that little pleasure for every day, and put it down, and have your book as complete as possible.

* * *

THOSE first days aboard the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, bound for Panama, calling at Kingston, Jamaica! It is never an old story on board ship, for there are always new faces and new friends—sea-mates are ever the same. There were not many in the steamer chairs enjoying balmy breezes that day; for the cosy, steam-heated library or staterooms were more attractive. A few *table d'hôte* rounds, and the passengers began to look at each other steadily and say "good morning," or give that little nod of the head which is permissible on ship board without a formal introduction.



FREE AMERICAN GIRL POSTAL CARDS

consisting of reproductions from the popular Armour Calendar Girls—the Christy Girl, the Hutt Girl, the Gilbert Girl, the Pierce Girl, the Anderson Girl, the Fisher Girl—the complete set of six will be sent in exchange for 25 cents or metal cap (accompanied by 2 cents return postage), from jar of

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ARMOUR & COMPANY - CHICAGO

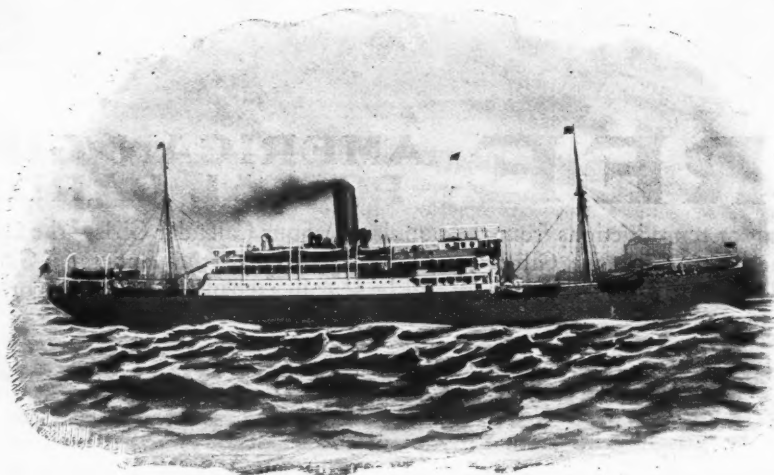


Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

Then we began to unravel the little mystery, the first scene of which had been enacted on the wharf, before leaving. We knew we had one bridal couple; for in the dining room were the ribbons announcing the names of the happy pair and date of the event, pointing very significantly to the location of the young couple—which was quite unnecessary. But another couple near-by thought they had effectively disguised the fact that they too

passengers were young men starting out to take up work in Bolivia and Peru. Among them were two young Spaniards, and sturdy fellows they were. Four years in the United States have made them sterling American citizens.

We had almost every nation represented on board,—United States, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, France, Portugal—how homogeneous—all “bound for Panama!”



STEAMER PRINZ EITEL FRIEDRICH

were on their honeymoon, by announcing in a nonchalant way, the first night at the table, that they had been married ten years; somehow doubts arose when the gentleman was discovered reading tender verses with an impressive air to the “bride of ten years ago,”—and it soon transpired that they too were a bridal couple. We felt that this was an appropriate passenger list for a honeymoon voyage to witness the great work which will result in the “wedding” of the seas.

* * *

Then there was Mrs. Hitchcock, the dear lady seventy-five years old, but who we knew could not be more than twenty-five at heart. She was on her way to visit her son, in Bolivia. There were young men from American business and manufacturing houses “blazing” a route by sea in the tropics to sell goods under sunny skies. A number of the

The burning question, after leaving, was, “When shall we pass Hatteras?” That was the point for which we strained our eyes that first gray, green day, while the Eitel Friedrich, like a mammoth swan, pushed her way on toward the Indies.

In cozy number “fifteen,” I began to read assiduously all the blue books containing the reports and maps issued by the Isthmian Canal Commission, that I had provided in preparation for my visit. With five days’ sail ahead, Jamaica seemed a long way off. The reports read like a romance, and put a new interpretation on everything connected with the Isthmus, which had already taken on a different aspect—now that I was actually on the way to see with my own eyes what I had read so much about from the school geography days—when it was the “Isthmus of Darien.”

It is curious how, on ship board, one be-

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The Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America, for the sale of the new monthly Victor records, is the 28th of the month before.

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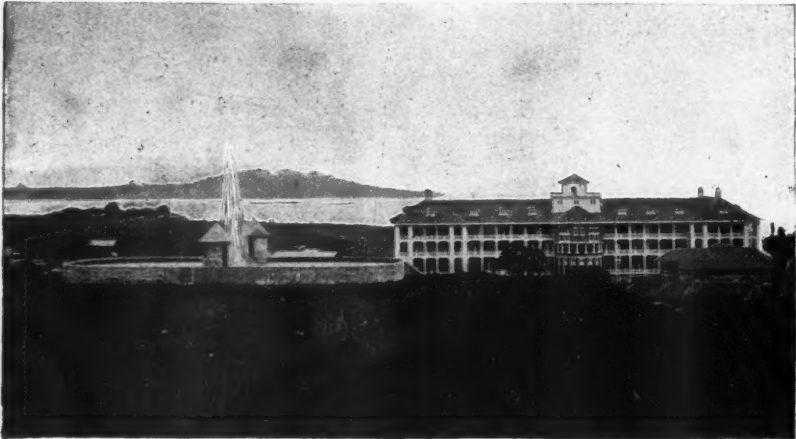
comes largely a creature of habit. Thought seems for the time to be in abeyance. One seeks a certain corner regularly in the smoking room and on the deck, and feels much astonished to find someone else in the familiar seat. The regular routine of meals and doing nothing makes the time fly quickly past. Then there is always someone to talk to—if conversation is desired. There is invariably the man "who has been there," and he was not lacking from the passenger list of the Eitel Friedrich. The man who had been on the Isthmus was soon discovered, and with a wise look, from the depths of his experience, he told of the perils we were sure to meet; for he was there three years ago. He reveled in tales of the days of De Lesseps, when workmen died like flies, and the Isthmus was marked on the map with a black spot, — as uninhabitable for human beings. He warned us to "look out for fruit," to "look out for the sun," to "look out for the water," and to "look out for the evening air,"—in fact, if we had "looked out" for all the things which he insisted were necessary, we should

The hours glided swiftly away, for there was "Pompadour" to be played—we could think of no more appropriate name for the thumping of leads on the blackboard.

Each hour the atmosphere grew milder, and every puff of wind brought suggestions of the warm air of the Gulf Stream. Each day was a little warmer than the preceding one; fewer and fewer became the rugs, until at last they were discarded altogether.

Then it was always interesting to watch the water. Can we ever forget the feeling that came upon us as we looked out upon the blue Caribbean, and felt the balmy air of the tropics. It seemed as though a "new Heaven and new earth" had suddenly been unrolled while we slept. Mac insisted, as he hung over the rail, that the sea suggested to him the color for a new suit of clothes, to be trimmed with bands of foam; but then Mac was—well, he was desperate.

The change in apparel was like a barometer and thermometer of the climate and weather. First it was the white vest, then the white trousers, then the white coat, then white shoes,



TIVOLI HOTEL NEAR PANAMA

have had to "look out" for breathing and eating. What a vision these suggestions brought up of the days of the French canal, and how they fanned within our breasts the zest of conquest which might have inspired the adventurers of the early days, as they floated over the Spanish Main to these lands of jungle and vine.

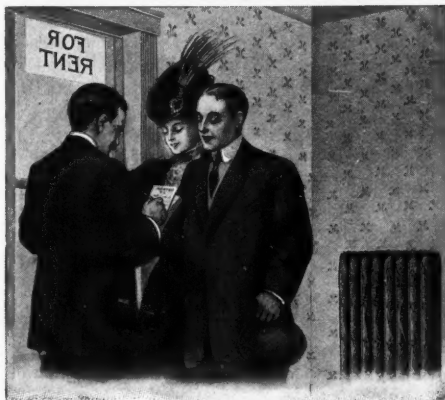
and,—finally, a white hat. When I at last appeared in my old Jamaican uniform, I was ready for "the white man's burden."

* * *

Now we sight San Salvador, on whose shores the wearied eyes of Columbus must have feasted, after the discovery of the gulfweed

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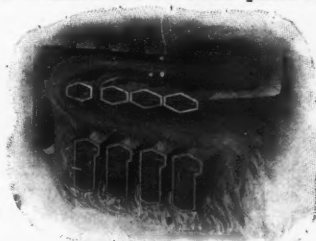
mansions, stores or offices thus outfitted are made so comfortable with so low a fuel cost and little care as to insure quicker sale or higher rental (usually 10% to 15% more).

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will prove a permanent, dividend-paying investment in buildings — OLD or new, FARM or city. Outfit soon pays for itself in fuel savings, in absence of repairs; while ashes and coal gases are not puffed into living rooms to destroy furniture, carpets, draperies, etc. Tenants or purchasers expect to pay more — owners thus get higher rentals or better sale price.

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ADVANTAGE 4: All fire surfaces of IDEAL Boilers are at such pitch or angle that they are practically self-cleaning. Further, these heating surfaces are so arranged or inclined that the heat rays are brought directly against every inch of their area. Hence the high value of these heating surfaces, all of which are backed by water. Note that a deposit of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of soot, which is a non-conductor of heat, requires 50% more fuel than when the heating surfaces are clean.



Cross-section view of fire-pot of IDEAL Boiler, showing self-cleaning fire surfaces

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of the Sargasso Sea. Then with glasses we viewed the spear of land of Cuba's eastern cape, and passed over the famous waters of the battle of Santiago; and far off in the distance could see the rugged, bare cliffs made famous by the great naval battle and far off on the horizon were the heights of San Juan Hill.

* * *

We stopped at the Fortune Islands, where Judge Maura holds sway, and here at night we picked up our complement of deck hands, or stevedores. As the big boat moved in close to the breakers, and the whistle signalled, the Fortune Islanders came out, just as happy



MILLS BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., IN WHICH ARE THE OFFICES OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

as if they were also to enjoy the West Indian cruise.

We sighted the coast of Jamaica, and its blue mountains, and as we steamed nearer saw the pathetic shipwrecks and the waste of the once beautiful city of Kingston. We were off Plum Light before daybreak, and swung around the great point and zigzagged into Kingston harbor at early dawn. I have looked upon the ravages of fire and quake, but somehow the ruins of this lovely island city was a saddening picture that day.

From Port Royal we saw the cocoa nut trees that had sunk away, and the submerged houses were clearly visible under the water. All along the shore, and around the old fortress, were evidences of how the land has

slipped into the sea. You can imagine our feelings as we stepped ashore at Kingston, and looked in vain for the familiar buildings along Harbor street, and failed to see the old Myrtle Bank Hotel that had greeted us on our last visit.

We did not miss the cabmen, who, quake or no quake, are irrepressible. In a cab with a bell which sounded like a telephone slot machine, we started out to view Kingston and her ruins. It was hot and dusty, and everywhere were evidences of the stirring purpose to clear away the ruins and begin anew. All the streets had been opened up for traffic, but wreckage was everywhere.

In temporary quarters, the Colonial Bank was doing business among the ruins, and even that day, a fortnight after the upheaval, we noticed that they were still taking out bodies. Mr. Cordova of the "Daily Gleaner" had the first roof on, and on the same steamer on which we arrived was his new outfit with which to continue the publication of his paper.

* * *

The freakishness of the devastation was one of the most peculiar things in Jamaica. The course of the destructive movement was beyond all calculation. There were houses torn open, so that within we could see the hanging lamp, suspended from the uninjured ceiling. There were rooms thrown open to the public gaze, in which everything had been destroyed except the looking-glass and the bureau, which stood there intact. It seemed as though the quake had taken a spiral motion, swaying round and round, and thus leaving certain spots untouched. The scenes of those days will be ever remembered by those who have witnessed them. Most of those killed were white citizens of Kingston, the leading business people, and among them many Hebrews. The Salvation Army has several hundreds of its members scattered about the city, but none of them were injured. The old Parish church still stood, and the clock in the cracked cupola showed the hour of three-thirty, just as the hands stopped on that fateful Monday. The statue of Queen Victoria was completely swung about, but not harmed. In the parks, the people were still living in tents, and a hearty greeting of gratitude awaited the Americans.

Now the Imitators are Barred



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Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes was the first flaked corn—it is the original. When we produced it we knew that it would have imitators. We could not prevent these, for we could not prevent the use of corn. So we produced a flavor so good—so different that it could not be imitated.

It was this delicious flavor that made Sanitas Toasted Corn Flakes the greatest cereal success of the age. The imitators have used every conceivable method to deceive the public. They have copied the name. They have made so called "Corn Flakes." But they cannot reproduce the flavor. So, to make sure that you get the real Toasted Corn Fakes, call for and insist on Getting

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TOASTED CORN FLAKES

and look for the signature of *W.K. Kellogg* on the package. At all grocers 10 cents. West of the Rockies 15 cents.

Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

At Headquarters House, governmental affairs were conducted on the veranda, for inside the bricks have fallen. I intended to make an official call on Governor Swettenham, but discovered that editors were not in favor just then, on account of a recent incident in which an American newspaper man figured. He had attempted to take the governor's picture with a kodak, and the distinguished official is reported to have run at him with a handful of stones. While in the act, the irrepressible American snapped his camera, and photographed the governor in the natural attitude of "throwing rocks." The sentiment of the people in Kingston and on the island seemed to be running strong against the governor for throwing epistolary rocks at Admiral Davis. The large exodus of laborers from Jamaica to work on the canal is given as the reason for the governor's antipathy to Americans.

The governor draws a salary of \$25,000 a year, but it is to his credit that he has given the island a very vigorous and economical administration. He refuses to be dined or wined, finds his own lunches, and does not take advantage of free railroad transportation. He was formerly governor of British Guiana. A man about sixty-five years of age, he recently married, taking a bride in Kingston, the ceremony being performed very quietly, at the old parish church, without having a single friend taken into his confidence.

The markets were as busy as ever; for supplies continue to come in from the fruitful island, despite the destruction of the harbor city. The post office business at Kingston was being carried on in an open courtyard.

* * *

There is no doubt, considering the pluck and determination of the Jamaicans, and the beautiful harbor and fine shipping facilities of Kingston, that the city will soon be rebuilt, but, like all places where earthquakes may be expected or have occurred, it will be composed chiefly of one-story buildings. Since the first severe shock, subsequent quakes have been frequent, but so much so that now the natives merely call them "bumps," and there was one the day we arrived.

An interesting feature of Jamaican life is the legislative counsel, which contains members from thirteen parishes. They were

to be empowered to ask for an imperial loan at a low rate of interest for the rebuilding of the city, the insurance companies up to that time having refused to make any payments for the losses. This was in sharp contrast to the action taken by the companies in the San Francisco disaster, where insurance was rightfully claimed and paid in many instances for losses by fire.

We stopped at the United States Consulate, on Harbor street, irresistibly drawn by the sight of the Stars and Stripes. Vice Consul Oreatt was on hand with a capsized ink bottle, making out reports and looking after American sufferers. While I sat in his office, an American Red Cross officer came in and reported the death of an American woman at the hospital.

* * *

In a visit to the Daily Telegraph office, I found Mr. Guy, the editor, with his printing plant in full force—another evidence of the curious course of the earthquake was shown here. This shop was passed by, though it stood in the center of building ruins and close to where the fire had ravaged; the hand of destruction was stayed before it reached the Daily Telegraph. Mr. Guy was equally fortunate in regard to his home, which was uninjured, though in the midst of other homes that were destroyed; so that in Kingston he is looked upon as a "charmed" man. He told me that when the earthquake came, he was in his editorial room in a second story and immediately took up a position astride the windowsill, that or a doorway being considered the safest place during an earthquake. The rocking was terrific at the office, but even the type in the cases was not "pied."

* * *

The ride out to Constant Springs brought back vivid memories of the time when the National Magazine "Tourist Ten" had visited this beautiful spot. The hotel there was only wrecked in portions, but all along the road, from the Half Way Tree, the houses though appearing whole from the outside, were merely shells covering the ruined interiors. As we wound down towards the harbor, there was the old-time admiration for that beautiful island. Small wonder that the American interest in Jamaica, despite the unfortunate circumstances connected with Governor Swettenham, is unabated.



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The "deckers," with their families and household belongings, came aboard bound for Panama only forty hours away.

They were going to the El Dorado, the Isthmus, to work and send home money, and it is said that not less than \$20,000 in post office money orders, have come to Jamaica from Panama every month.

* * *

As we steamed out of the harbor, I looked over toward Chester Vale, the place where on our first visit we made that arduous day's journey on mule-back, passing among the coffee plantations to the top of the peak. Jamaica will continue to thrive and prosper as it has in the past, occupying the splendid position which she does as the gateway to the Caribbean and Panama—always a popular haven for winter tourists.

It was growing dusk as we sailed but we could distinguish the site of the city only by a few glimmering lights, where formerly there had been a blaze of electricity that made Kingston look like a fairy city at night.

Wrapped in sombre gloom, a hush seemed to have fallen upon the island; yet we knew that in the ruined homes the people were even then dreaming and planning for the future, though they were compelled to stop all work at sunset, on account of the fact that Kingston was then plunged in darkness as the sun sank below the horizon in the quickened twilight of the tropics.

* * *

For forty hours we sailed from Jamaica across the Spanish Main, the scene of many stirring events in the discovery of the new country, in early centuries. The Jamaicans on the forward deck were singing their hymns and songs to the accompaniment of accordions—having a happy time. We looked eagerly for land, and gradually, on the horizon appeared the shores of South America. Everyone rushed to the side to look at the first faint, film-like view of land, which could at once be distinguished from the clouds—the terrestrial from the celestial.

Off in the distance was old Carthage, the "new Carthage," a walled city with its thrilling stories of pirates and buccaneers. Passing on, we came to Marzannilla Point, always keeping a keen lookout for the wireless poles at Colon; for we were equipped with the new

telegraphic facilities, as most vessels now are, it being simply a matter of stretching wires from mast to mast; the sharp crack and flash from the communicating key suggesting the gatling gun of modern commerce at sea. The American De Forest system is used on these boats, and truly marvelous records were made in receiving messages thousands of miles away. We had daily bulletins while on board,—news that was much appreciated; but withal interfering with the old sea-going habit, when all manner of odds and ends of instructive reading matter are sought for, to be perused and digested as it cannot be on land.

* * *

Colon is located almost on the sea level, where the tide of one foot washes the lines of cocoa and palm trees that bespeak a tropical land. By this time, we were all prepared for "Equator weather," being attired in linen suits that seemed to harmonize especially well with the rich blue of the Caribbean Sea—that wonderful color which is so graphically described by ancient writers.

Tourist trips oftentimes open up avenues of trade otherwise unthought of, for there were commercial men with us representing large houses and manufactures of every kind, from roofing and hardware, to all the products now considered needful for civilized existence, and these men are sailing the Spanish Main—not to secure ill-gotten gain, but to open up avenues of honest trade, in contrast to the pirates who traversed these waters in bygone centuries.

Again we heard the injunction from the man who "had been there,"—

"Don't eat bananas at night—they are too heavy,"—we found him munching cheese and pickles for breakfast. "Bananas make all whiskey and wine poisonous." Mac listened wistfully.

* * *

In my relentless search for mosquitos in the canal zone on the isthmus of Panama I feared my mosquito sense might have been numbed, but with me was the gracious lady, whose housewifely instincts are always keen for all such, and when she said:

"Not a mosquito have I seen."

I put my conclusions in italic—for she knows, and when she knows—I know it twice.

